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Front Cover	..Ricky Carralero
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Buddies	..Atilio & Ivan
Power to the Housewives	..Armas
Room 121	..Boccere
The Erotic Art of...	..Acuna
Prince Charming	..Tobalino
Human Warmth	..Alvaro
Drive-by-BJs	..Pin & Nubesnegras
Gordon & Marion	..Ferocius
Heart-on	..Brito & Val
Carol's Diary	..RYP & Art Brooks
Sex Machine	..De Haro
Miss DD	..Chiyoji Tomo

FRENCH KISS 8

**ANOTHER FINE
 SCAN BY
 WHYLD GOOSE
 JANUARY, 2004**

FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT



FOR ADULTS ONLY

\$9.95

ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

FRENCH KISS

#8

100
PAGES!

52 IN FULL
COLOR!

NEW!

Brito & Val

**Pin &
Nubesnegras**

**THE EROTIC
MASTERS:**

Noe

Chiyoji

Ferocius

Tobalina

Marcelo Sosa

Juan Jose RYP



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Editorial

WHERE AND WHEN YOU WANT

There's nothing more unpleasant than porn you don't want. Let me explain: you're walking down the street early one morning. At this hour, there's no public transportation running and there aren't any taxis around. Suddenly, you realize there's a guy leaning back in the driver's seat in the car that you just walked past. He's got a picnic blanket spread over his lap. Beneath the blanket, something's moving. Something big. Something round. If you look carefully, you'll see the figure of a woman stretching over from the passenger's seat. That's when it hits you and you get what's going on. God. She's sucking his dick.

From that moment on, there's no way you can get yourself together; no one alive, not a soul could get through the day without scratching that first itch. You can quicken your pace and get away from the car as fast as you can, but until you satisfy yourself, you're walking around with ants in your pants. And so, when you get home, you can penetrate your VCR with one of the videos recommended by Susi Glamour and rewind your favorite bedroom scenes from the local video store as many times as you like. Or, you can delight yourself with the work of the sensational artists in this magazine who show you that the hottest hardcore and Art with a capital-A can go hand-in-hand. That's exactly why we're on our eighth issue and still goin', offering time-honored

classics from Ferocius, sparkling talents like Atilio, fresh new brilliance from Pin & Nubesnegras, and the candid, twisted, wicked vision of Brito & Val. Because you've got the porn you want right in front of you. You're in control here. It's about time.

QUARTERLY ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

First edition: October 2003

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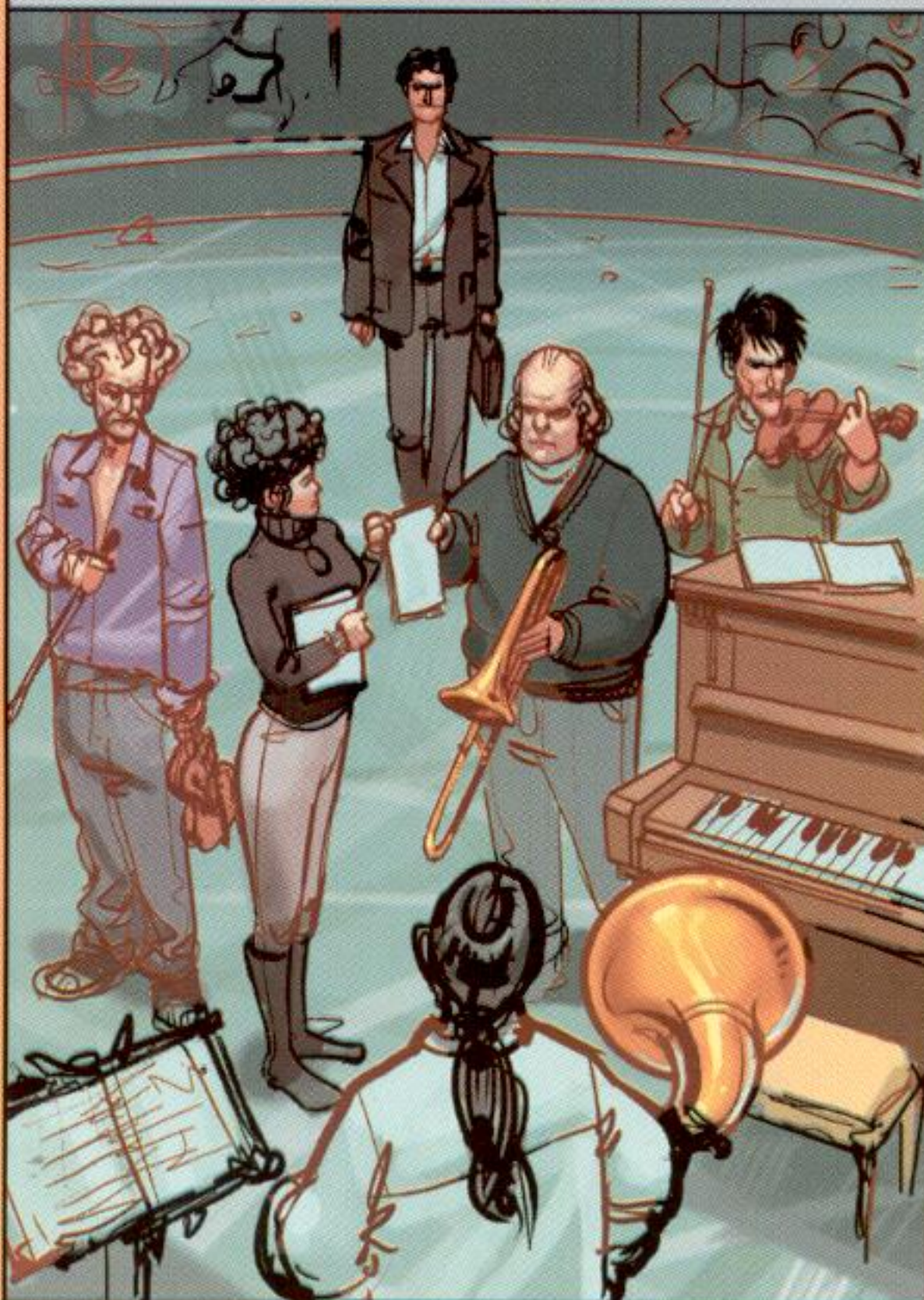


The Piano Tuner goes to the Circus



I HAD AN INTERESTING JOB. SANDALO, THE FAMOUS MAGICIAN AND ESCAPE ARTIST, STARTED A PROGRAM OF RADICAL MODERNIZATION AT HIS CIRCUS. VIVIAN MERCHANT WAS IN CHARGE OF THE TASK.

SHE WANTED TO EXCHANGE THE CIRCUS'S PATHETIC IMAGE FOR A MORE MODERN AND REFINED ONE. ONE OF THESE CHANGES WAS THAT THE BAND WOULD PLAY "TABULA RASA" BY ARVO PÄRT, AN ARRANGEMENT FOR TWO VIOLINS, A TROMBONE, TUBA AND A SPECIALLY PREPARED PIANO.



D'ELIA! HERE'S THE PIANO. IT'S BEEN DECADES SINCE IT WAS PLAYED. YOU'VE GOT A TOUGH JOB IN STORE THIS AFTERNOON...

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE. DID YOU GET THE ROPE?

FOR WHAT?

I TOLD YOU, YESTERDAY, TO GET THAT STRANGE SOUND FROM THE PIANO IN THIS WORK. WE HAVE TO CHANGE THE FELT ON SOME OF THE HAMMERS AND PUT A ROPE UNDER THE CHORDS.

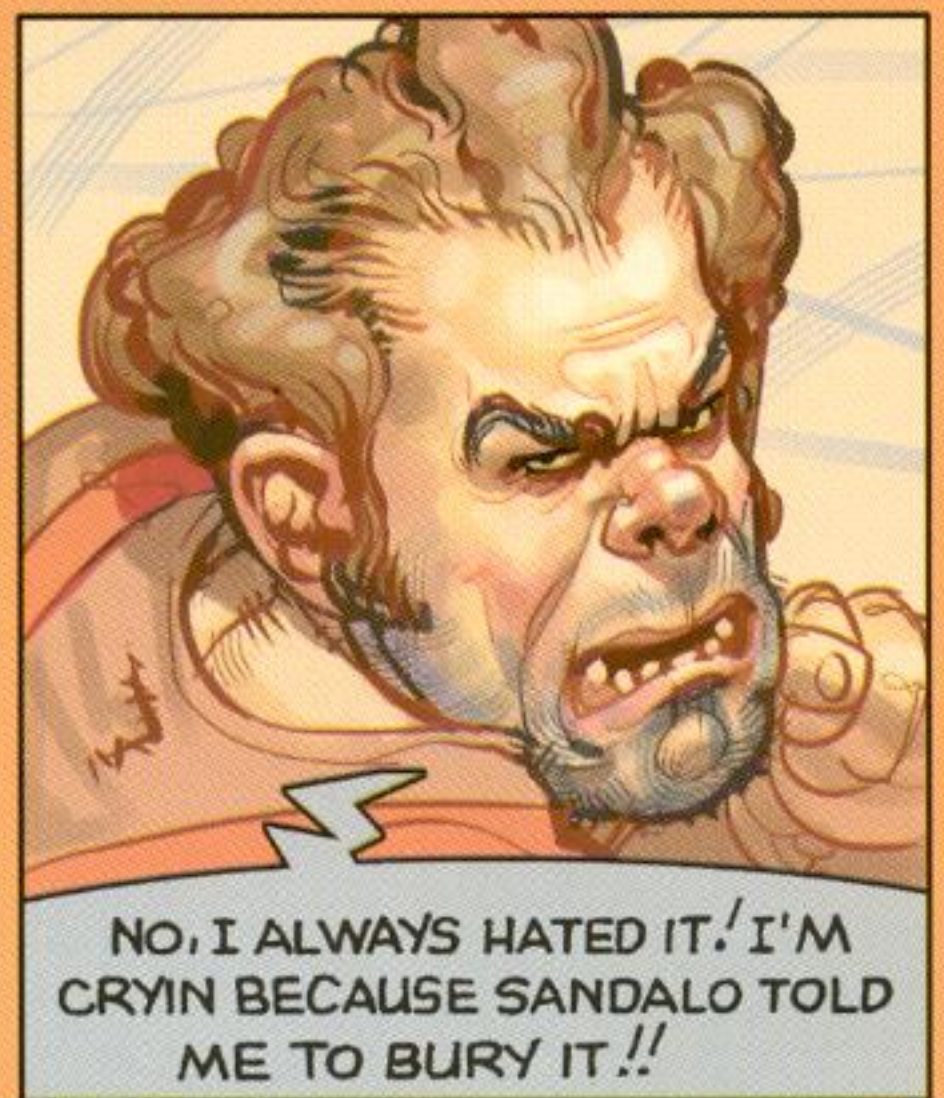
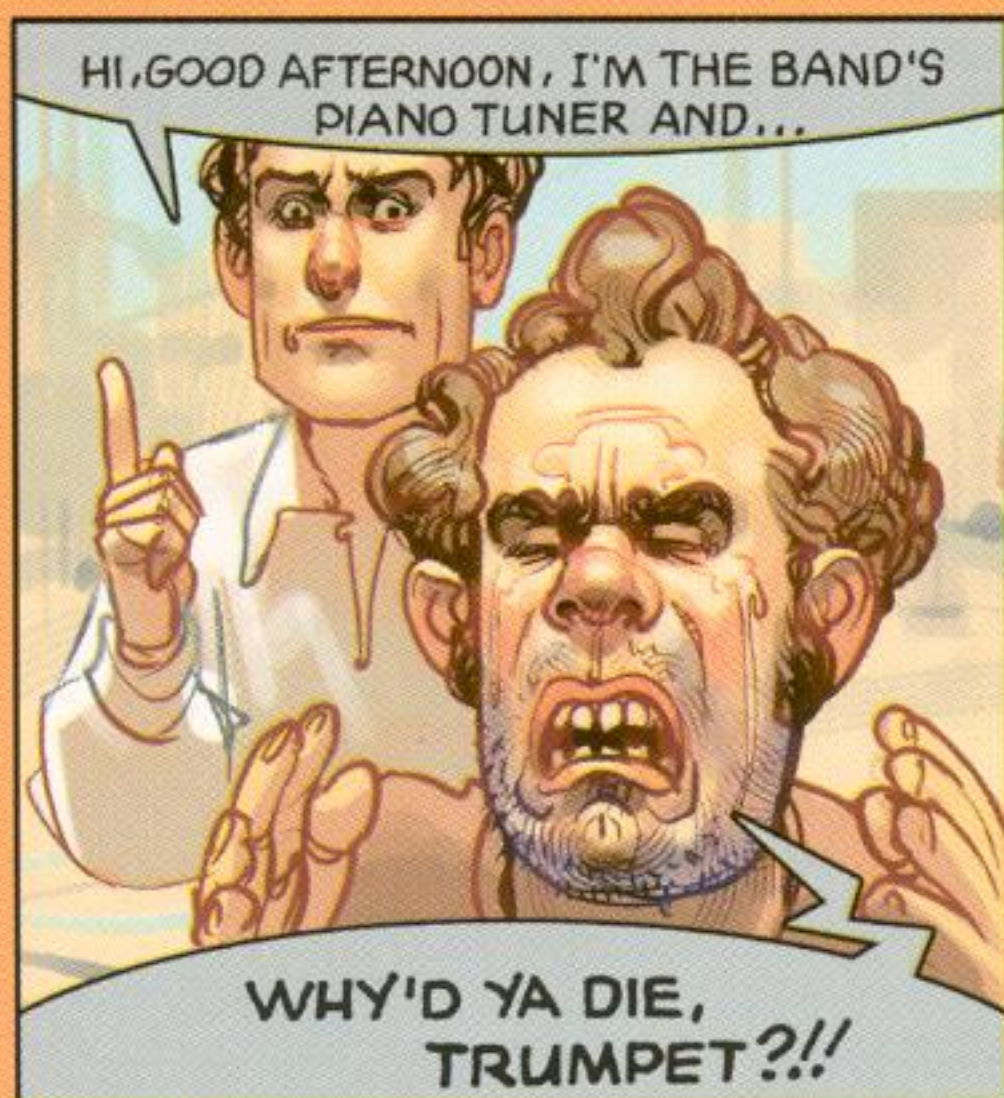
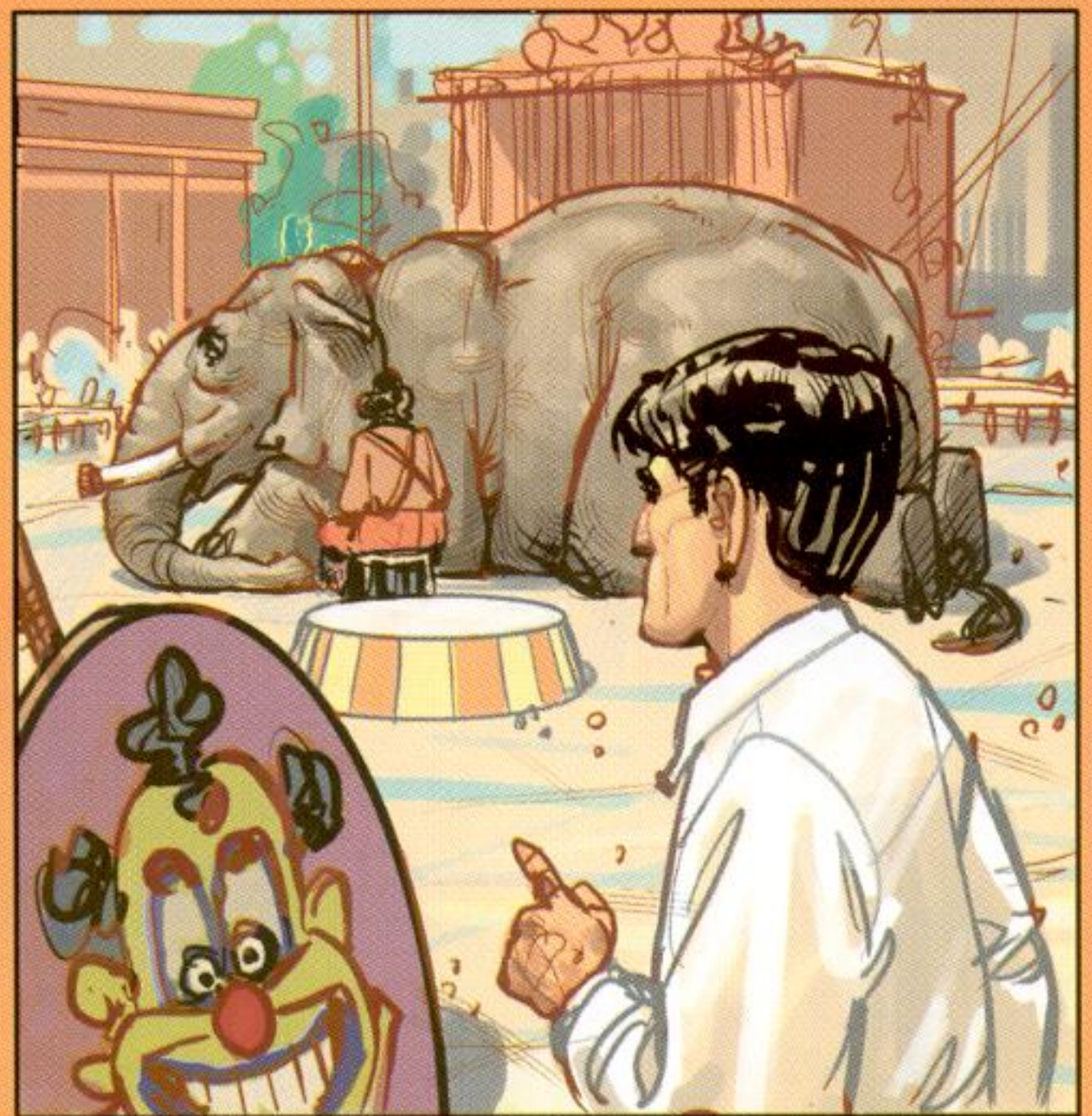


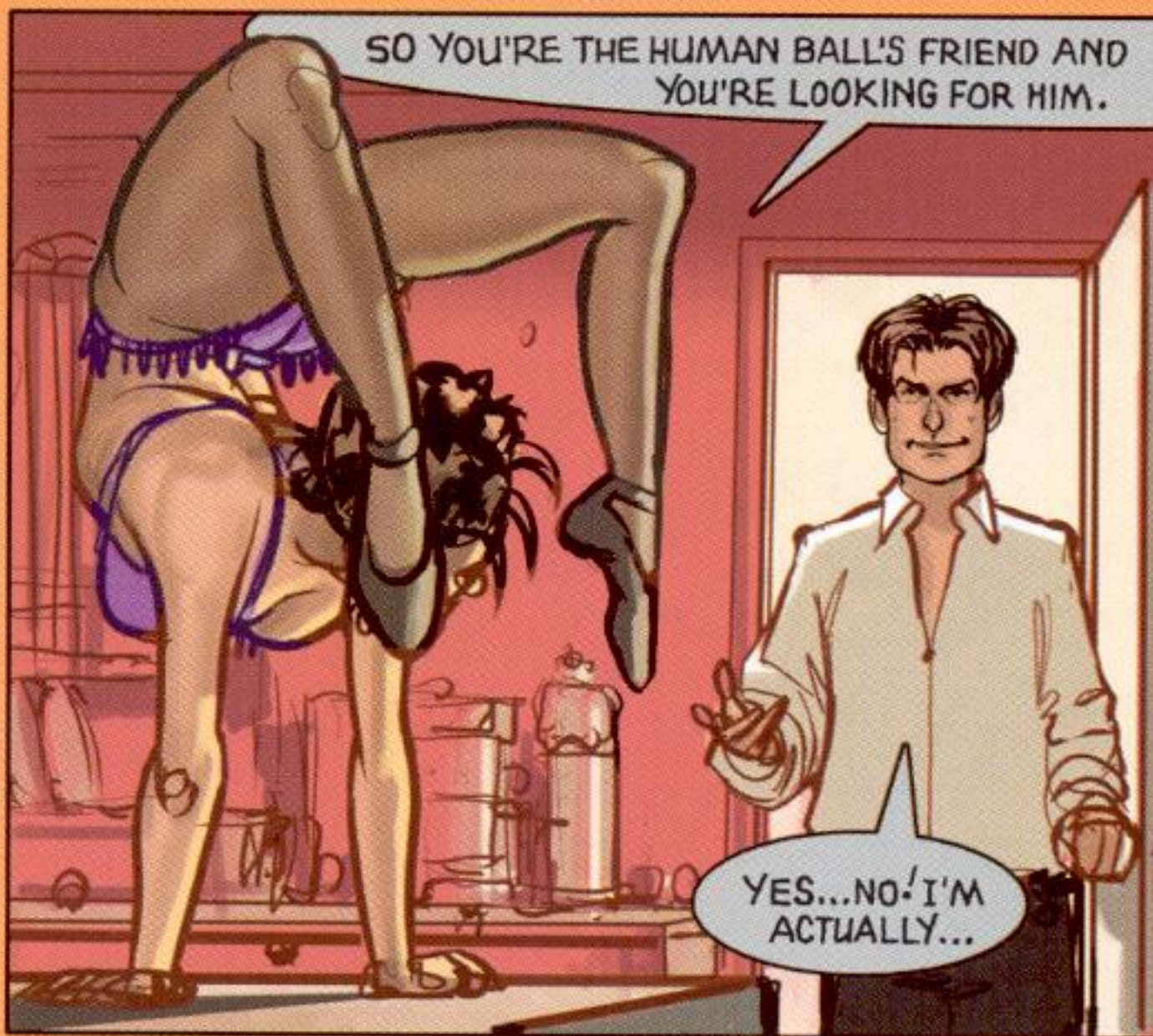
THE ROPE! I TOTALLY FORGOT ABOUT IT!! IT'S JUST THAT THESE PEOPLE ARE DRIVING ME CRAZY! THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING OR THEY DON'T WANT TO CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

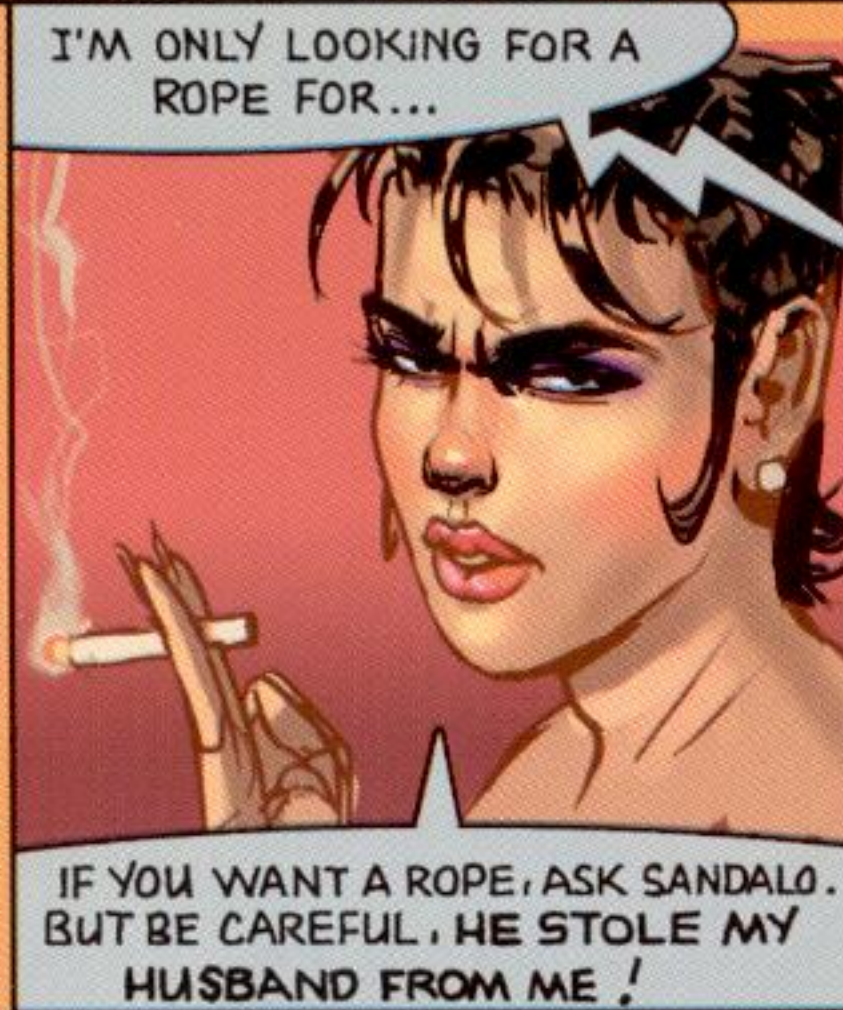
YESTERDAY I SPENT THE WHOLE DAY TRYING TO CONVINCE THE CLOWNS TO TRY ON THE NEW OUTFITS! THEY'RE REALLY FUNCTIONAL SUITS, IN DIFFERENT PASTEL SHADES! I MEAN, PLEASE!

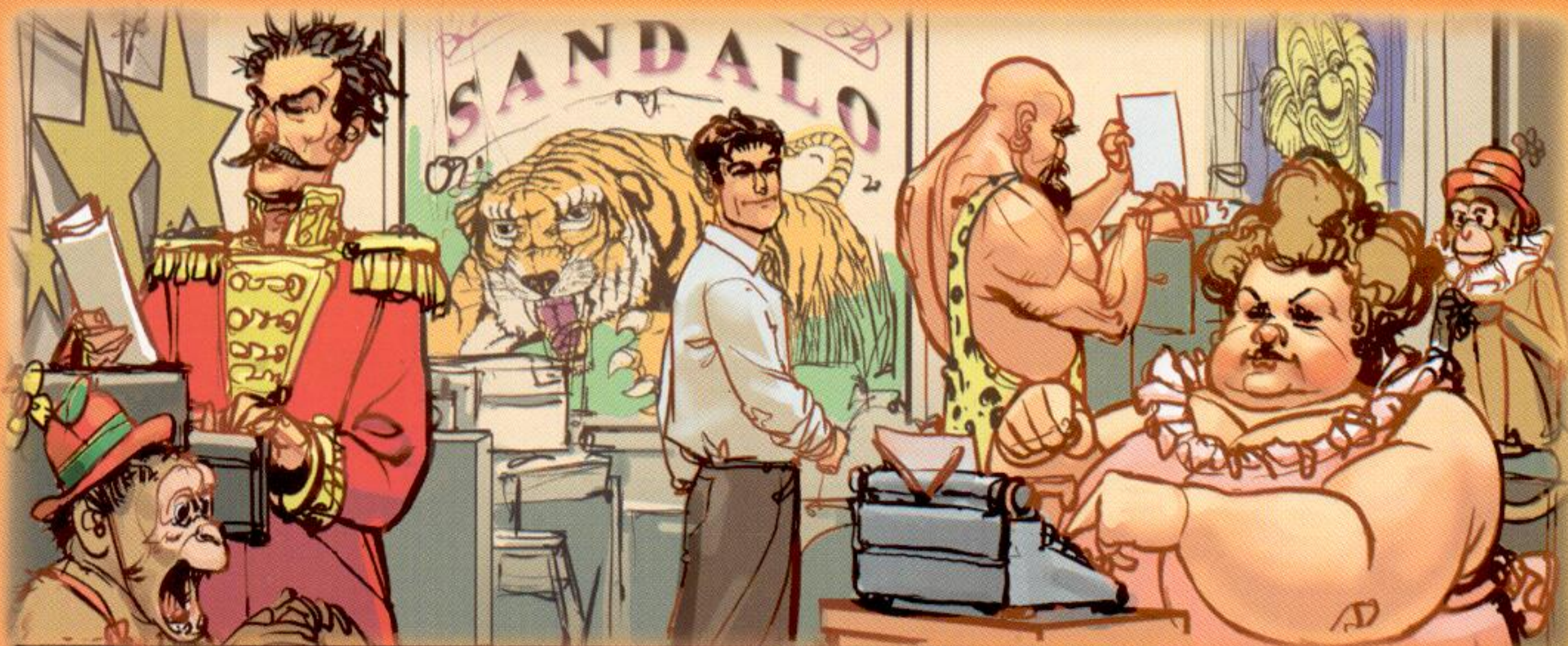


IT'S OKAY, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. I'LL FIND ONE...









Flop!

Flop!

Aww!

Flop!

AH!

Aww!

Chup!

Flop!

Flop!

Chup!



UH, I FORGOT TO TIE YOU UP... WELL, WHEN I COME BACK, WE'LL SART OVER. YOU THINK SANDALO WILL HAVE A ROPE I CAN USE?

YEAH, DAD'S GOT LOTS. YOU CAN ASK HIM FOR THEM RIGHT NOW. HE'S IN THE OFFICE BATHROOM.

YOUR DAD!

FUCK!! HE COULD'VE HEARD US...

OF COURSE HE HEARD. AND I'M GLAD!!

HE SHOULD KNOW HIS DAUGHTER'S THE BIGGEST SLUT OF ALL SLUTS!! LET HIM DIE OF SHAME!!!

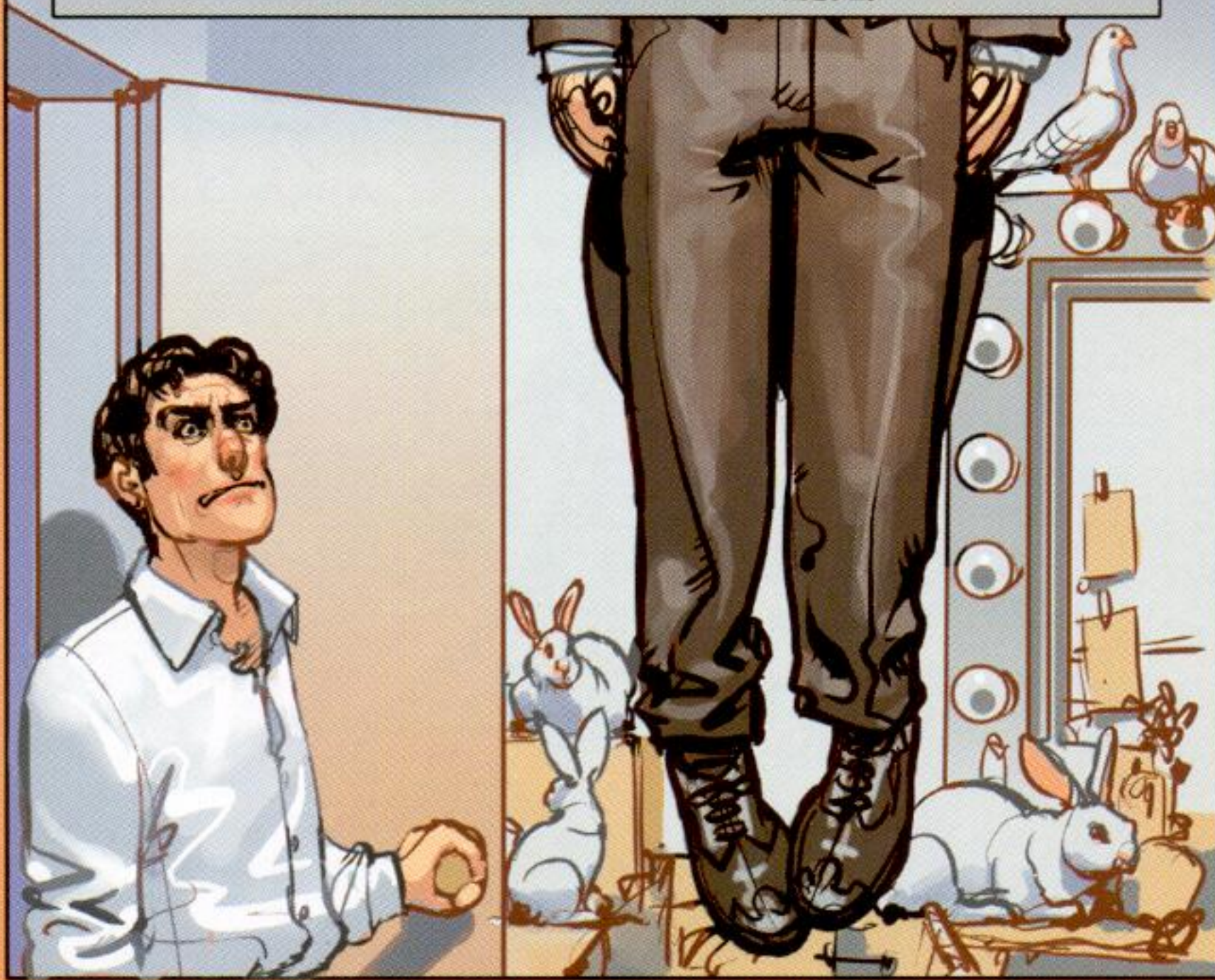
IT NEVER BOTHERED HIM THAT HE KILLED "FLUFFY MUFFY" IN ONE OF HIS TRICKS, OR THAT HE LEFT MY MOMMA A CRIPPLE IN ANOTHER!!

AND NOW ON TOP OF IT ALL HE WANTS TO MARRY THAT WITCH VIVIAN MERCHANT!!
I HATE HIM!!! I HATE HIM!!!



SIR, EXCUSE ME... I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD FIND YOU HERE... SIR!

SINCE NO ONE ANSWERED, I WENT IN, AND I SAW HIM. HE WAS HANGING FROM A ROPE, JUST LIKE THE KIND I NEEDED.



WHEN I WENT OUT, NO ONE WAS AROUND, NOT IN THE OFFICE, THE FILE ROOM, OR THE PATIO.



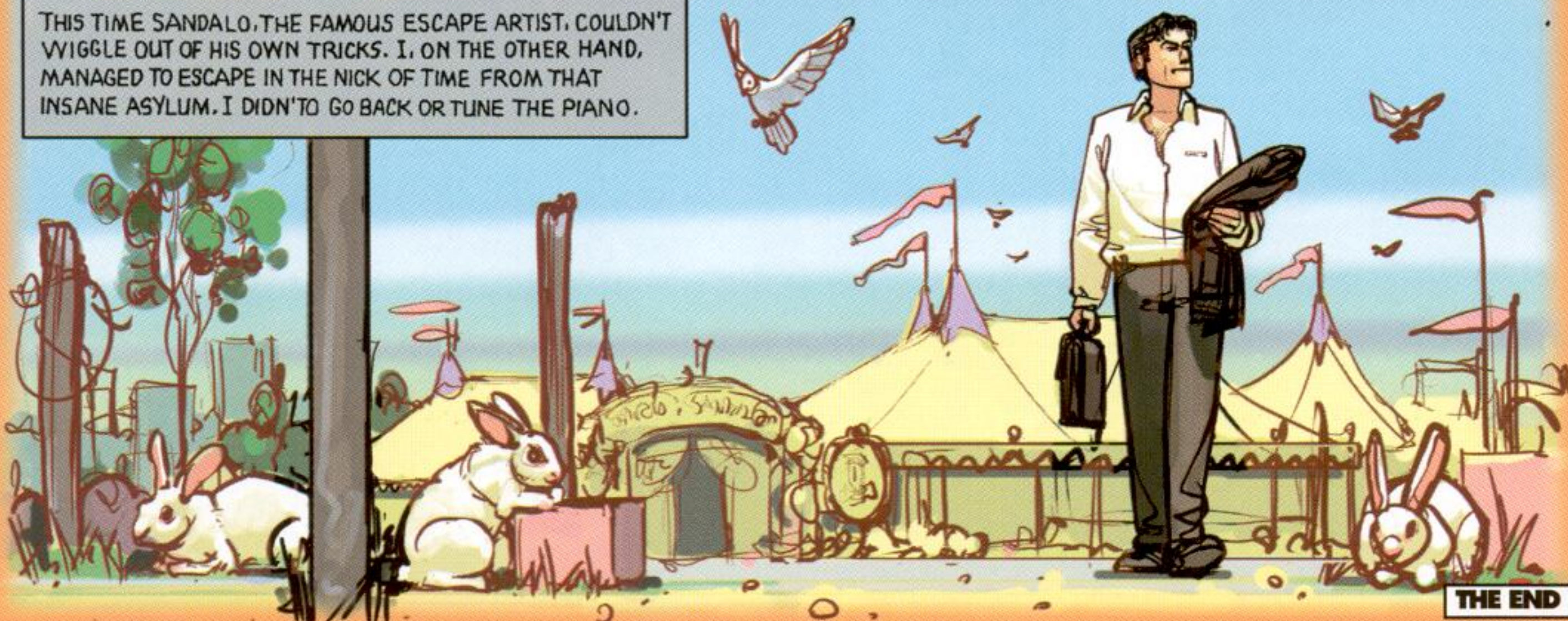
NO!! NO!!
I TOLD YOU GRAY AND PINK!

YOU DID IT ON PURPOSE!! YOU'RE TRYING TO MESS WITH ME! I'LL TELL SANDALO TO FIRE ALL OF YOU!!
ALL OF YOU!!



BACK IN A MINUTE...

THIS TIME SANDALO, THE FAMOUS ESCAPE ARTIST, COULDN'T WIGGLE OUT OF HIS OWN TRICKS. I, ON THE OTHER HAND, MANAGED TO ESCAPE IN THE NICK OF TIME FROM THAT INSANE ASYLUM. I DIDN'T GO BACK OR TUNE THE PIANO.



THE END

brings you the best of today's porn cinema: explosive actresses, hard'n'heavy actors, movie shoots, film releases, hot festivals...

EXTRA HOT AND SPICY SPECIAL!!

Our favorite American actresses of all time
(Second and final part)

We continue our sizzling review of the best stars in the history of porn. Bon appetit!

TRACI LORDS

Much more than a porn legend, Traci became a 20th century pop culture icon whom teenagers all over the world love madly. Her real name is Christy Lee Nusman and she was born May 7, 1968, in Steubenville, a small Ohio town. At 15 years old, she posed scantily clad in *Penthouse* and shortly thereafter got a fake I.D. in order to act in porn videos. In 1986 she starred in her last adult films (*Traci Takes Tokyo*, *Traci I Love You*), with the FBI knocking at her door. She then reinvented herself in conventional low-budget films with a fair measure of luck under the direction of the king of trash, John Waters (*Cry Baby*).

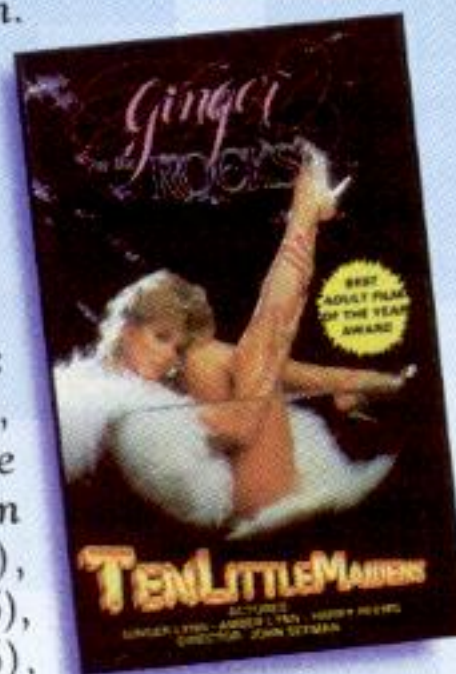
MUST-SEE MOVIES: *Those Young Girls* (1984), *Lust in the Fast Lane* (1984), *Love Bites* (1985), *Hollywood Heartbreakers* (1985), *Perfect Fit* (1985)...



GINGER LYNN

Another of the biggest stars in history. She ruled the porn world between 1984 and 1986, and when she retired, she also made a name for herself in B-movies. She acted in 120 movies. A native of Rockford (Illinois), she got her start in the world of sex posing for *Penthouse*. In short order, she was earning \$1,000 a day on porn shoots. Her best scenes were with Jamie Gillis and John Holmes, two super-heavyweights. After more than ten years in retirement, she returned in 1999 in Veronica Hart's *Torn*. She also had a stormy romance with Charlie Sheen and shot a scandalous video for the heavy metal group Metallica.

MUST-SEE MOVIES: *Those Young Girls* (1984), *Sister Dearest* (1984), *The Ginger Effect* (1985), *Ten Little Maidens* (1985), *Ginger Sex Asylum* (1985), *Ginger & Spice* (1996), *Taken* (2001)...



SAVANNAH

One of the most controversial actresses, not for her sex acts on tape but for her suicide and off-the-record affairs: romances with Billy Idol, Axl Rose and Slash (from Guns 'n' Roses), Vince Neil (Motley Crue), drugs and constant no-shows with the most important production houses who'd hired her, including Vivid Video.

Her suicide in July 1994 (two days previously she'd had a car accident) was like a shock of cold water in the face throughout the industry. Shannon Wilsey was her real name and she was born in Laguna Beach, California, in October 1970. During her career, which began in 1990, she shuffled around



with different pseudonyms (the best-known of which was Silver Kane) in the hundred full-length porns she acted in. She had an angelic face and a slammin' body.

MUST-SEE MOVIES: *New Wave Hookers 2* (1991), *Hurts So Good* (1991), *On Trial* (1992), *Sinderella* (1992), *Savannah's Best Blow Jobs* (1993)...

TORI WELLES

She was at the top for a couple of years, between 1989 and 1990, and she retired to marry director Paul Norman, whom she divorced several years later. Born in California in 1967, she had a troubled adolescence, spotted with drugs, promiscuity, running away from home and stints in jail. Her big specialty was deep-throating, a practice that made millions of fans all over the planet fall in love with her. Her best movies are: *The Chameleon* (1988), by John Leslie, and *Night Trips* (1989), by Andrew Blake.

MUST-SEE MOVIES: *The Scarlett Bride* (1989), *The Invisible Girl* (1989), *Mystic Pieces* (1989), *Out for Blood* (1990), *Torrid without a Cause 2* (1990), *Miss Directed* (1990)...



JEANNA FINE

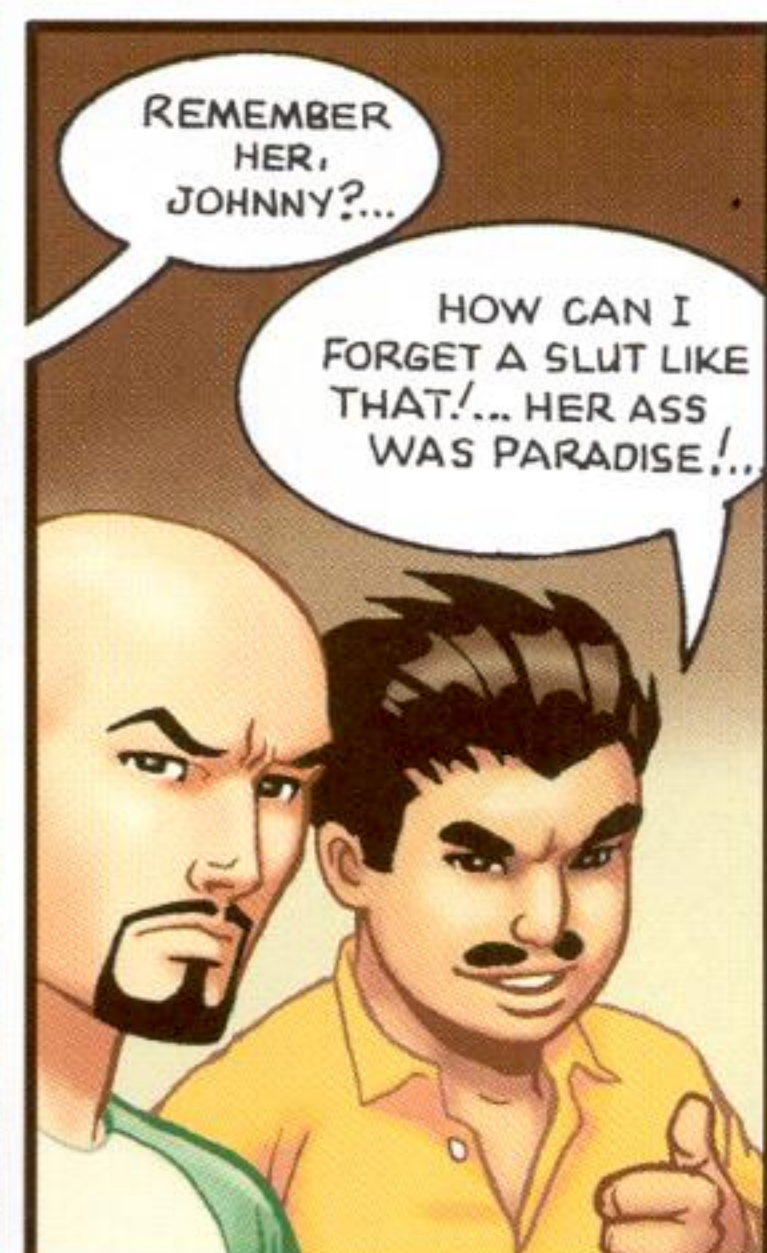
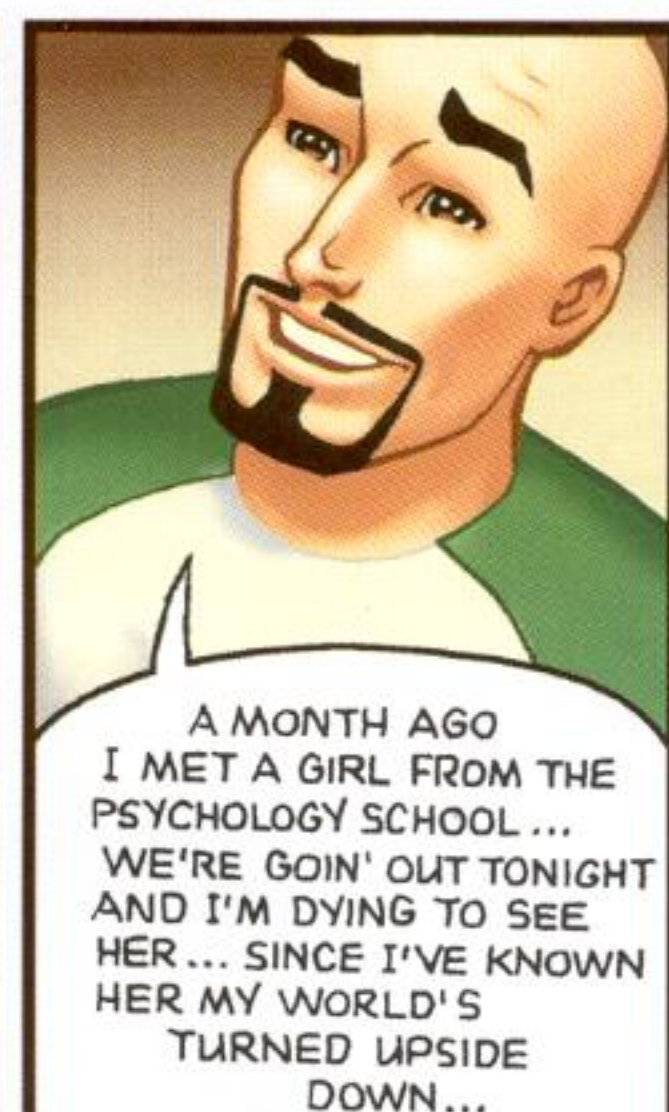
One of the most rough and rabid cock suckers, able to deep-throat without blinking and able to intimidate every crude and rude stud who came her way, including Jamie Gillis. Born in New York on September 29, 1965, Jeanna's real name was Angel Rush. She started in porn in 1985 and she used different pseudonyms

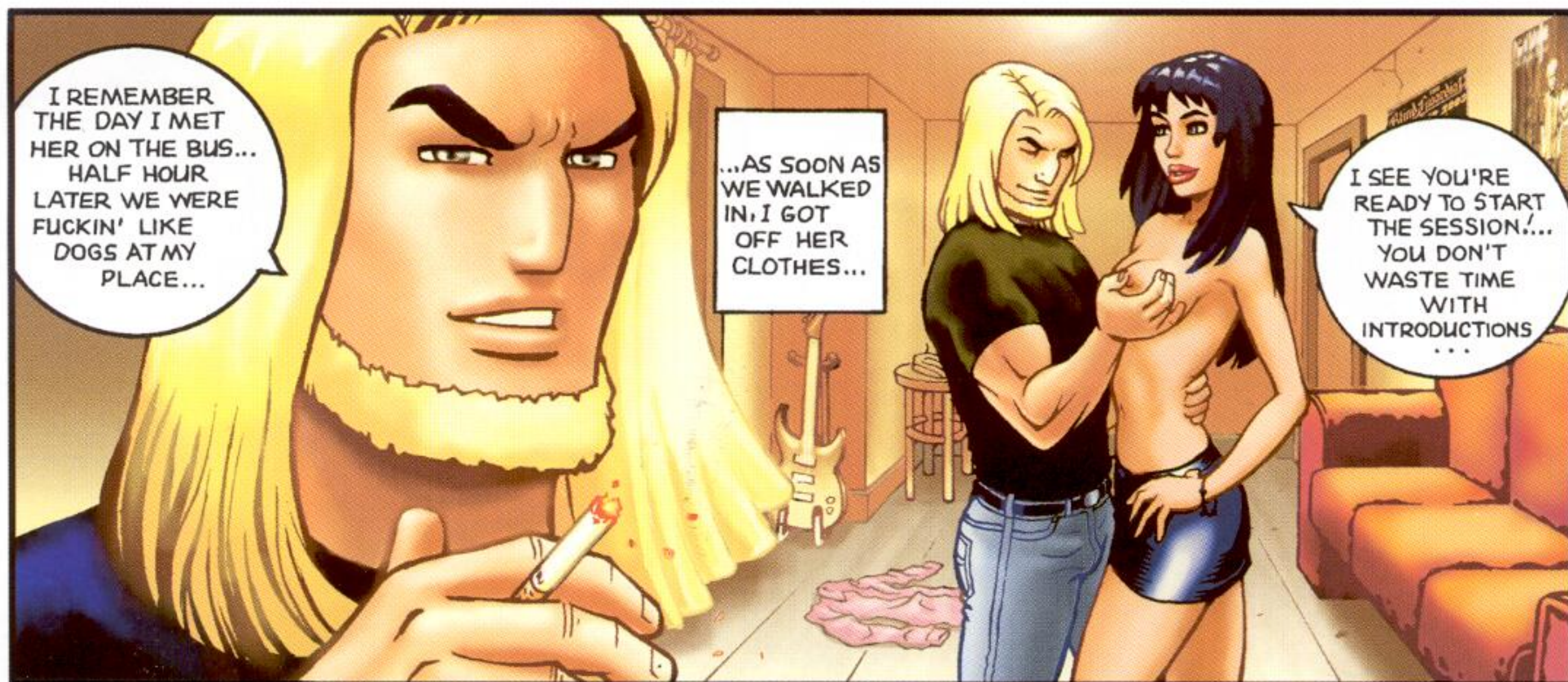


(Continued on page 58)

• BUDDIES •

by Atilio Gamberdotti & Iván Guevara





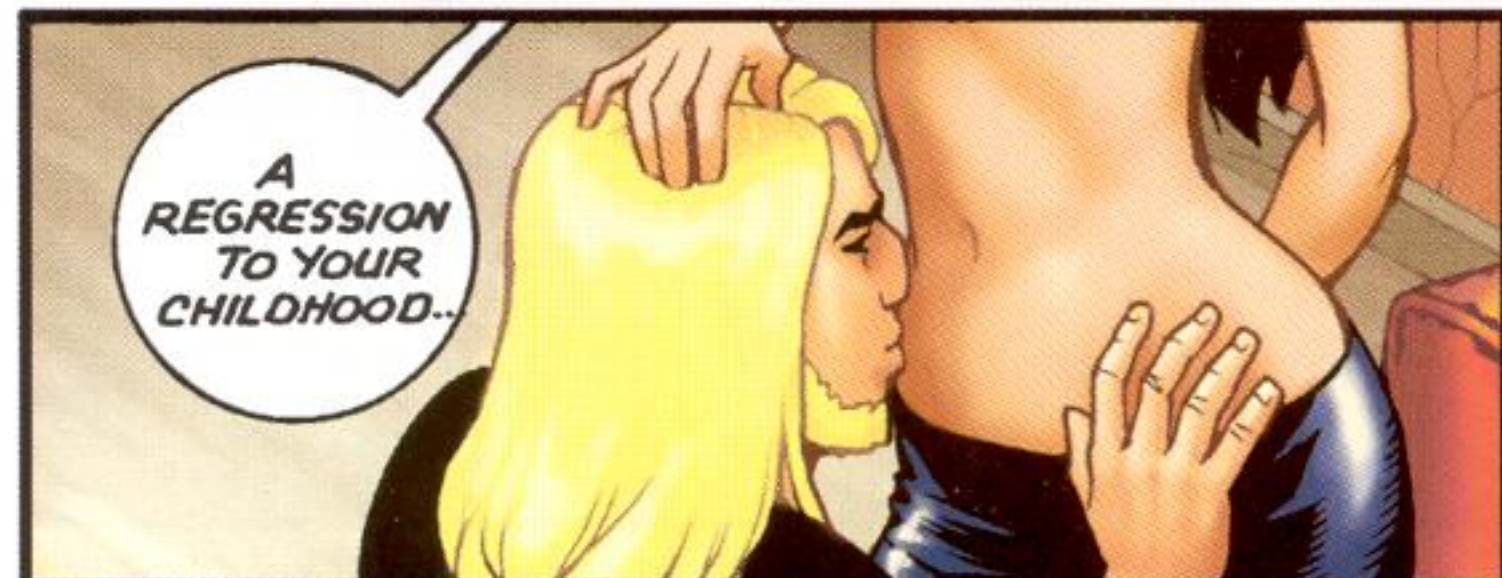
I REMEMBER
THE DAY I MET
HER ON THE BUS...
HALF HOUR
LATER WE WERE
FUCKIN' LIKE
DOGS AT MY
PLACE...

...AS SOON AS
WE WALKED
IN, I GOT
OFF HER
CLOTHES...

I SEE YOU'RE
READY TO START
THE SESSION!...
YOU DON'T
WASTE TIME
WITH
INTRODUCTIONS
...



I THINK
YOU'RE
EXPERIENCING...



A
REGRESSION
TO YOUR
CHILDHOOD...



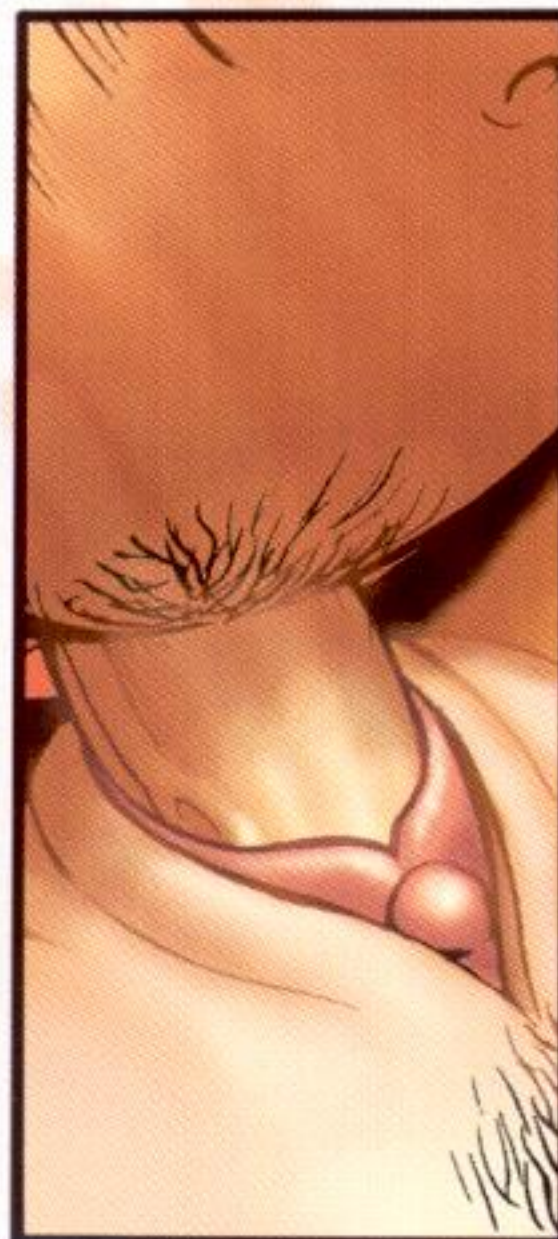
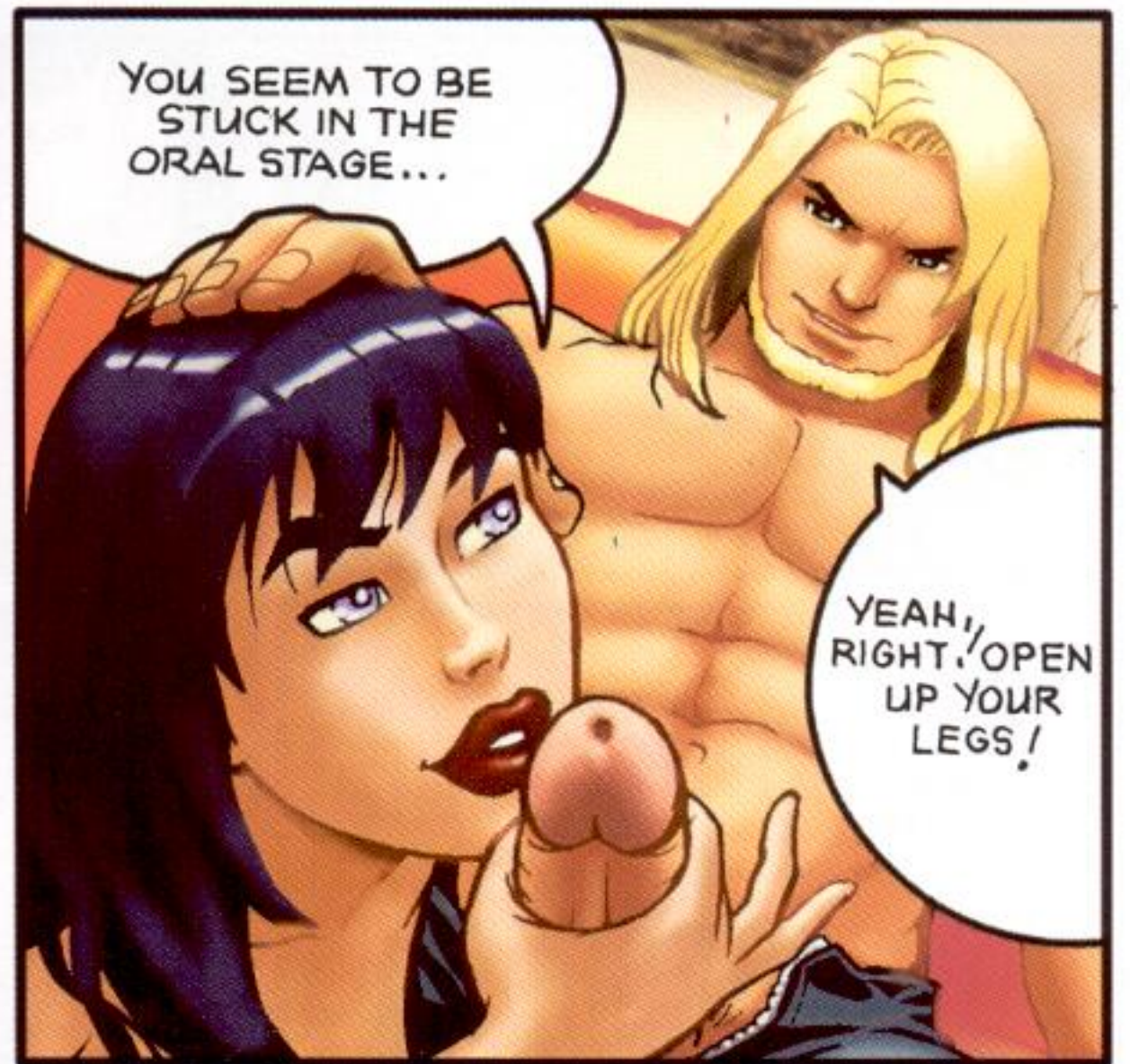
WE SHOULD
START THE THERAPY...
THERE'S NO DIVAN,
BUT THIS SOFA
WILL DO.

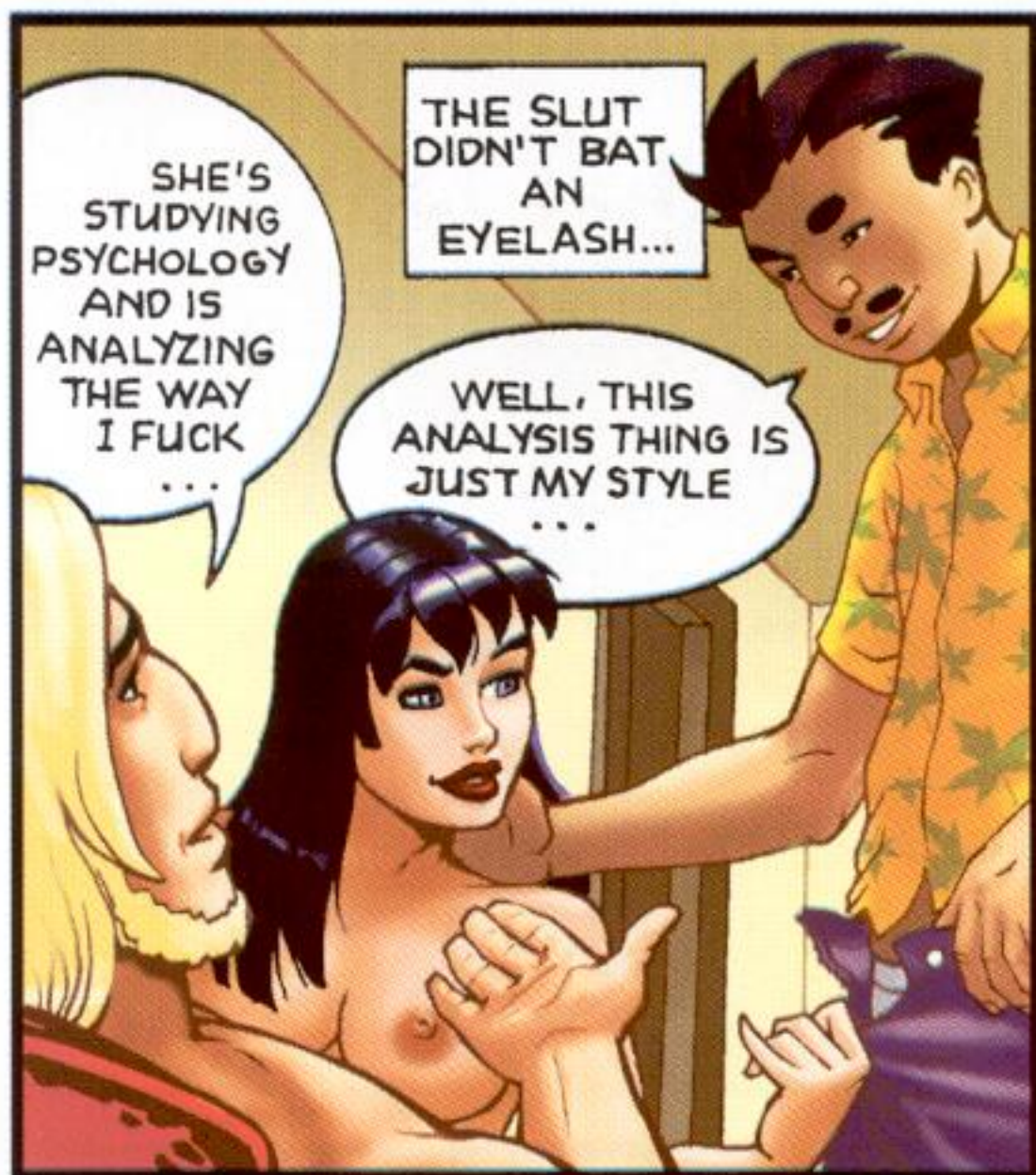


AS I WAS SAYING... I WOULDN'T RULE
OUT AN OEDIPUS COMPLEX... YOU
HAVE A MARKED TENDENCY TO HIDE
BENEATH A WOMAN'S SKIRTS...

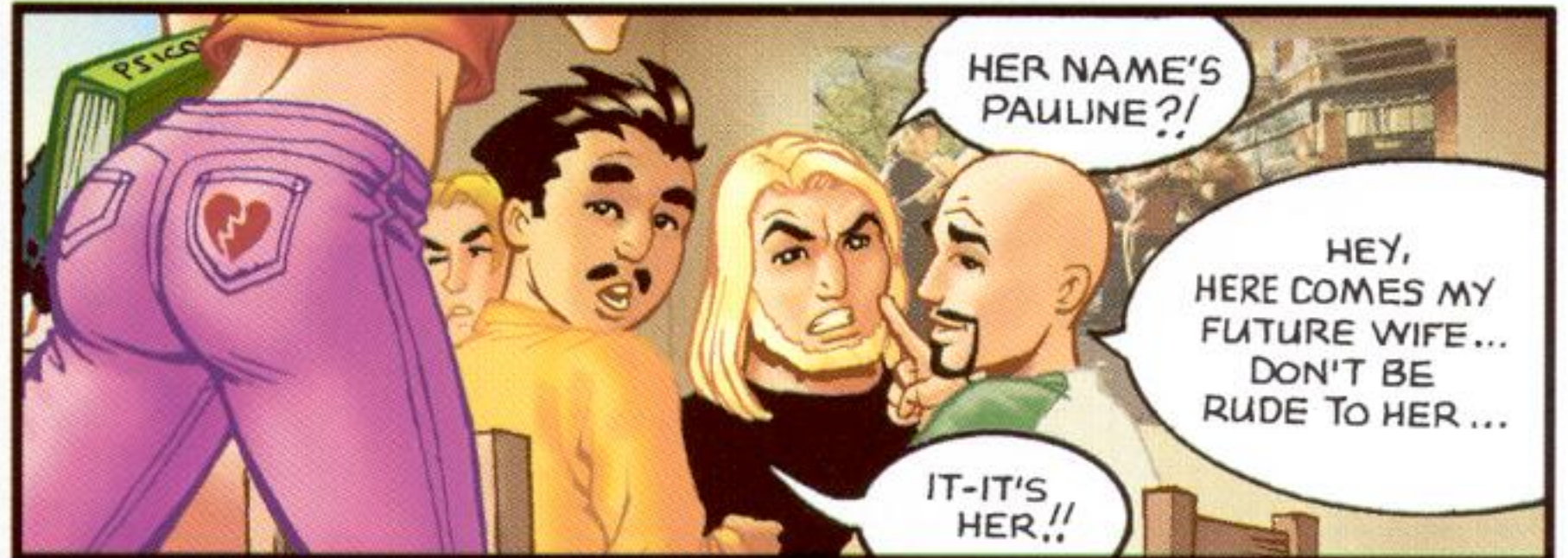
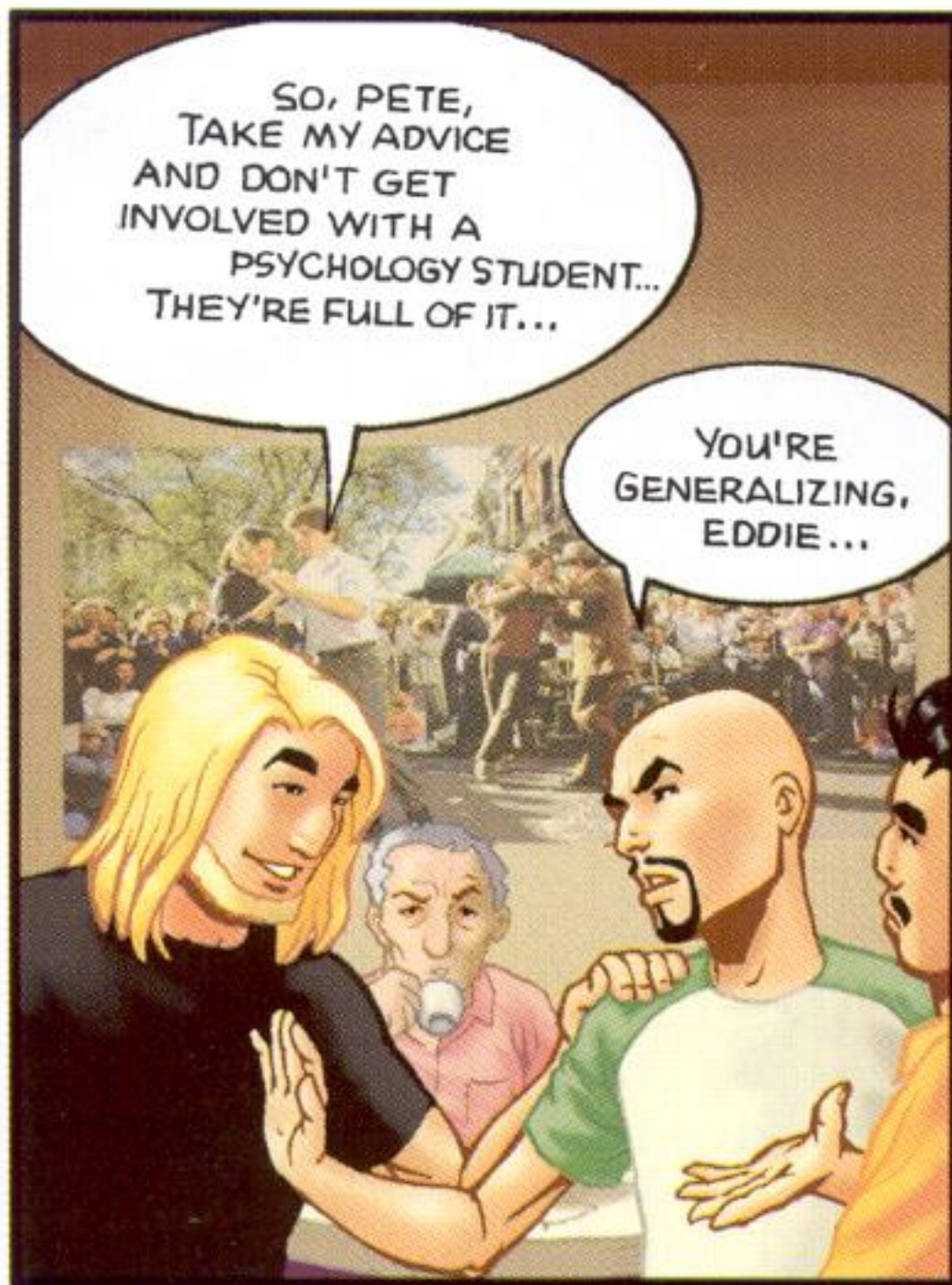


YES, YES...





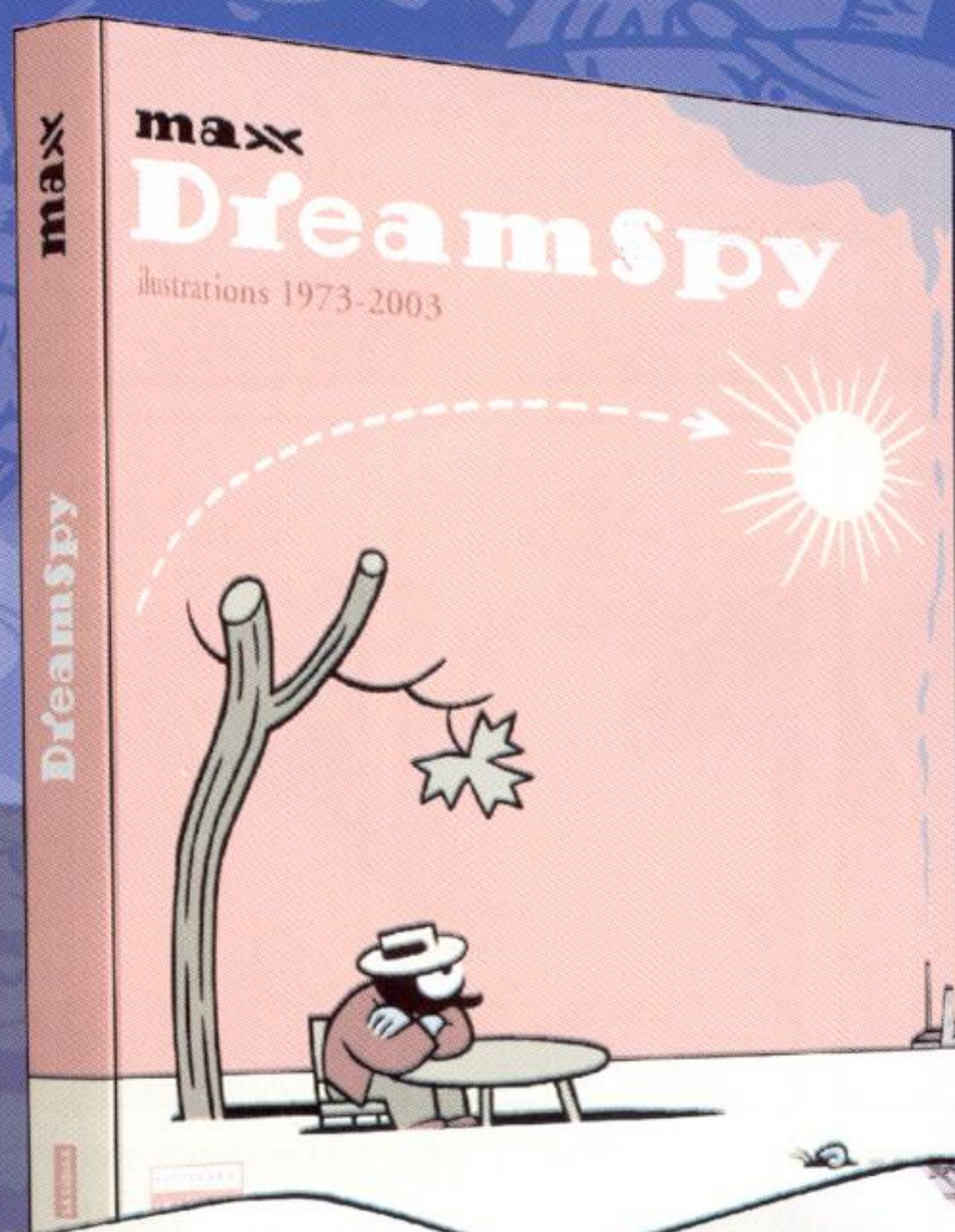




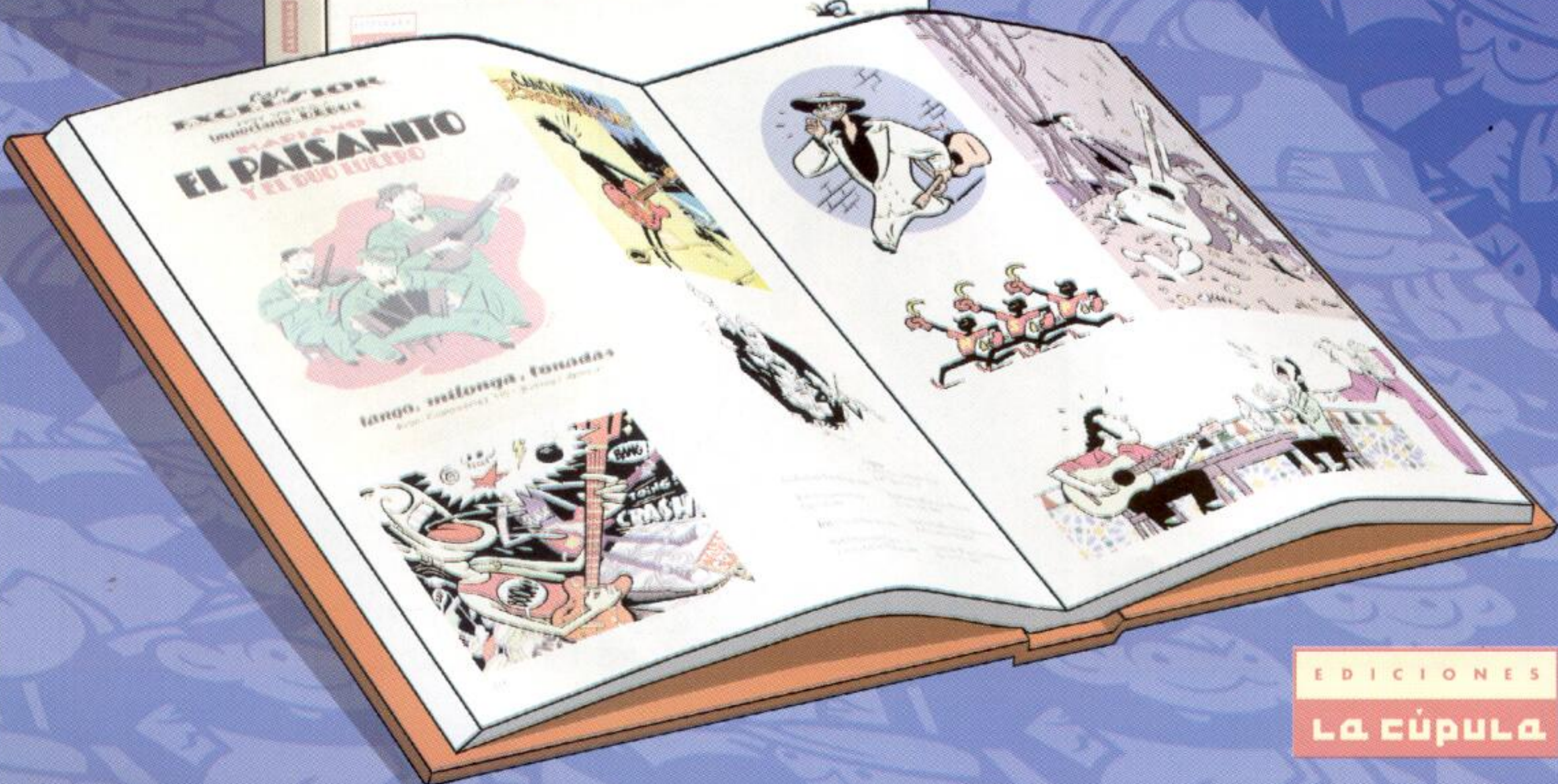
Dreamspy

MEDITERRANEAN COLOR

An intense, brilliant palette, a galaxy of color, and incredible work of art: notes in the key of G and guitars, shadowy creatures and radiant characters, darkness and light from the pen of one of the most respected artists on the European scene. In *Dreamspy* each illustration has its own atmosphere, each frame is an immersion into a world of sensations, each part fits perfectly into the whole like a piece into a puzzle.



A native of the land of Dalí and Picasso, MAX has been widely recognized in countries such as Spain, France, Canada, Italy, Finland and Germany. His comics have influenced an entire generation of artists and his drawings have appeared in a huge number of music albums, books, daily newspapers and postcards. *Dreamspy* finally collects his best work as an illustrator in a luxurious hardbound art book.



EDICIONES
LA CÚPULA

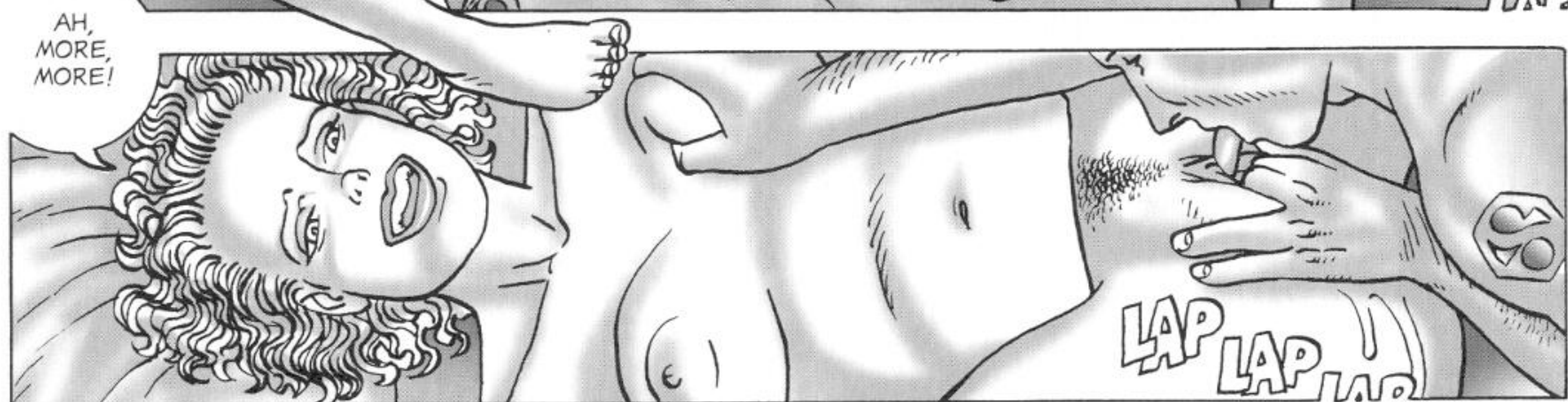
POWER

to the Housewives

THE PERFECT COUPLE

by Armas

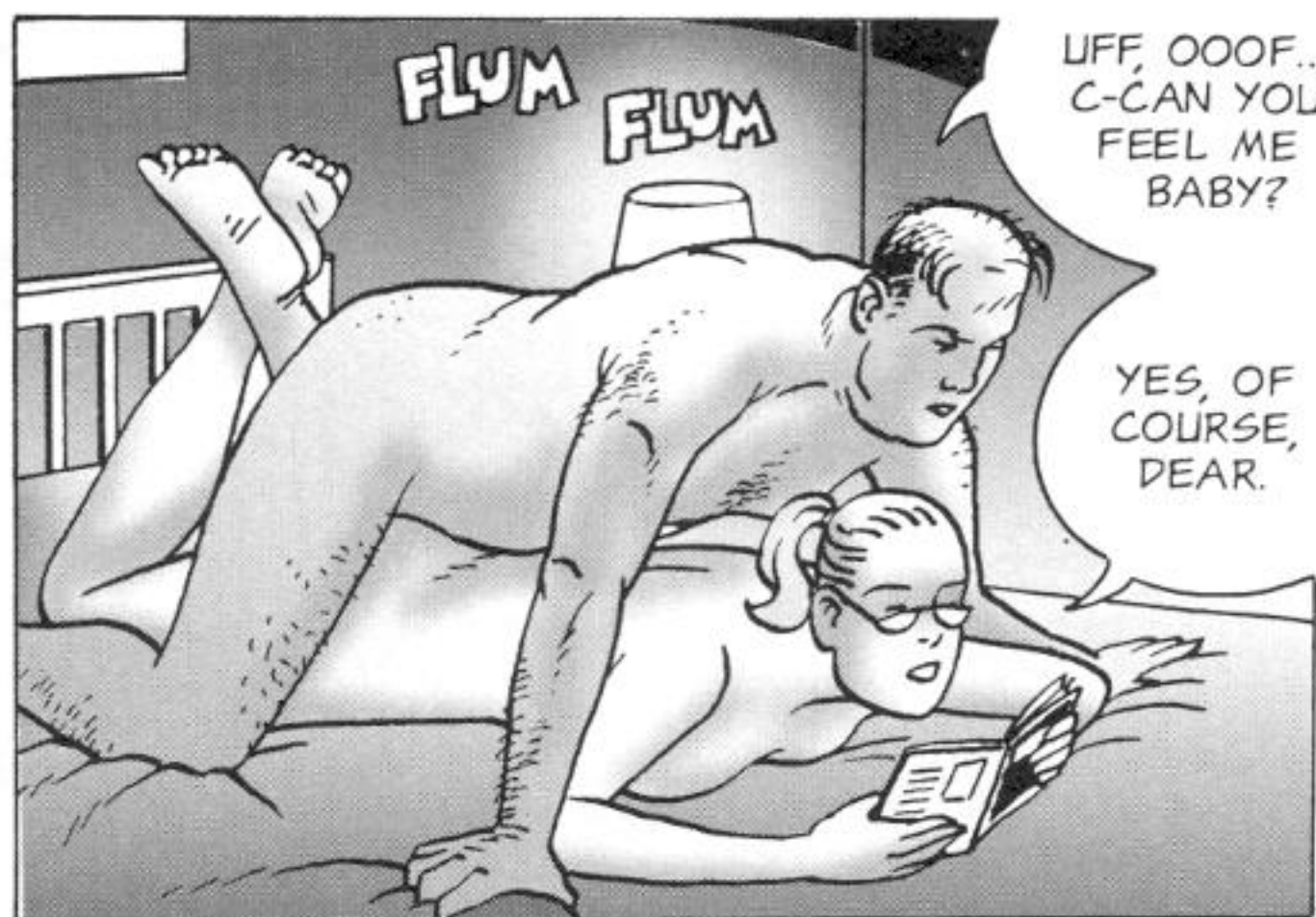








THEY'RE ALWAYS
COMPLAINING ABOUT THEIR
HUSBANDS, ESPECIALLY
ABOUT SEX. YOU COULD SAY
THAT'S THE BIGGEST PROBLEM
IN THEIR RELATIONSHIP.



FLUM FLUM

UFF, OOF...
C-CAN YOU
FEEL ME
BABY?

YES, OF
COURSE,
DEAR.



"WITH MATTHEW I DON'T FEEL ANYTHING.
I FAKE IT BECAUSE THE POOR GUY TRIES
SO HARD. BUT IT'S SO DAMN BORING!"



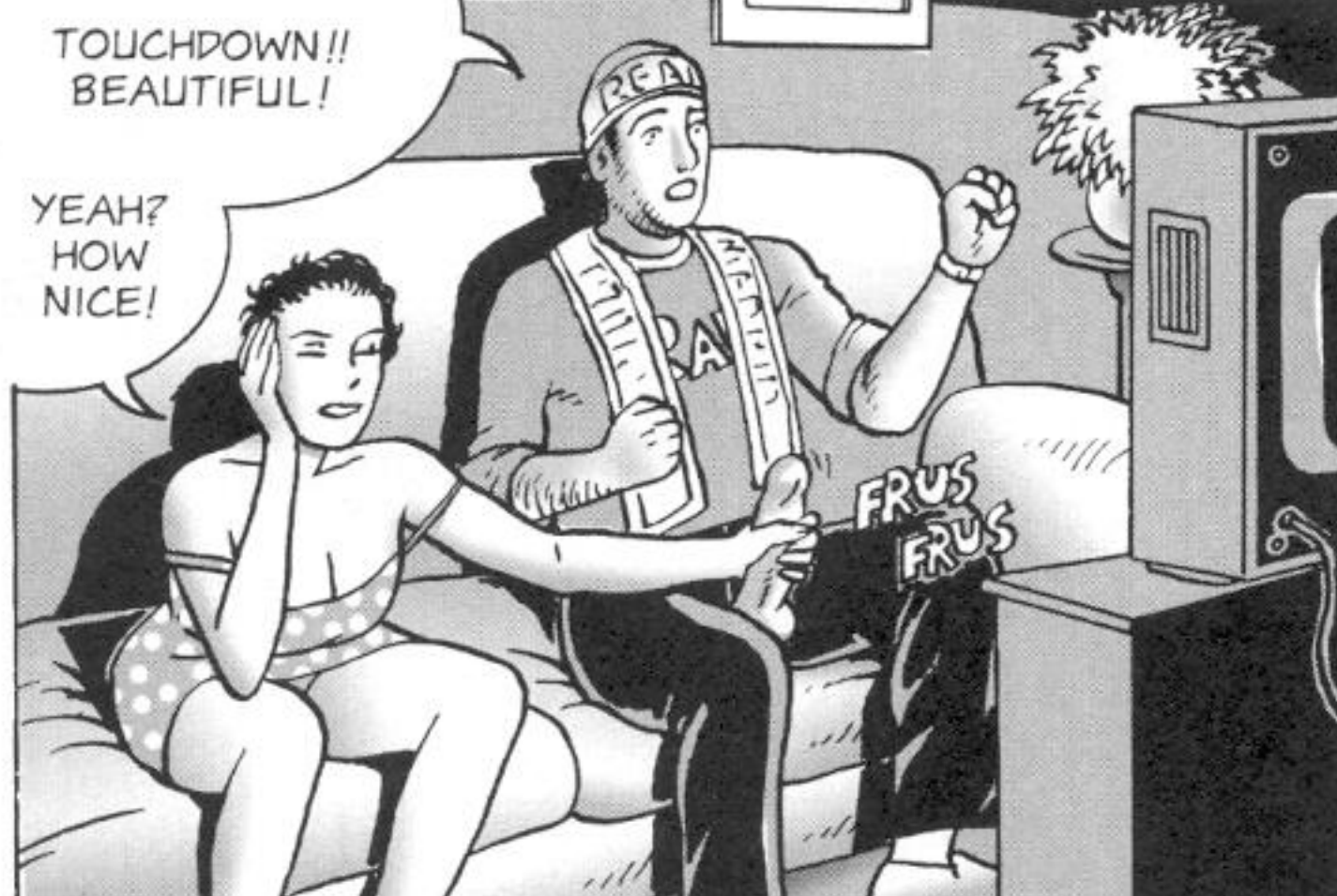
"CHARLIE WAS HANDSOME AND
REALLY ACTIVE SEXUALLY,
BUT THAT'S HISTORY..."



SO
WHAT?
I'M
HUNGRY.
BURP!

YOU
ONLY THINK
ABOUT
FOOD.

"MINE ONLY GETS HOT OVER FOOTBALL,
SO IF I WANT A LITTLE FUN I HAVE TO
DO IT DURING THE GAME."



TOUCHDOWN!!
BEAUTIFUL!

YEAH?
HOW
NICE!

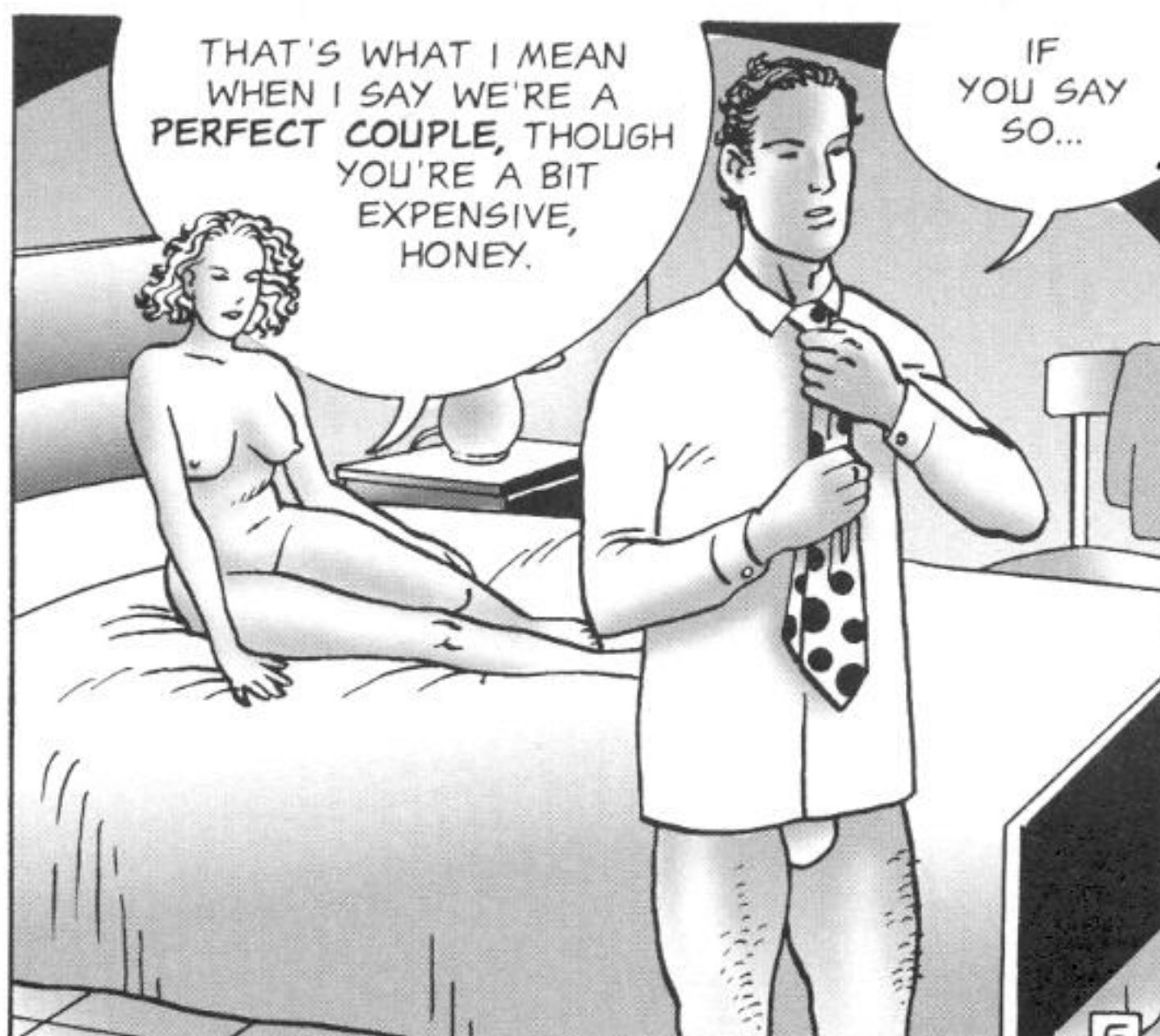
FRUS
FRUS



UH...
ACERINOX IS
GOING DOWN!
SHIT!



"DON'T TALK. JOEY IS
A WORKAHOLIC. YOU
WOULDN'T BELIEVE
WHAT I DO TO HAVE
SEX WITH HIM."



THAT'S WHAT I MEAN
WHEN I SAY WE'RE A
PERFECT COUPLE, THOUGH
YOU'RE A BIT
EXPENSIVE,
HONEY.

IF
YOU SAY
SO...



WELL, YOU'D BETTER GO. I HAVE ANOTHER CLIENT.

WAAAIT, YOU'VE GOT A LITTLE LIPSTICK HERE.

DON'T WANT TO MAKE HER JEALOUS, DO YOU?

HEY, WHAT'RE YOU DOING... LET GO!



DON'T ABUSE OUR LITTLE "BIRDIE" EH?

MEG!



ALRIGHT, I'M GOING... SEE YOU, BIG BOY!

QUIT IT!



WATCH OUT!

SHIT, FIVE FIFTEEN!



WOMEN DRIVERS!

GO, GO, CINDERELLA!



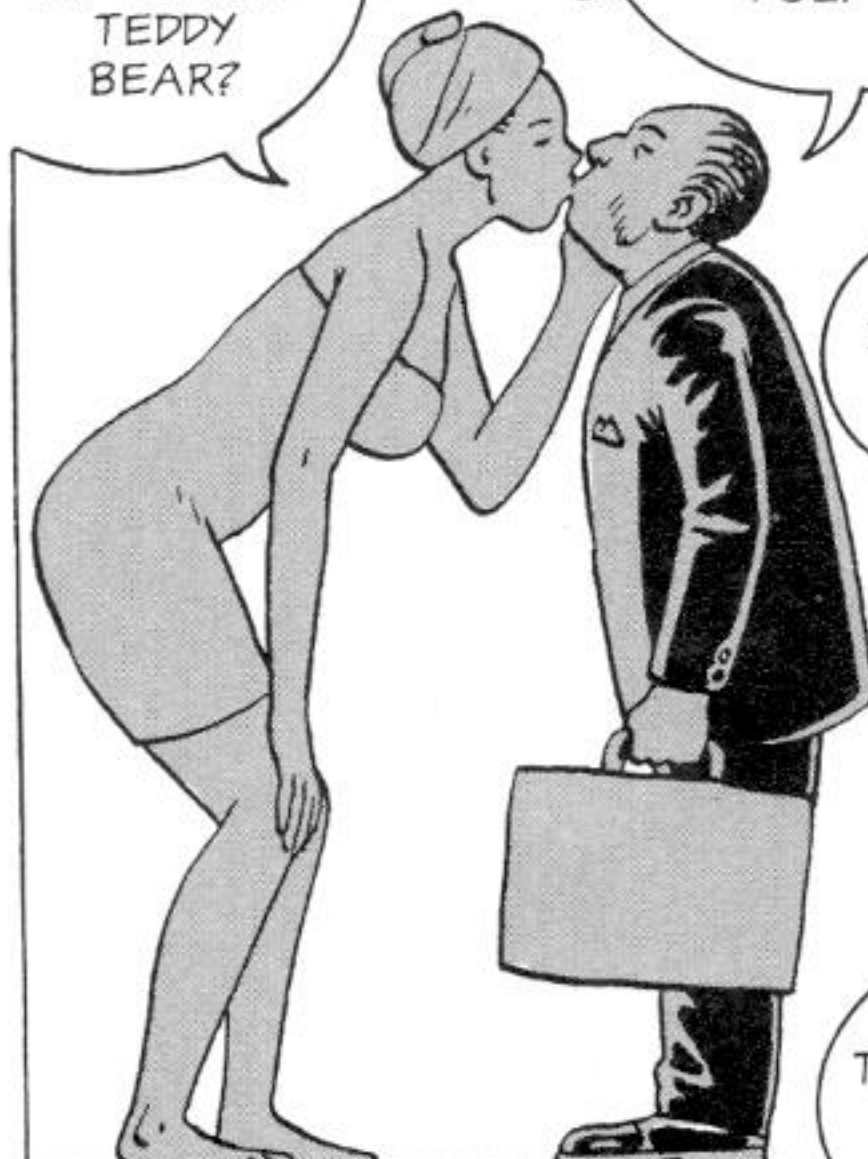
TOMORROW YOU'LL RETURN TO THE "BALL"

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY LITTLE TEDDY BEAR?

SMACK!

EVERYONE CRITICIZES ME FOR HAVING MARRIED YOU.

THEY SAY AN OLD GUY LIKE ME COULD NEVER SATISFY YOU IN BED.



WHAT DO THEY KNOW!

OUR MARRIAGE ISN'T BASED ON SEX, BUT INSTEAD ON AFFECTION, COMPREHENSION AND MUTUAL RESPECT, MY LOVE.

WE'RE THE PERFECT COUPLE.

REALLY?



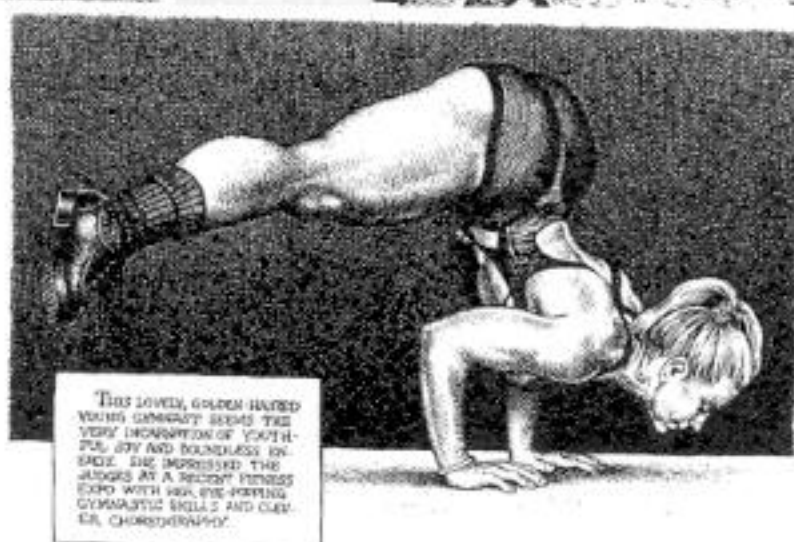
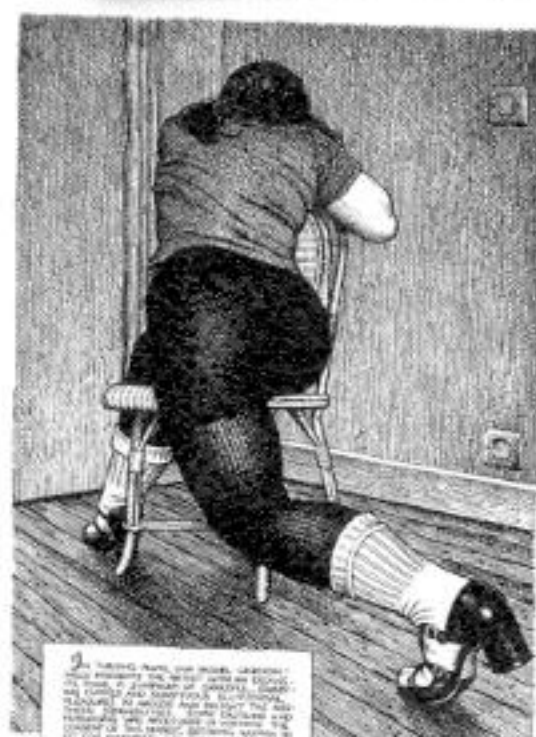
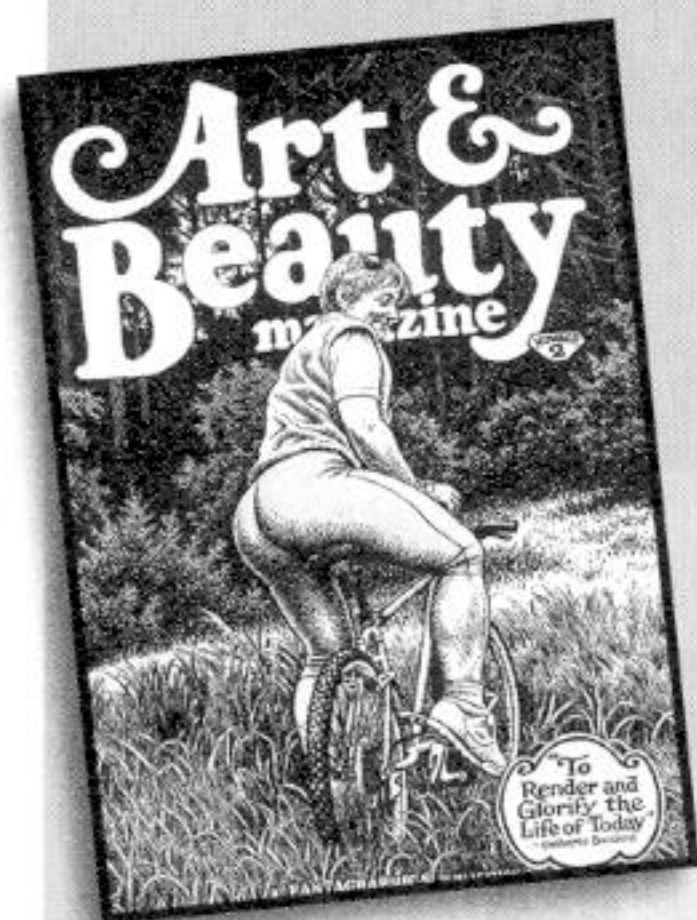
SHORTLY LATER...

HONEY, I'M HOME. ER... I'M A LITTLE WORRIED.

JUST IN TIME!

Under the counter

by Ruben Lardin



BEAUTY IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

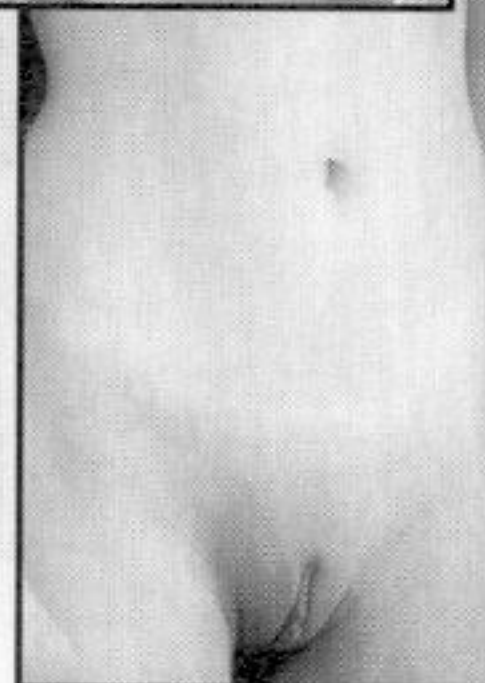
One of the best artists on the planet is back in charge with the second edition of his "illustrated magazine," *Art & Beauty*, the feminine form glorified by the artist's pencil, dedicated as much to celebrating the erotic heroism of athletes as to capturing, just around the corner, painful moments from the voyeur's heart or anonymous footprints from seventy years ago. The magazine is the work of an artisan, from top to bottom. Crumb starts with his magnificent illustrations and later delicately pens in brief comments and artistic reflections on creativity, and particularly, on drawing itself. The result is captivating. *Art & Beauty* is a unique, singular creation that allows us to enjoy the sensitivity of one of the most modest fetishists in the world of comics, a sociopath who lives and suffers through the display of beauty brought by all the curves populating our lives. Crumb, who surely beats off as much as you and I combined (a lot, that is), is always searching for that fourth dimension, which, according to Max Beckman, is at a fingertip's length the moment the artist transplants a three-dimensional reality into his world of two dimensions.

ART & BEAUTY MAGAZINE #2

Robert Crumb

Fantagraphics

\$4.95 at specialty bookstores



FRAGILE

Vilita is the protagonist of the latest book put out by *Edition Reuss*, the German publishing house specializing in erotic photography that provides us with solace from one month to the next. *Vilita* is a blonde from Eastern Europe, an angel and a devil, as captured by the camera of Norwegian photographer *Petter Hegre* (former assistant to *Richard Avedon*). For me, it's the same thing as with *Vilita's* other book: there's no end to how much I like it because I can't imagine a girl being more beautiful coming from Eastern Europe. I'm as fascinated by it as I am turned on. The blonde's got a finger-lickin' good pussy, shaved (okay, okay, fine) and her poses alternate between feminine modesty and horny ho. Among the most fun of the different photo sessions that make up the book are the ones that offer a view of the girl's mutant tits, expressive ones they are, offering something new every day. If she were only my girl, goddamn.

WILD SHAVEN ANGEL

Petter Hegre

Edition Reuss

Available at www.edition-reuss.de

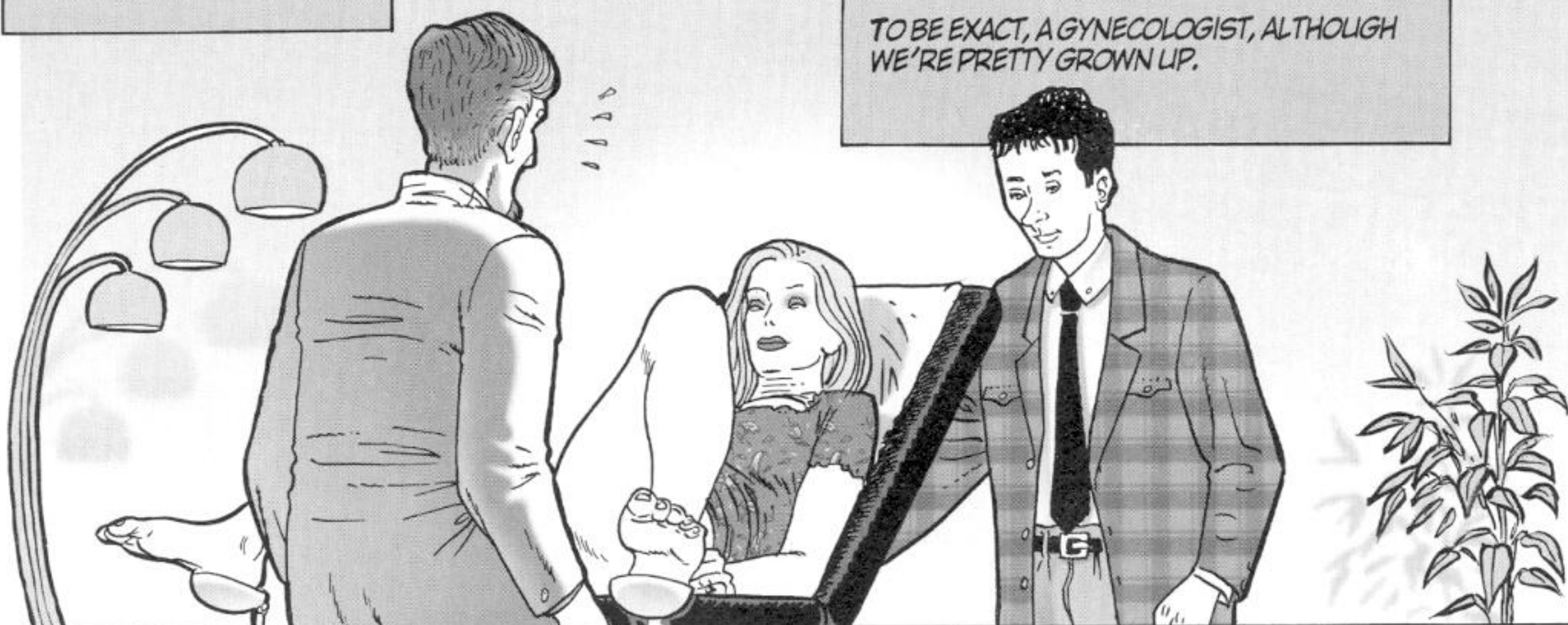
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french kiss 8

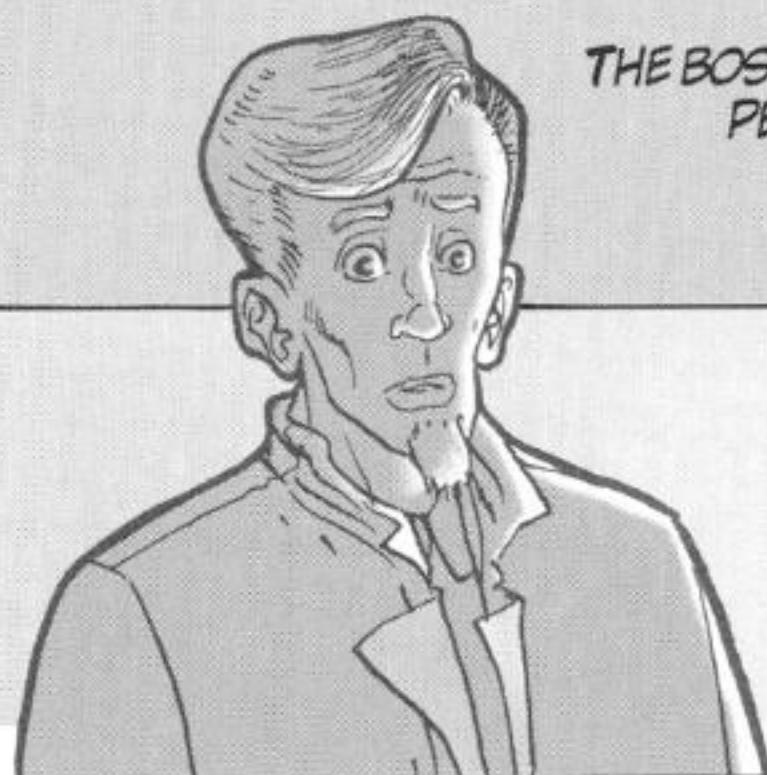
25

WHO'D HAVE BELIEVED I'D
GO BACK TO PLAYING
DOCTOR AT MY AGE...!

TO BE EXACT, A GYNECOLOGIST, ALTHOUGH
WE'RE PRETTY GROWN UP.



THE BOSS GAVE ME INSTRUCTIONS SO MY
PERFORMANCE WOULD SEEM JUST
LIKE A REAL DOCTOR'S.



OBVIOUSLY, SINCE IT WAS A
SEX GAME, I DIDN'T HAVE TO
USE LATEX GLOVES...
WHICH WAS FINE
WITH ME.



Room

121

SEPARATE
YOUR LEGS MORE...
THAT'S RIGHT.

I'D NEVER HEARD OF A
WOMAN WHO LIKED
TO GO TO THE
GYNECOLOGIST.
ACTUALLY IT WAS...

...A FANTASY OF THE
HUSBAND'S, AND
HIS WIFE AGREED.



WHAT HETEROSEXUAL MAN HASN'T FANTASIZED ABOUT BEING A GYNECOLOGIST?

WELL, I DON'T THINK IT'S ANYTHING IMPORTANT...

...BUT IT'S BETTER IF I EXAMINE HER.

IN ROOM 121, THE MOST PLEASANT THINGS ARE THE LITTLE DETAILS, THE UNEXPECTED EVENTS.

PLEASE, UNDRESS.

IN THAT CASE, IN PARTICULAR, I LIKED THE LOVELY, DEVOTED WIFE FROM THE BEGINNING. AND I THINK SHE LIKED ME.

CAN'T SAY THE SAME FOR THE HUSBAND. HE WAS JEALOUS, BUT READY TO USE HIS BETTER HALF TO FULFILL HIS FANTASIES. I WENT ABOUT MY TASK.

OF COURSE, RATHER THAN A MEDICAL EXAMINATION, IT WAS A BIT OF FOREPLAY PERFORMED IN A VERY PERSONAL MANNER.

FARTHER,
FARTHER IN DOCTOR...
I DON'T FEEL ANYTHING
THERE...



I NOTICED HER AROMA, SWEET AND
ENTICING... SHE WAS WET AND EXCITED,
MAYBE BECAUSE OF MY PENETRATING
FINGERS, THE FACT THAT SHE WAS EXPOSED
TO A STRANGER, OR BOTH THINGS AT ONCE.
I PUSHED IN DEEPER,
OBEYING HER WISHES.

SHE LET GO AND I FELT HER
VIBRATE IN RHYTHM WITH
THE MOVEMENTS OF
MY FINGERS.



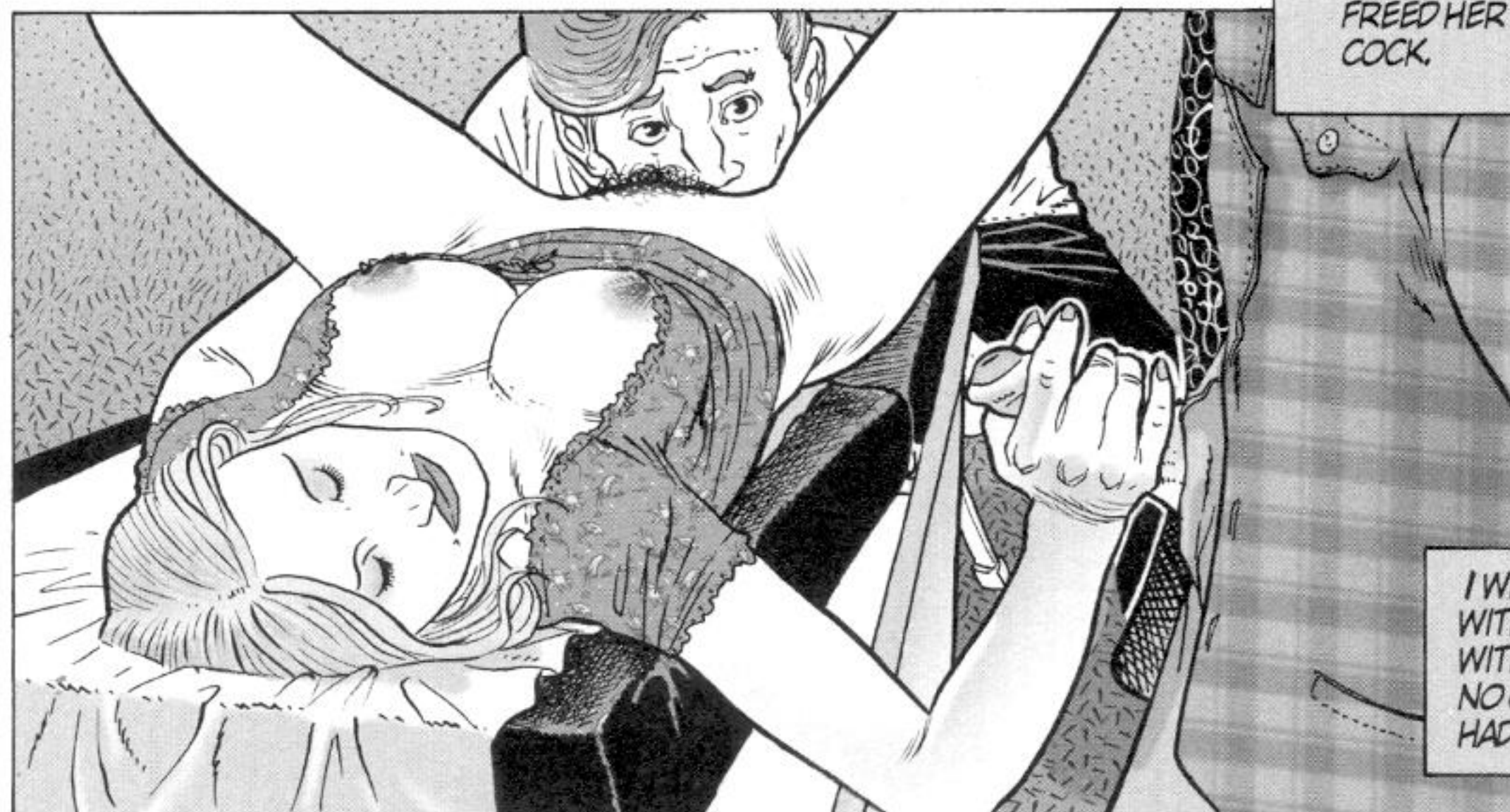
THEN SHE TURNED TO HER HUSBAND
AND BEGAN STROKING HIS ERECT
COCK THROUGH HIS PANTS WHILE
I CONCENTRATED ON THE WONDERS
OF HER INTIMATE PARTS.



OOHH!

I ENJOYED TOUCHING, FONDLING, CARESSING THAT
LUSCIOUS OPENING, SHINING IN A SPECTRUM OF
PINKS AND REDS, A SATINY, MOIST WORK OF ART.

THE WIFE'S HAND DEFTLY
FREED HER HUSBAND'S
COCK.



I WENT ON FINGERING HER
WITH PLEASURE, INTOXICATED
WITH HER AROMAS. I'M SURE
NO GYNECOLOGIST HAS EVER
HAD A TIME LIKE THAT.



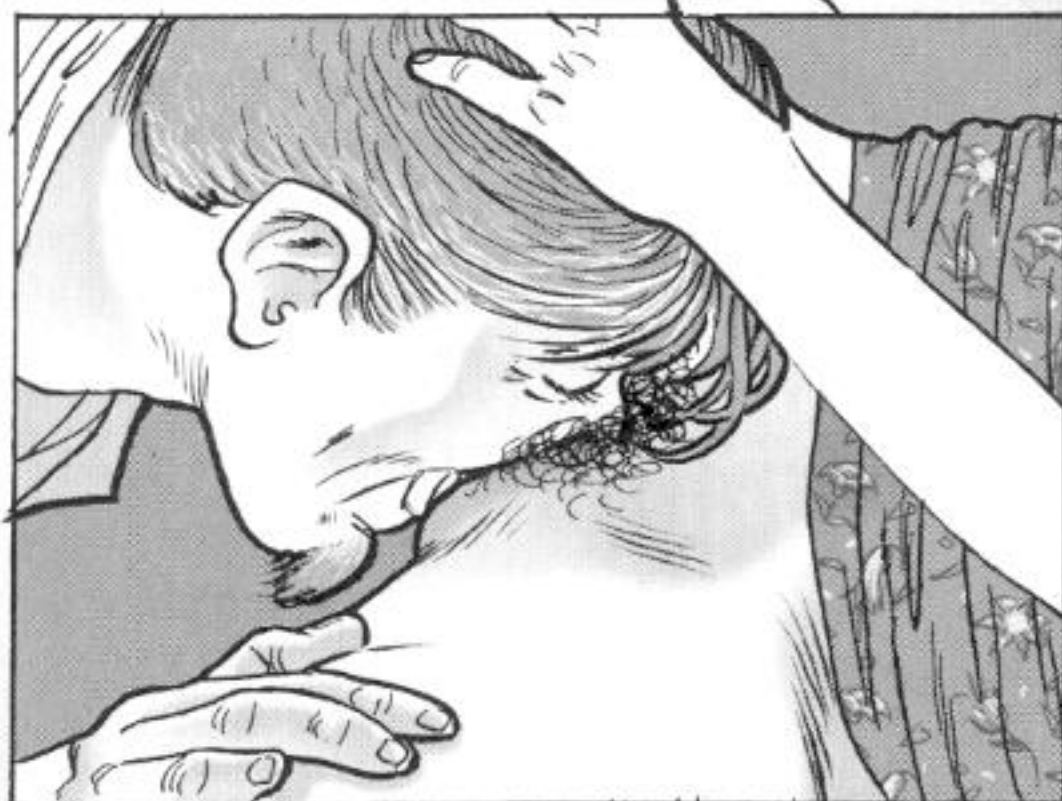
THAT FIRST ATTACK WAS
TOO MUCH FOR THE
HUSBAND.

HE CAME IN A GUSH ON HIS WIFE'S CURVED
BREASTS, EXPOSED OVER HER BLOUSE.
THAT TORRENT OF JIZZ SEEMED TO
ELECTRIFY HER AND SHE SHUDDERED
INSIDE, WETTING MY FINGERS
EVEN MORE.

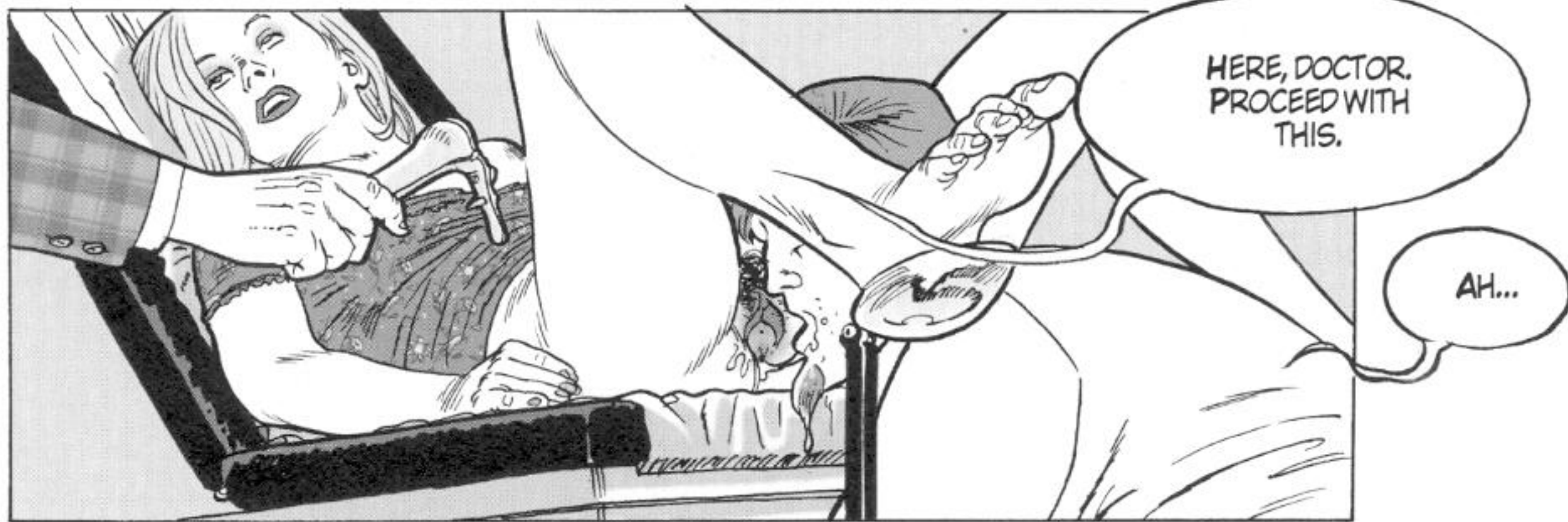


OOOH...
HOW HOT... I LOVE
IT...OOOHH...

AT THIS POINT, MY MOUTH AND TONGUE
WENT INTO ACTION, HUNGRILY
ENJOYING WHAT WAS OFFERED.



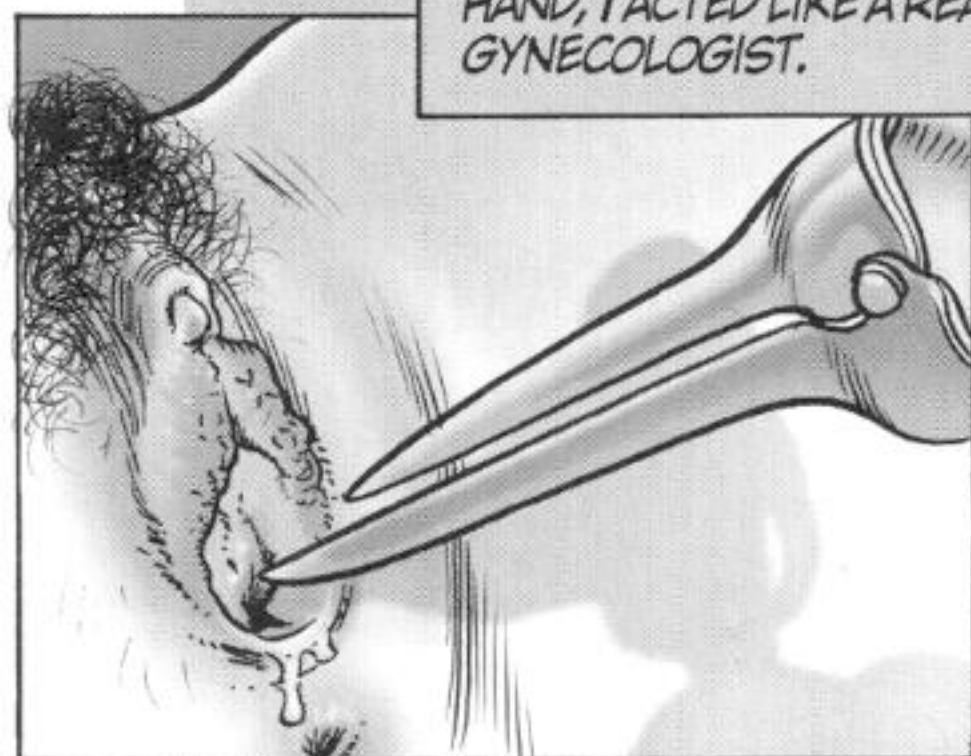
MY COCK WAS ACHING, SO I LET
IT LOOSE AND COULDN'T HELP
JERKING OFF, WITH MY EYES HALF
CLOSED AND THE PENETRATING
TASTE OF THOSE FEMINE
JUICES IN MY THROAT.



I DON'T LIKE BEING INTERRUPTED WHEN I'M USING MY TONGUE... BUT THE GUY WAS PAYING FOR HIS OWN PLEASURE.



WITH THE SPECULUM IN HAND, I ACTED LIKE A REAL GYNECOLOGIST.

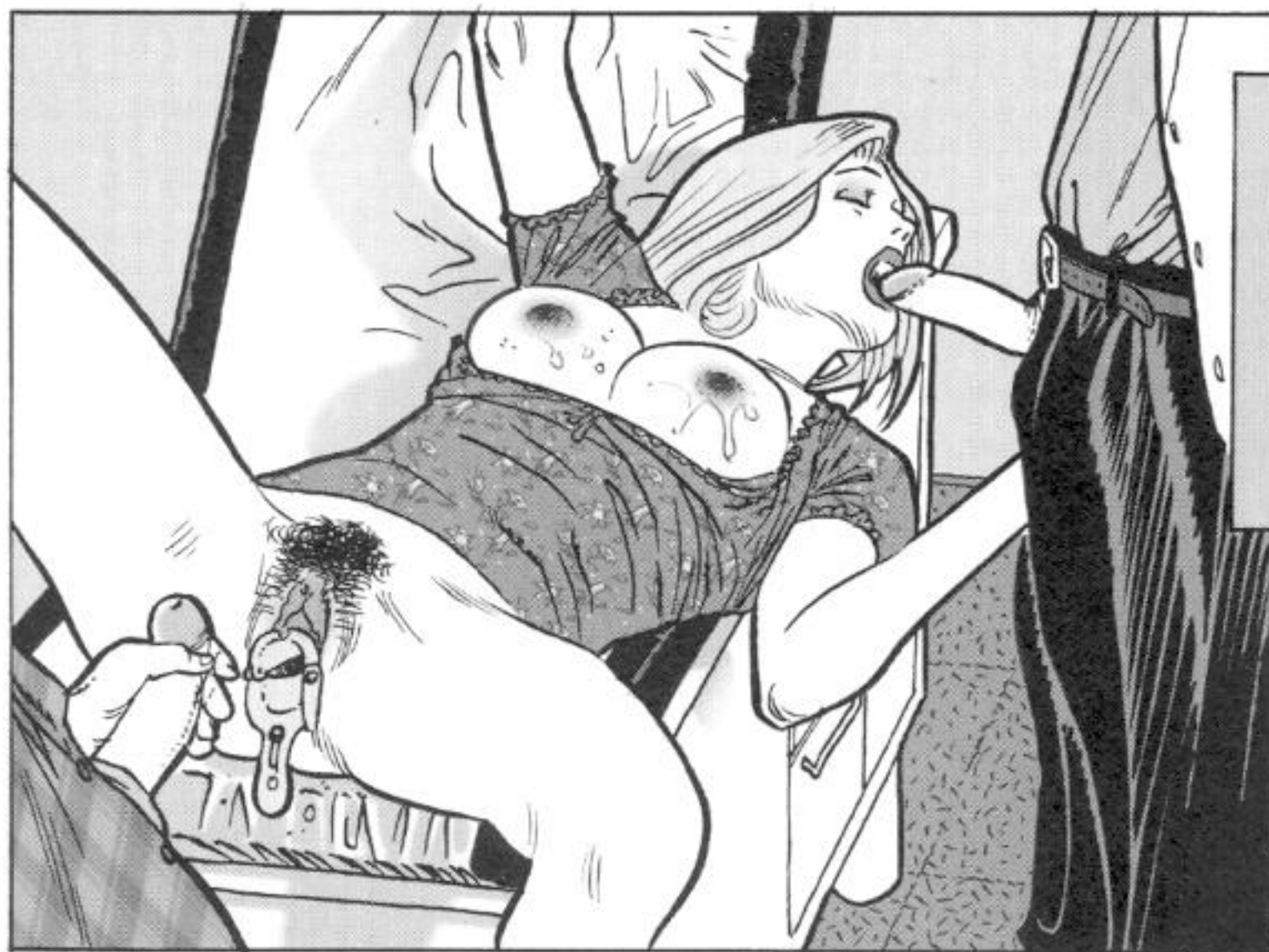


I FELT THE PATIENT COOL DOWN. SHE PREFERRED MY FINGERS TO THAT INSTRUMENT. WITH THE SPECULUM IN PLACE SHE WAS OBSCENELY OPEN... BUT THE VIEW WAS SPLENDID, PINK AND SHINY WITH HER JUICES.

OOOH!

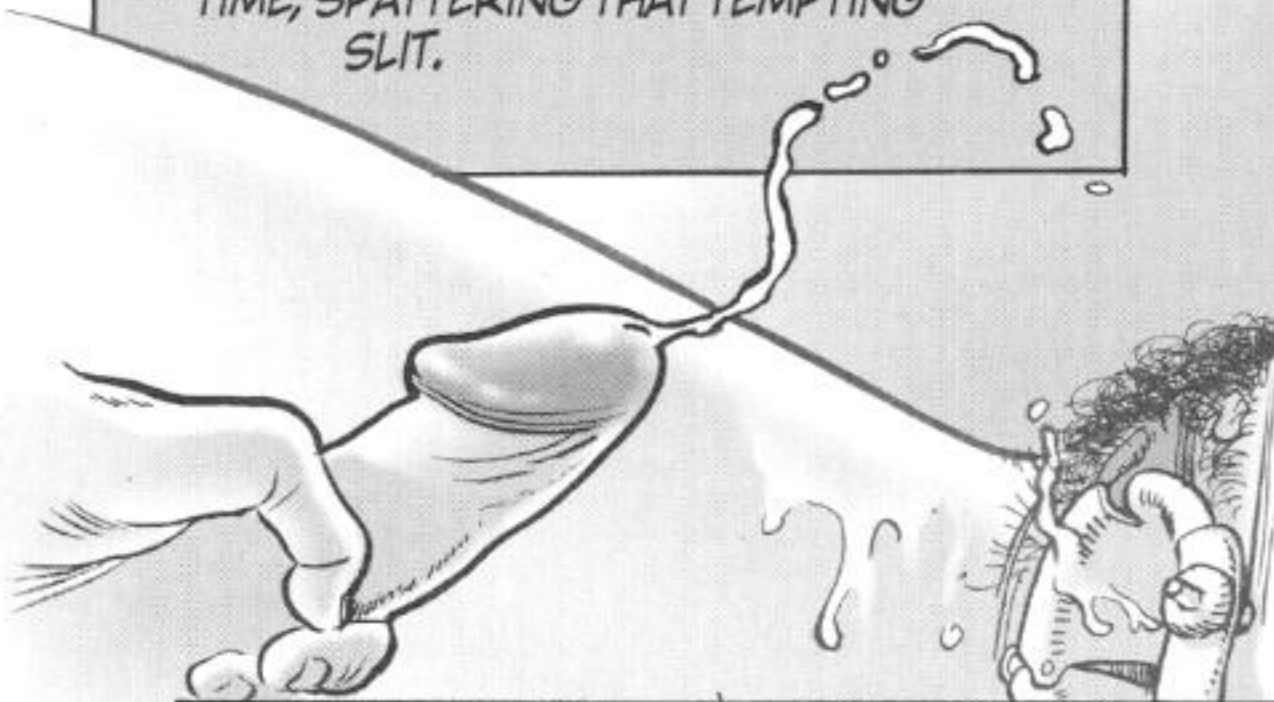
FOR THE SECOND TIME THE HUSBAND COULDN'T RESIST.





I CHANGED PLACES AND THE WIFE'S MOUTH TOOK IN MY COCK. I DON'T KNOW IF HE NOTICED MY IMPROVED PERFORMANCE; HE SEEMED COMPLETELY TAKEN BY THE VISION OF HIS WIFE'S PUSSY.

TO MY SURPRISE HE CAME FOR THE THIRD TIME, SPATTERING THAT TEMPTING SLIT.



THEN, STILL STIFF AS A FLAG-POLE, HE RIPPED OFF HIS CLOTHES AND RAMMED IN WHERE THE SPECULUM HAD BEEN.



YEEES!...
FUCK ME! YES...
OOH! YES...!

HE RAN HER THROUGH WITH HIS SABLE, PUSHING HARD.



SHE CAME FAST AND VIOLENTLY, WITH LOTS OF NOISE. I KNEW MY TASK WAS OVER AND I DISAPPEARED.

I HADN'T GOTTEN OFF, BUT THE BOSS, WHO WAS WAITING IN THE HALL, KNEW HOW TO REWARD MY EFFORTS...HER EXPERT TONGUE SOLVED ALL MY PROBLEMS. IT'S GREAT TO HAVE A BOSS WHO TAKES CARE OF HER EMPLOYEES!

6

The erotic art of...

ACUNA

Daniel Acuna (born in Murcia, Spain in 1974) is without a doubt one of the most versatile and interesting artists to have emerged from Europe. After his first published works in fanzines like *El Tío Saín*, Acuña jumped into the professional circle with the saga *Claus and Simon*, a cult favorite that unfortunately has not yet been published in the U.S. and that currently boasts three editions: *Claus and Simon in Hollywood*, *Claus and Simon: Freak show*, and *Claus and Simon: Lost & Found*. Among his most important works are his story for the album *DC Comics* published on the topic of the 9/11 terrorist attacks, and *Anthem*, with a story written by mythical comics veteran Roy Thomas.

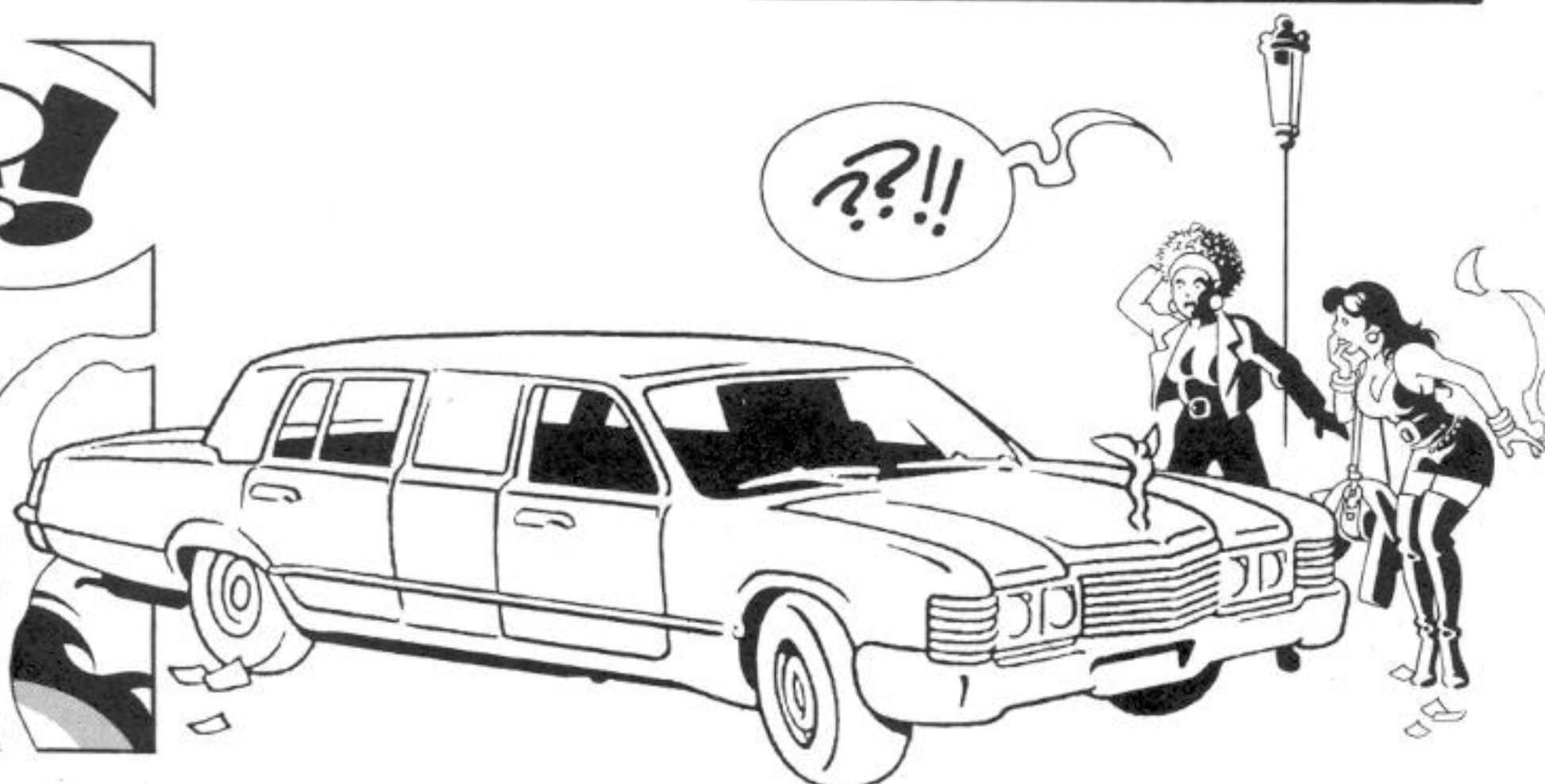
However, side by side with his dazzling horror comics production, Acuna has always made space and time to devote himself to the erotic genre. His impressive pin-ups have adorned the covers of magazines like *La Poudre aux Revêts* (France) and *Kiss Comix* (Spain) and this side of his work is enthralling. In this section, we invite you to take part in the artistic process through which Acuña creates his delicious girls. Let's jump in and get in on the action!



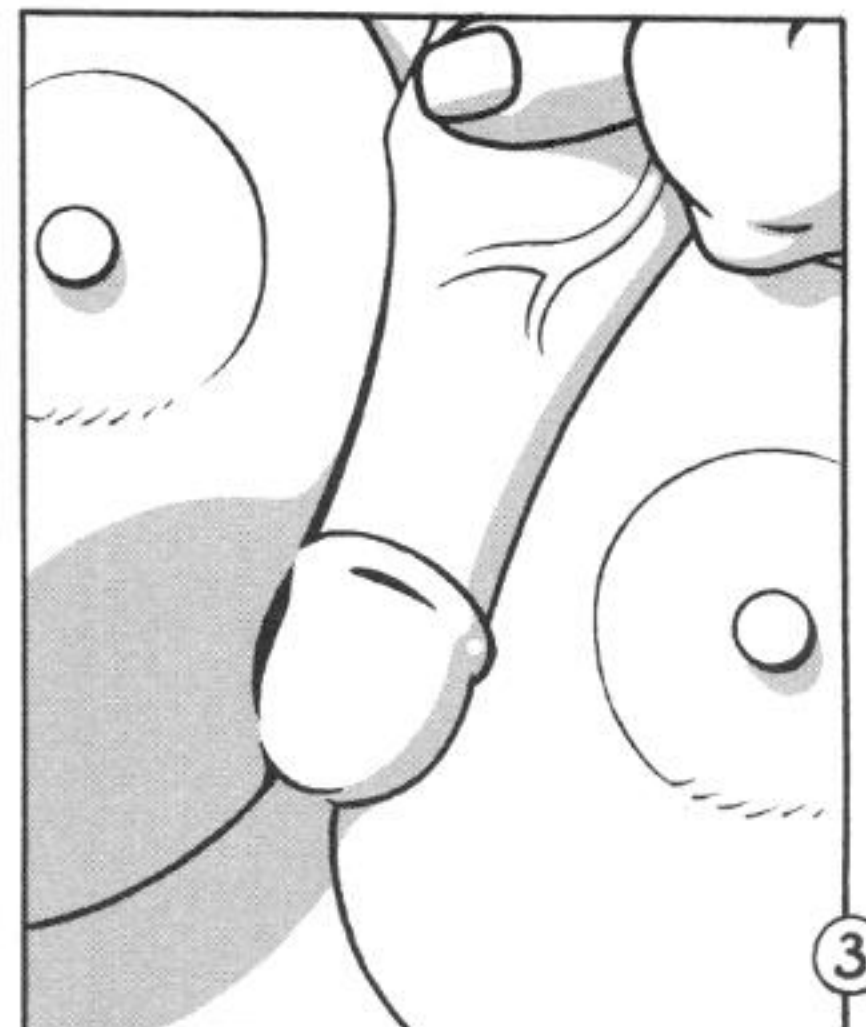
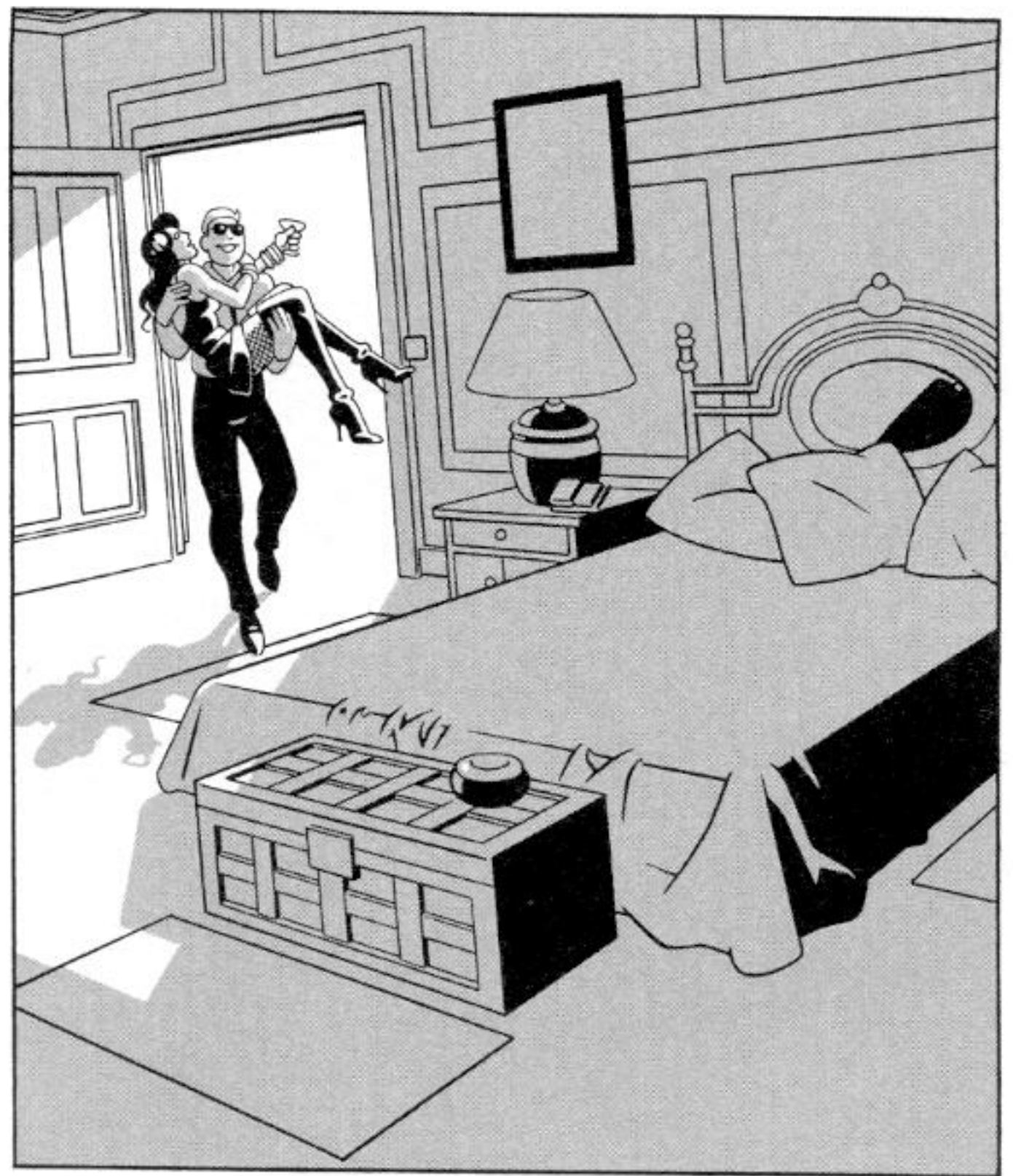




Prince Charming















HUMAN WARMTH

ALVARO 2002

A NEW AND
INTRIGUING CASE
FEATURING
DETECTIVE
WANDA WOLFE



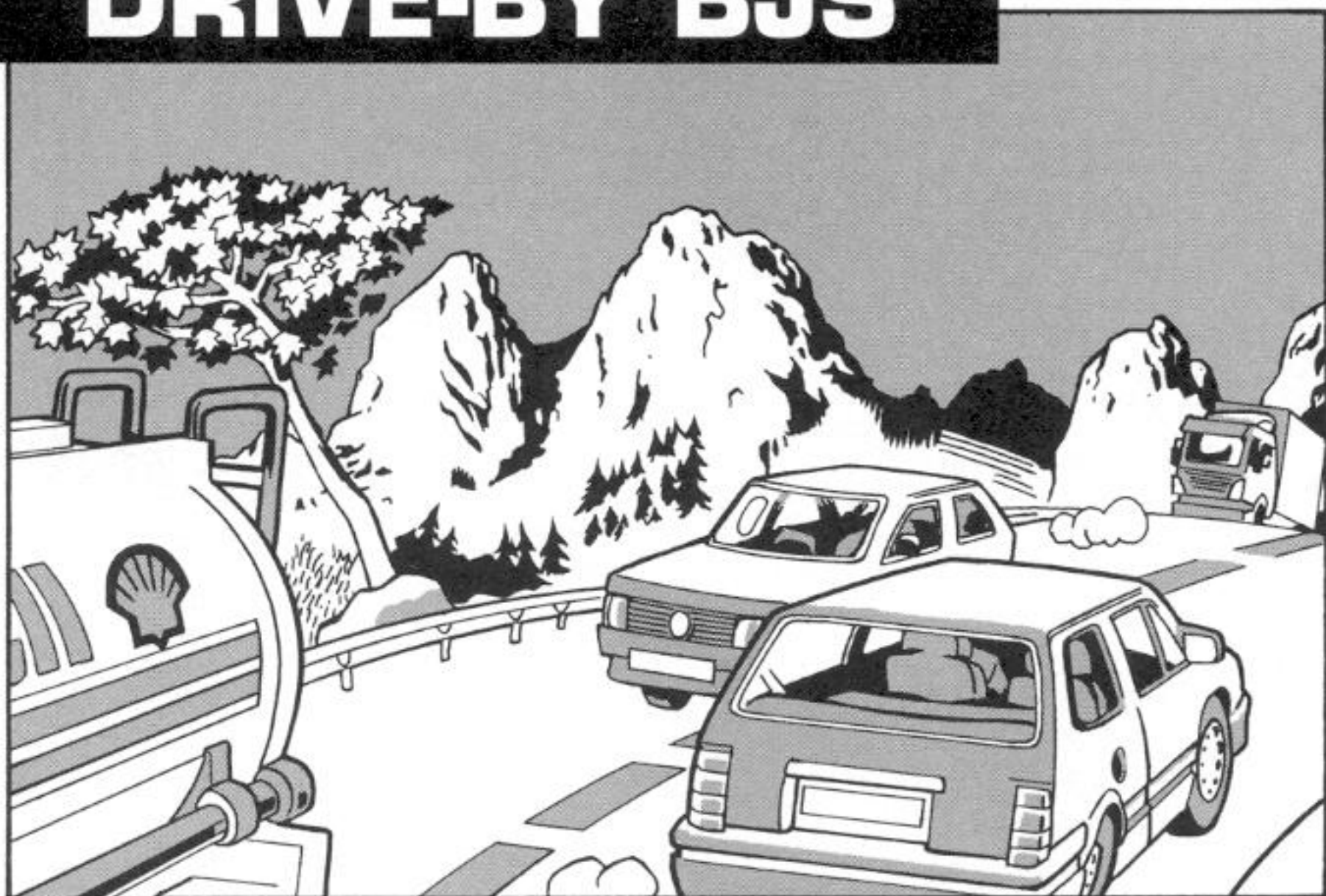


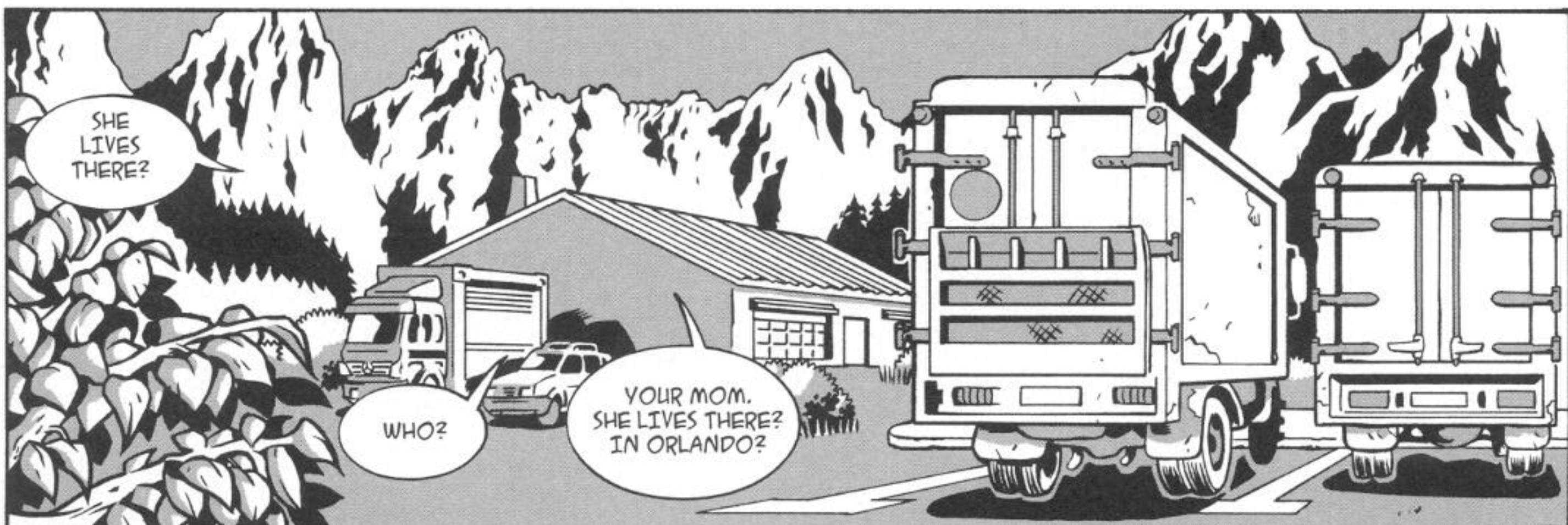




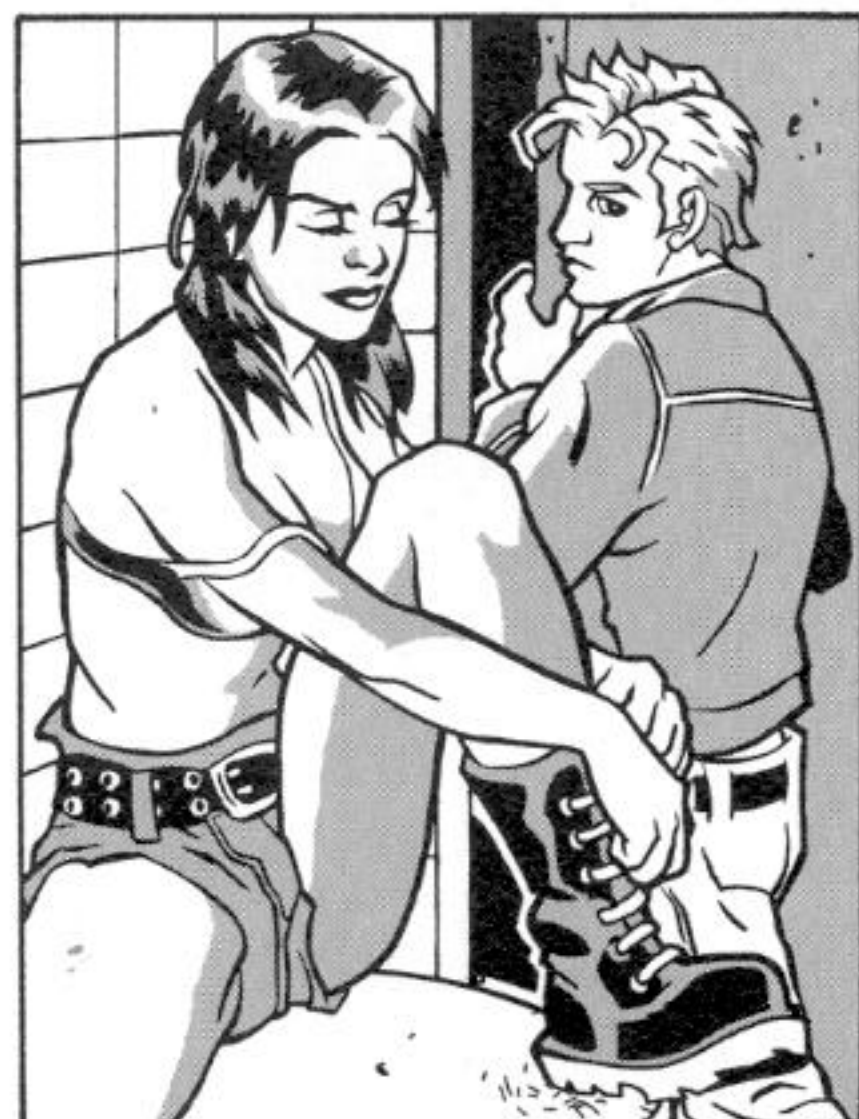
DRIVE-BY BJS

by Venus Pin & Juan Nubesnegras







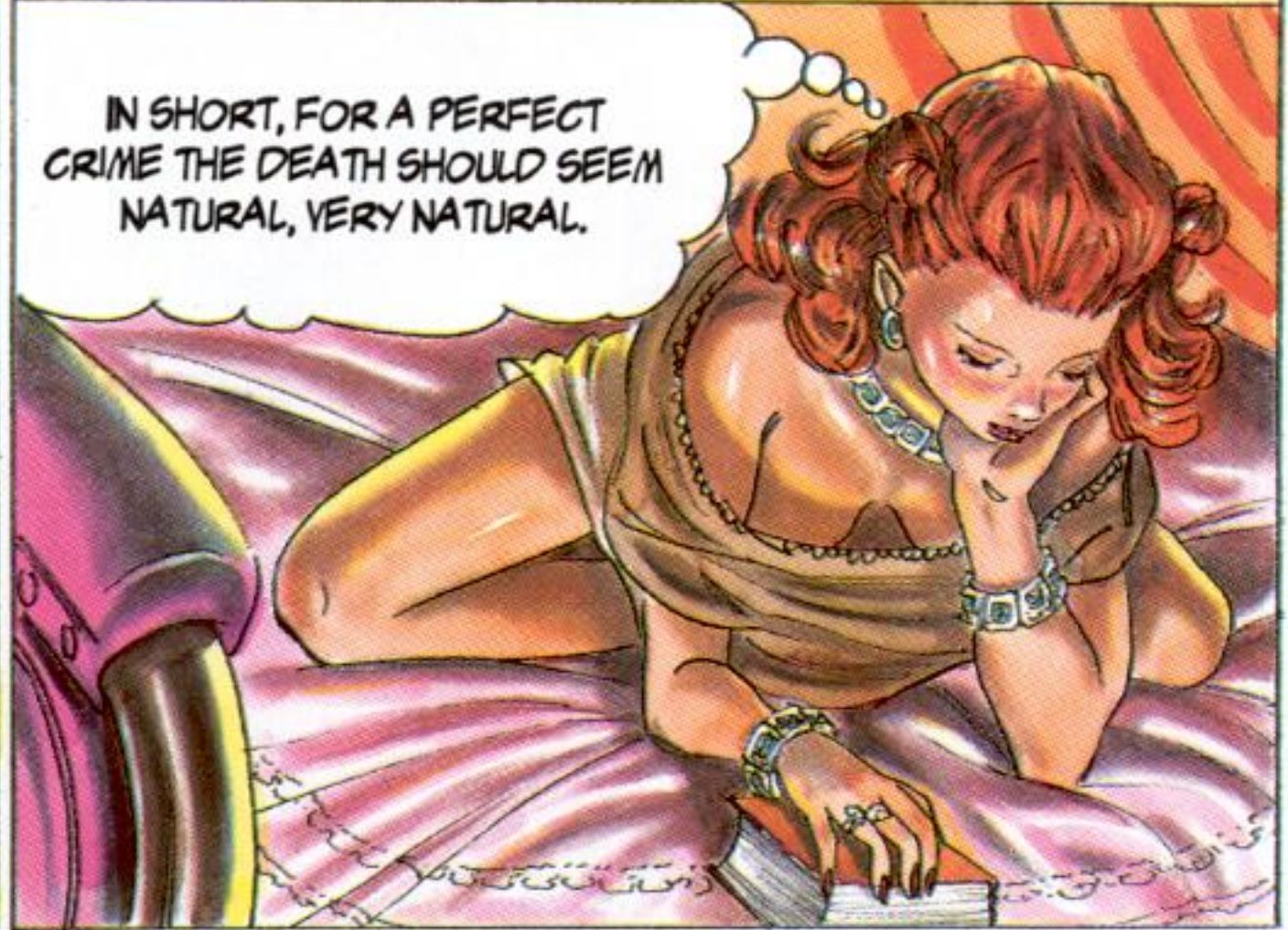




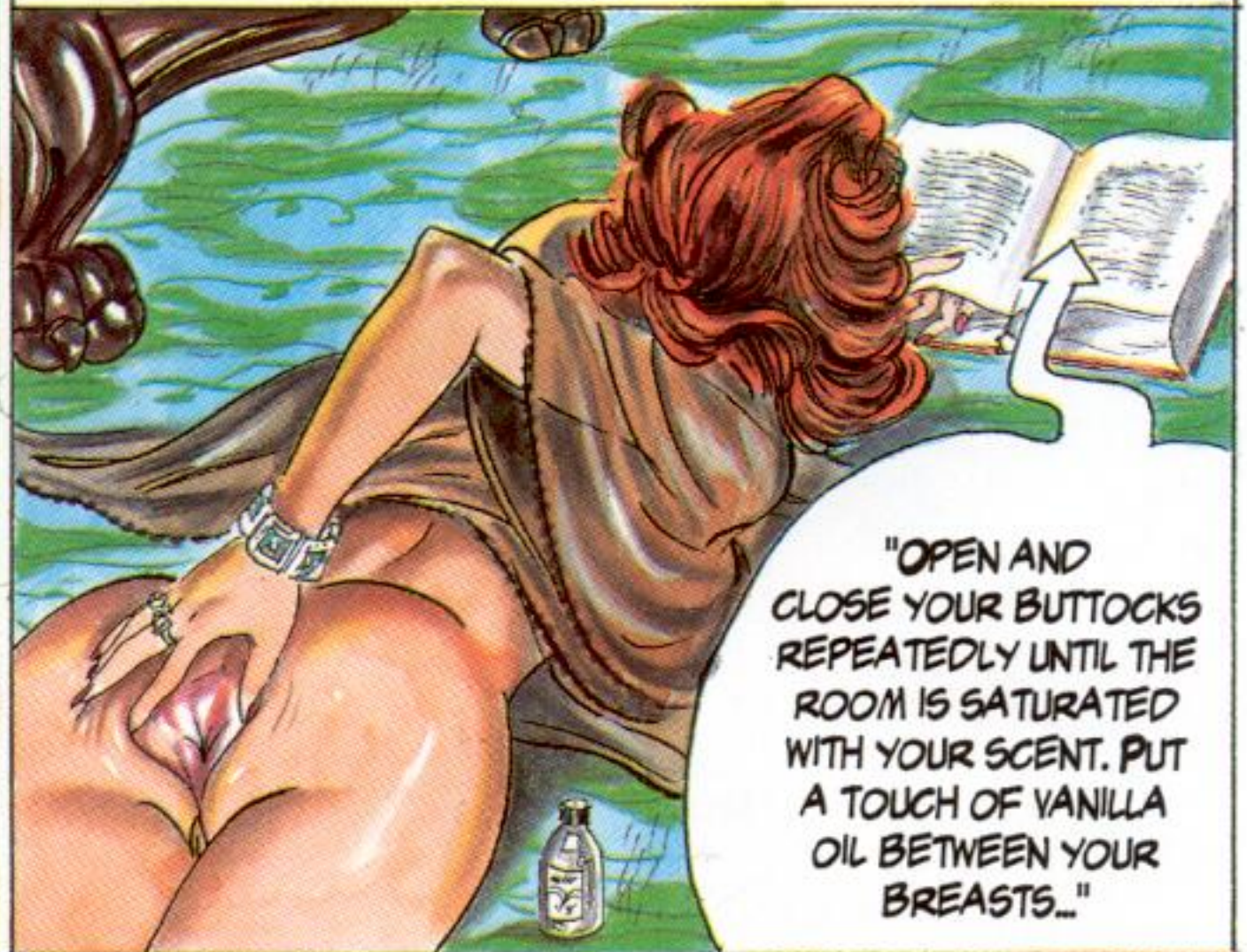


MARION HAS JUST FINISHED READING "TIPS FOR A PERFECT CRIME" WHILE ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF HER HUSBAND, THE MILLIONAIRE GORDON BARRIGAN...

IN SHORT, FOR A PERFECT CRIME THE DEATH SHOULD SEEM NATURAL, VERY NATURAL.



SHE'S ALSO READING "MAGIC TREATISE ON LOVE," A WORK BY BURCHARDT VON WORMS.



"OPEN AND CLOSE YOUR BUTTOCKS REPEATEDLY UNTIL THE ROOM IS SATURATED WITH YOUR SCENT. PUT A TOUCH OF VANILLA OIL BETWEEN YOUR BREASTS..."

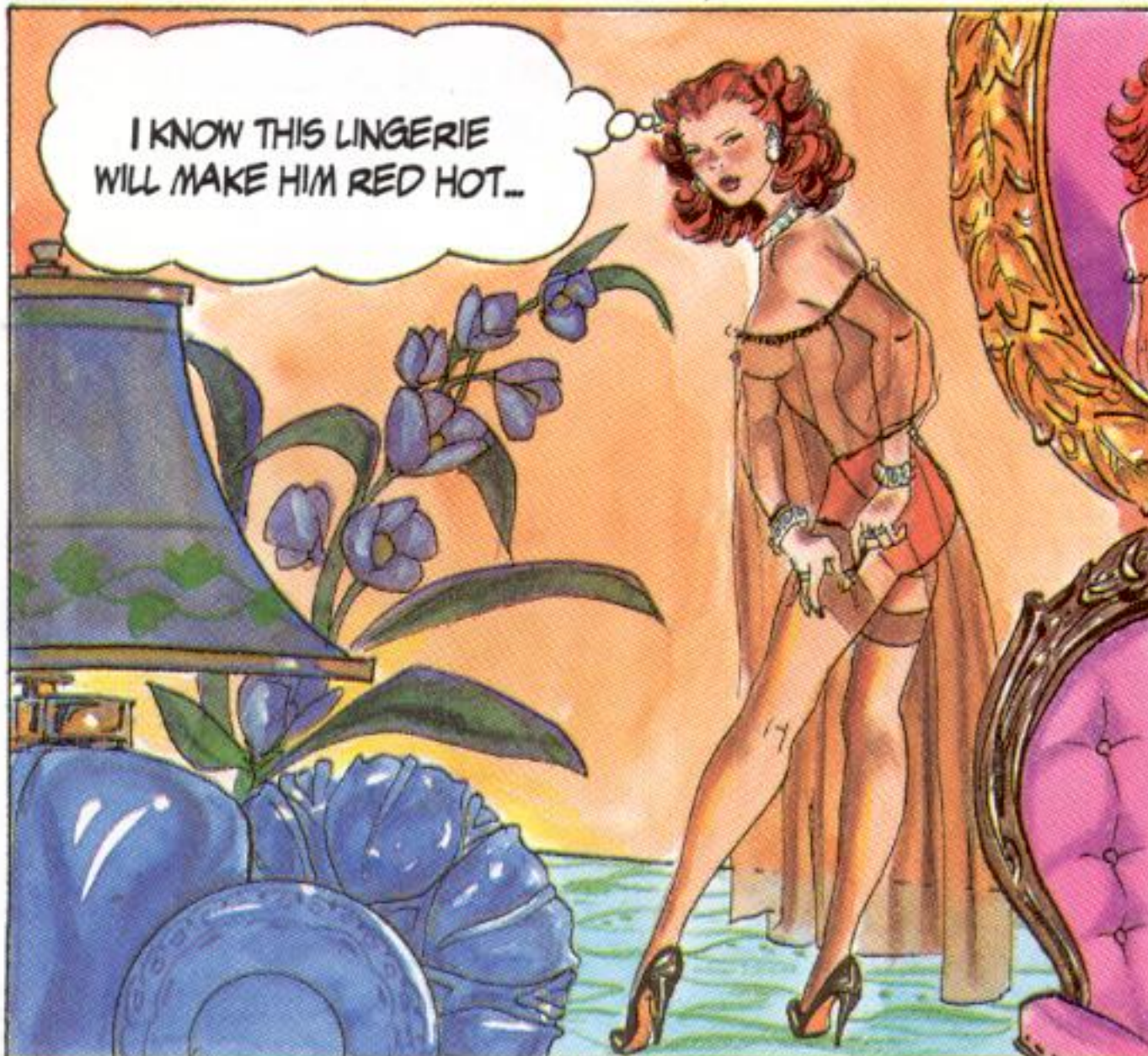
FIONA, DINNER SHOULD BE SERVED IN OUR ROOM AT 9 THIS EVENING. I'LL HAVE STEAMED FISH AND A GLASS OF FRESH JUICE.

FOR GORDON, FISH FRIED IN BUTTER AND A CUP OF COFFEE. UNDERSTAND?

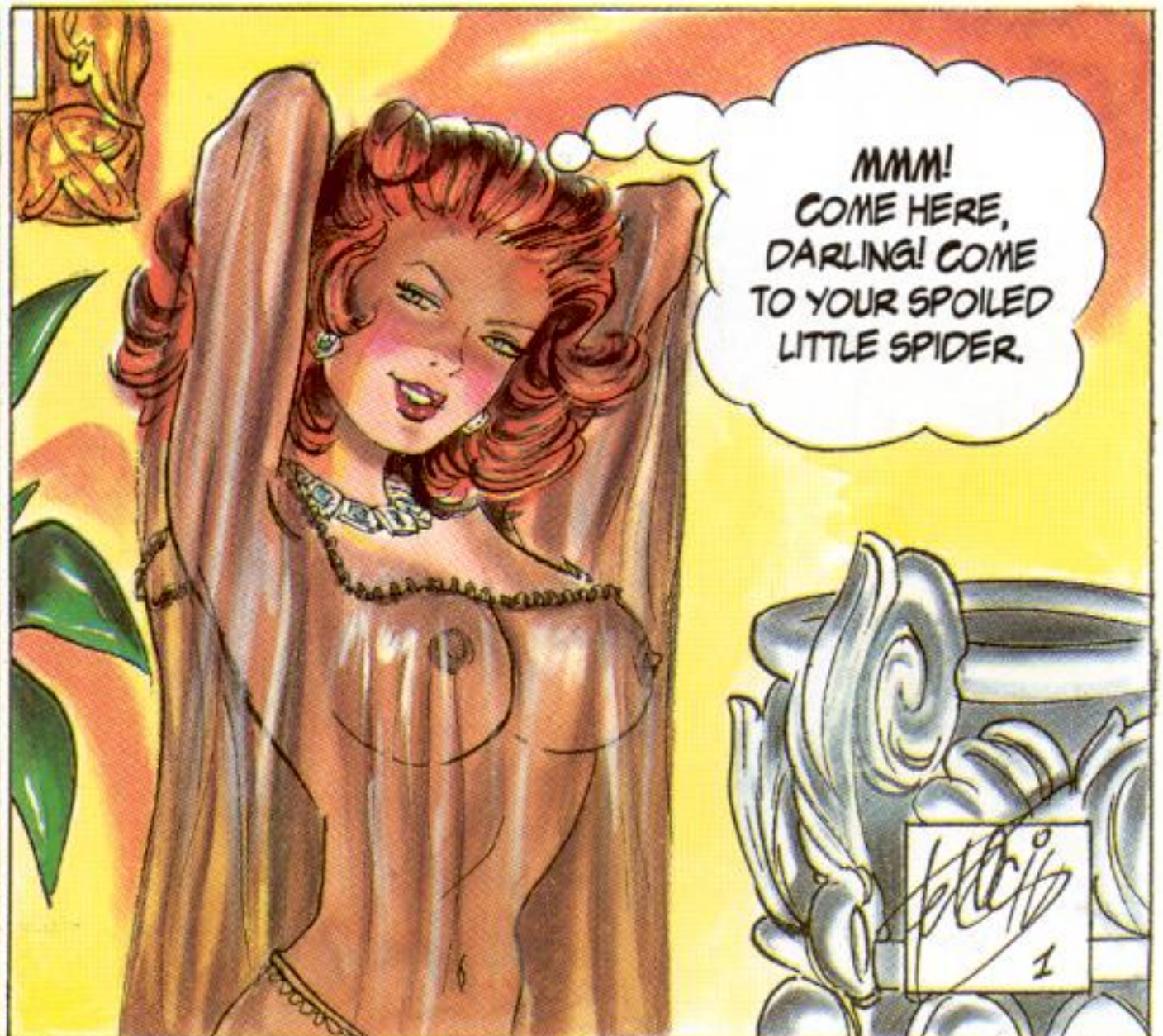
YES, MADAM!

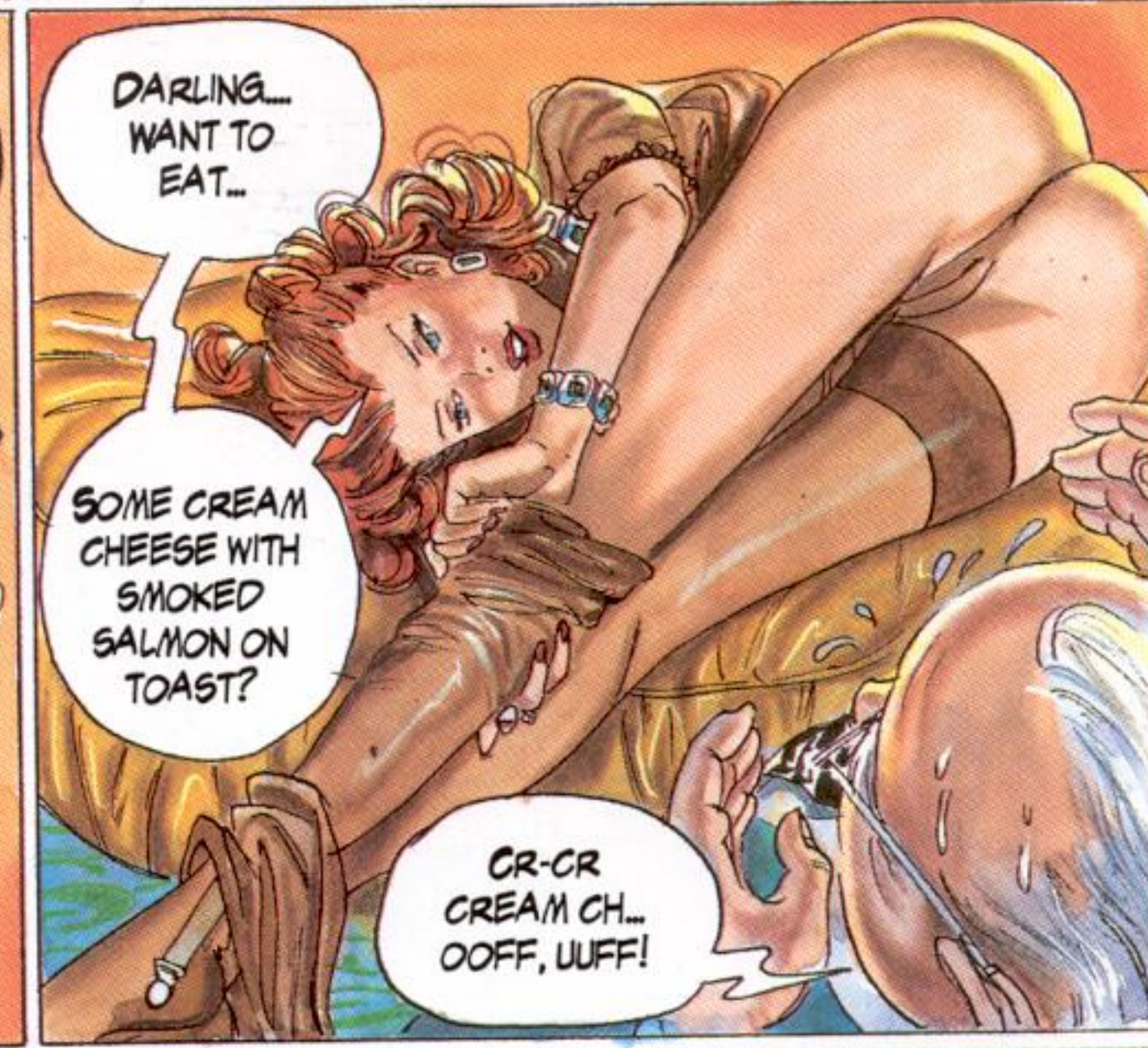
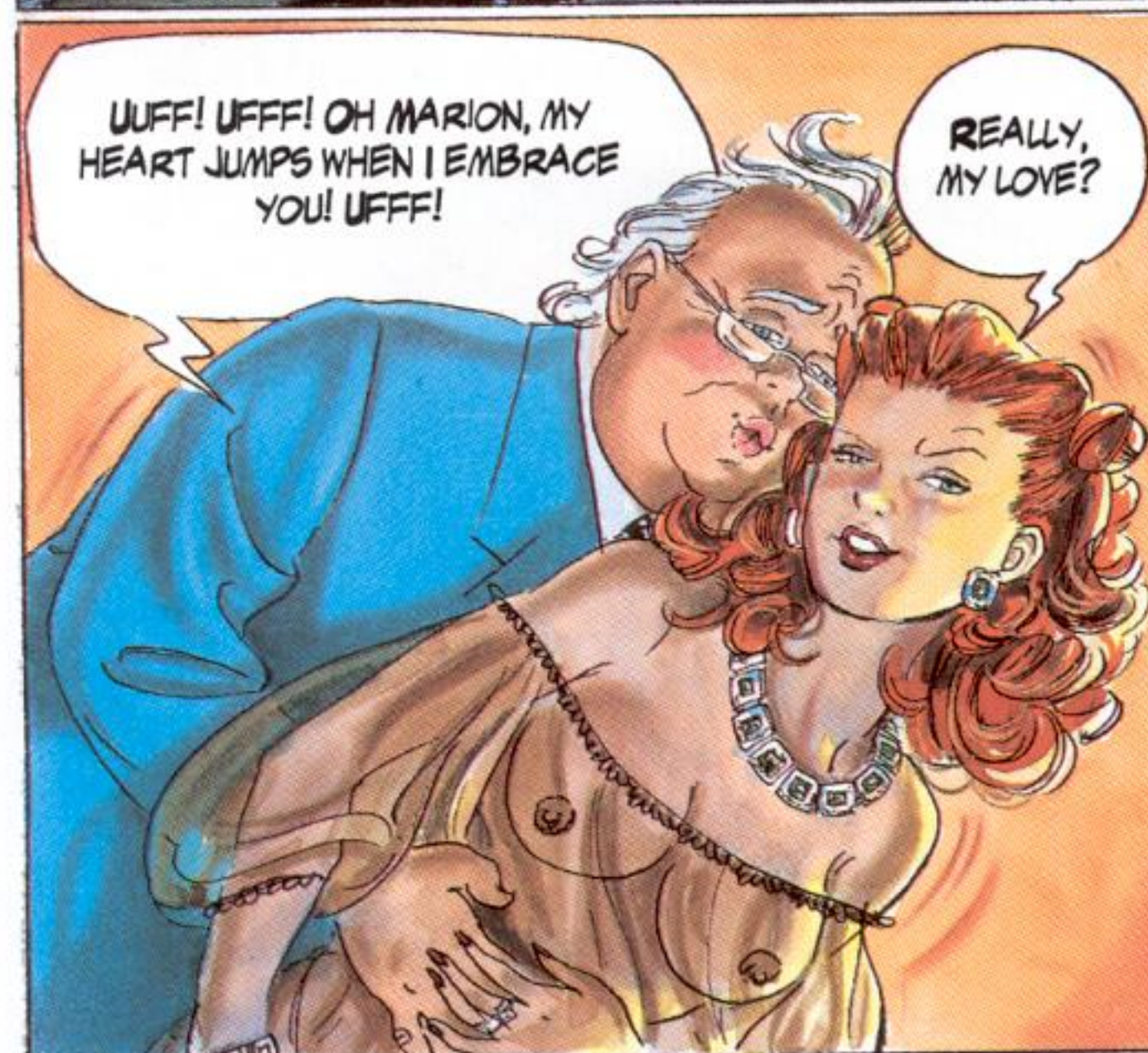


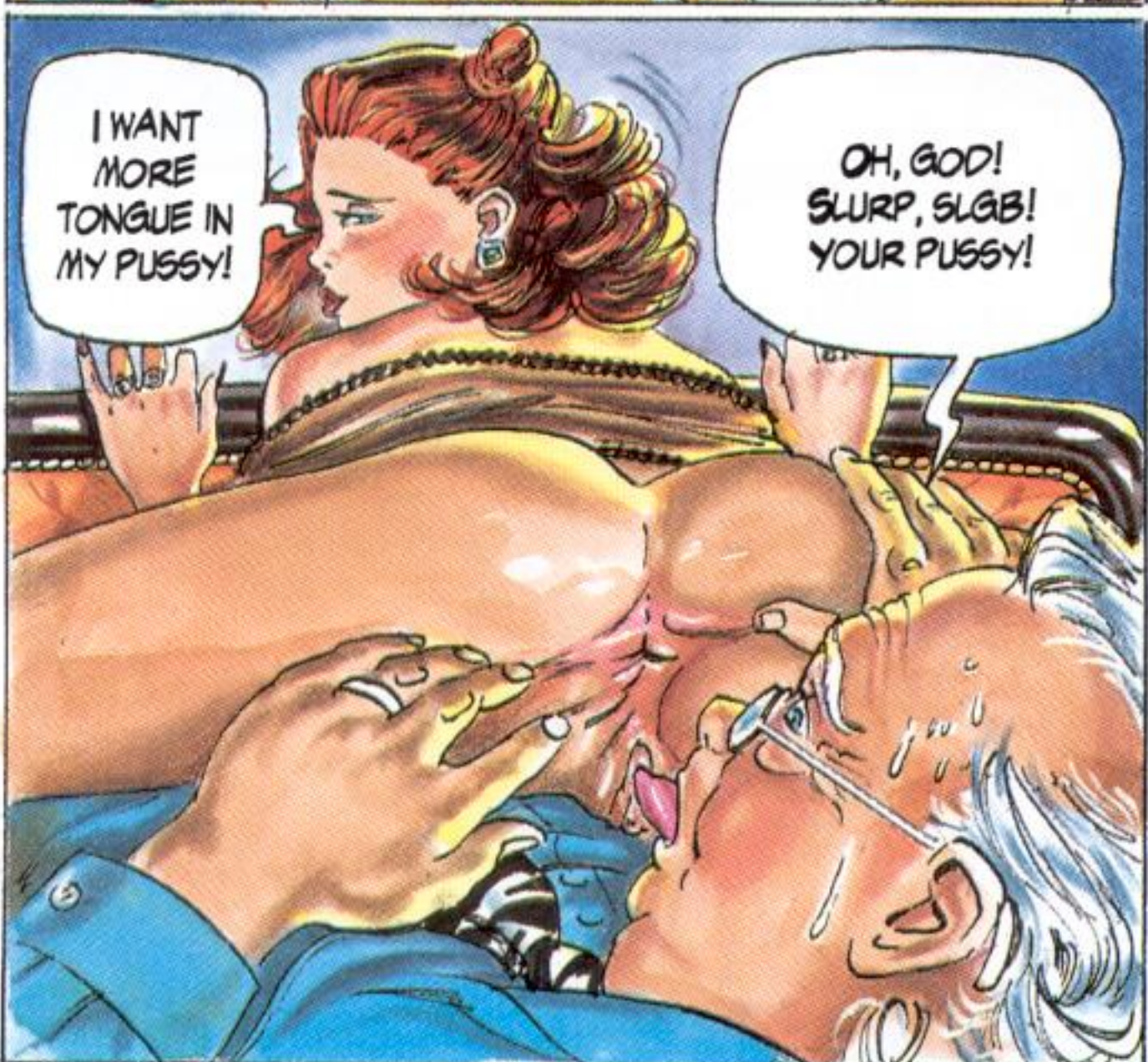
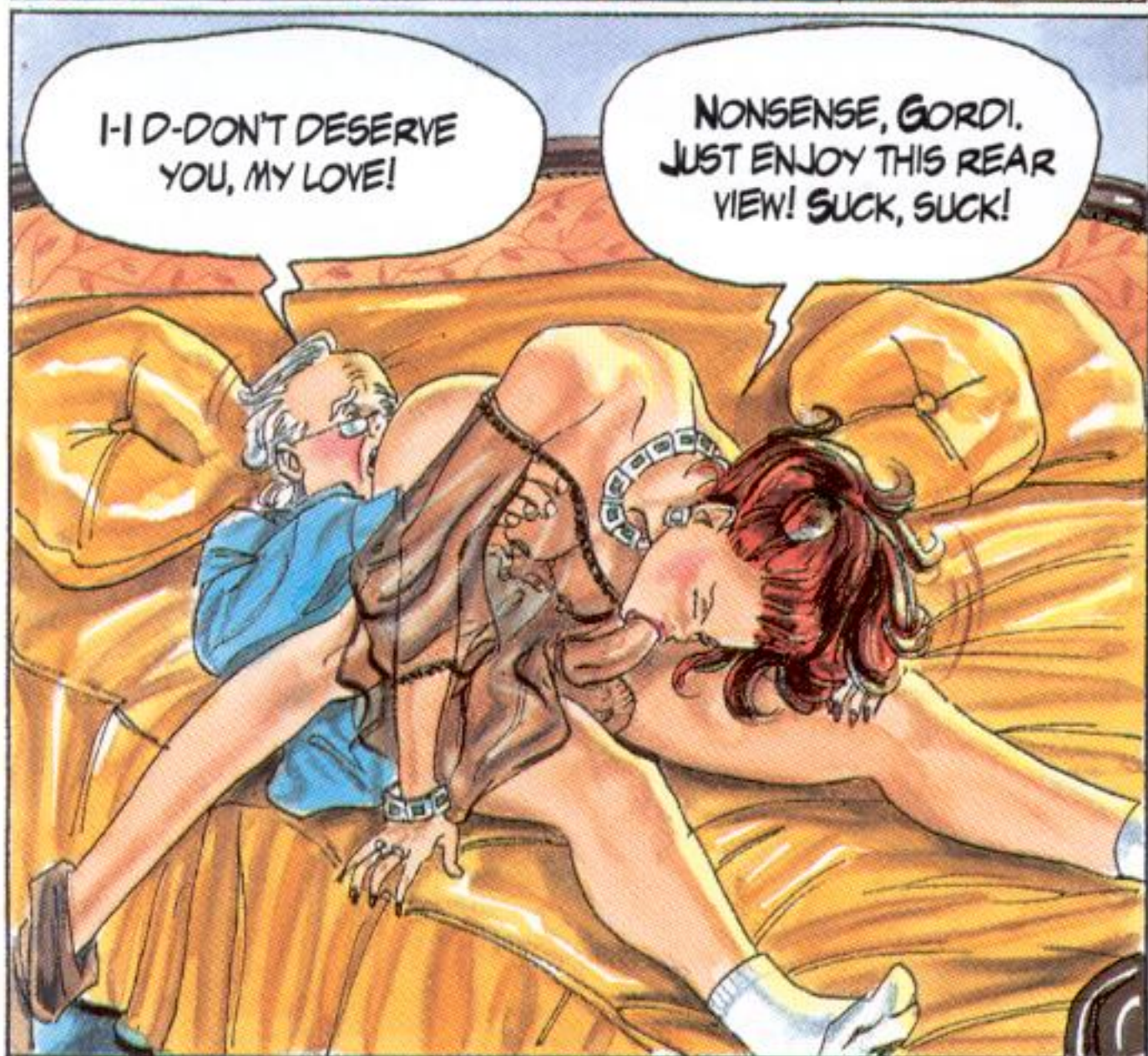
I KNOW THIS LINGERIE WILL MAKE HIM RED HOT...

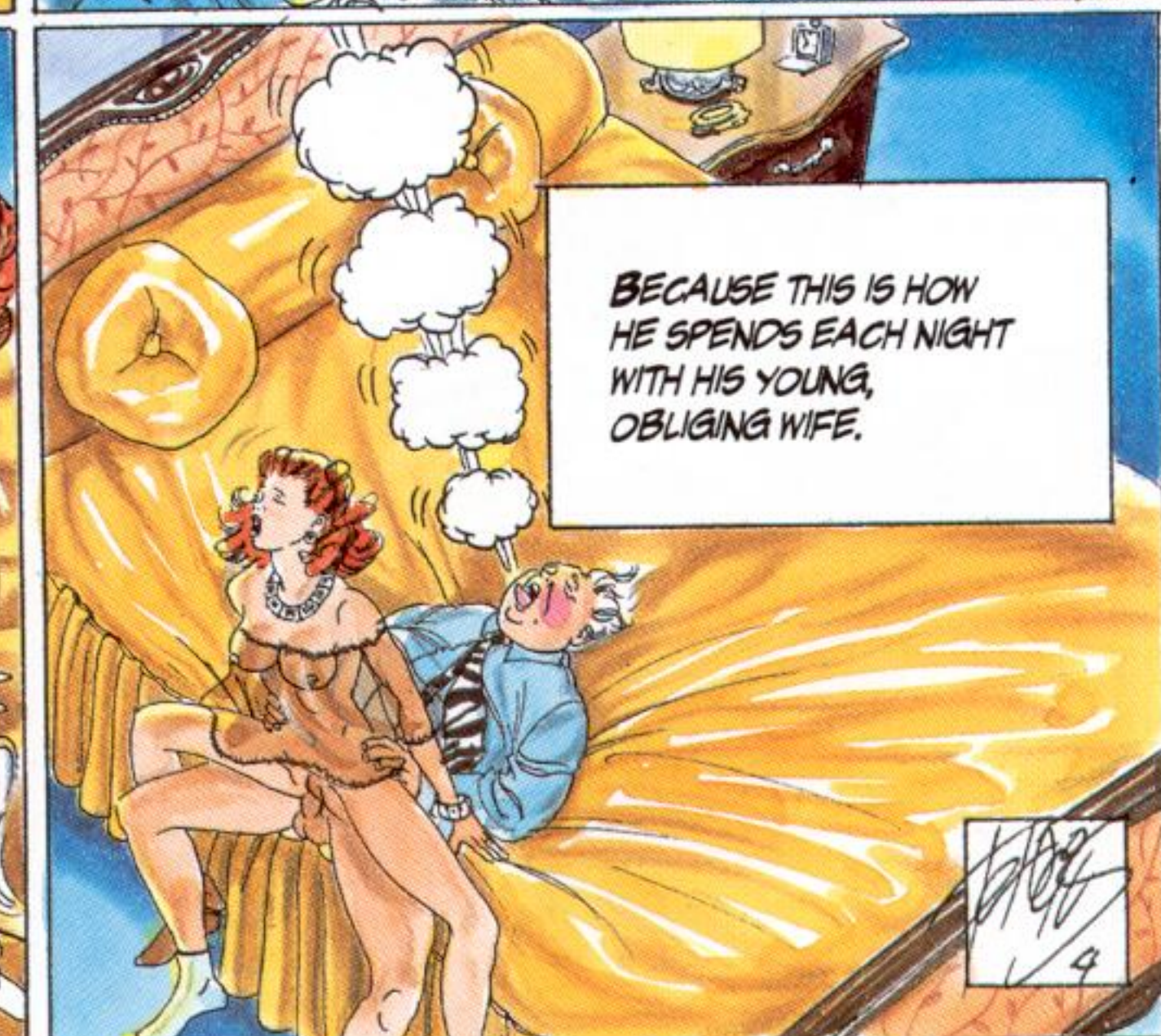
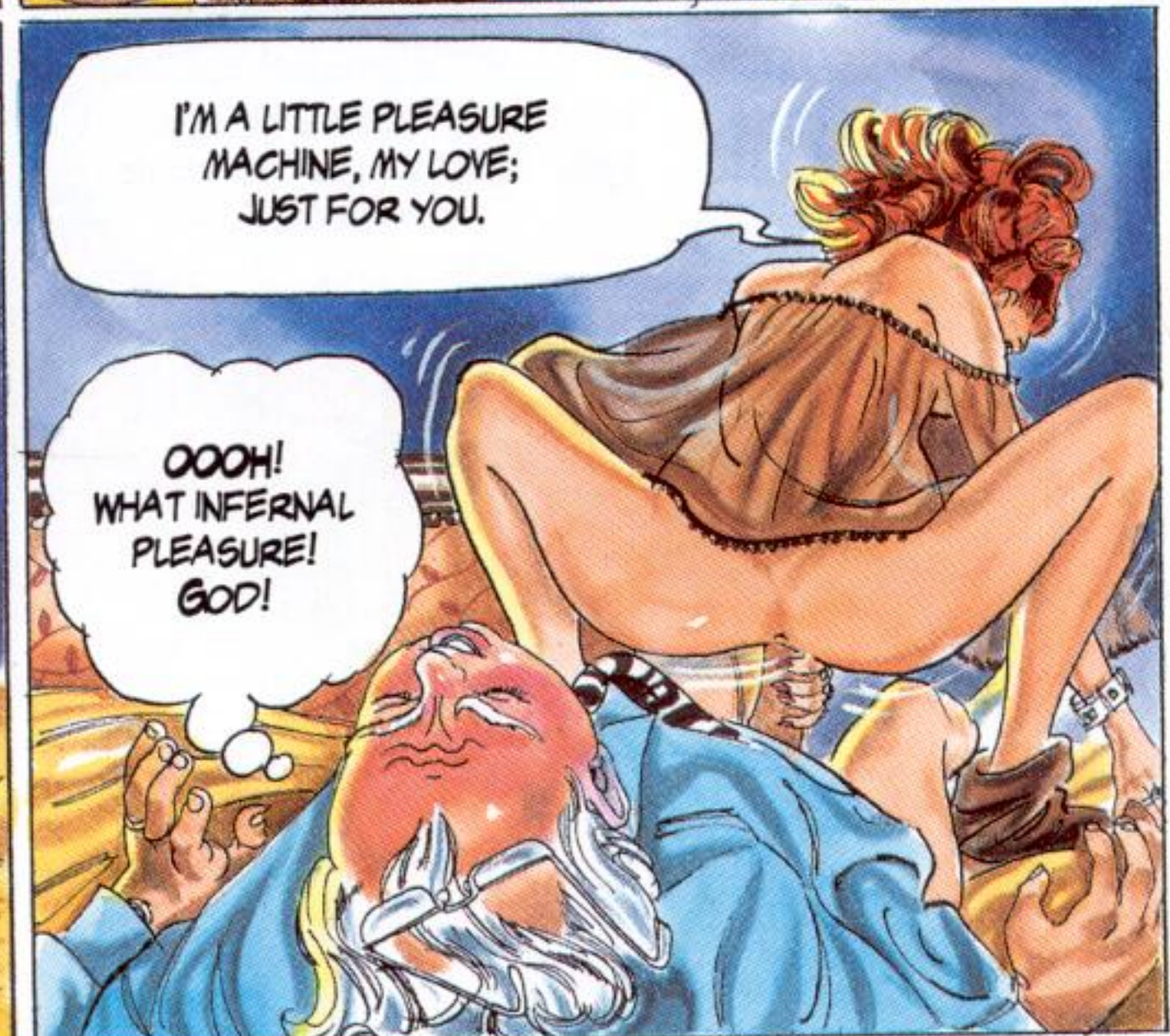
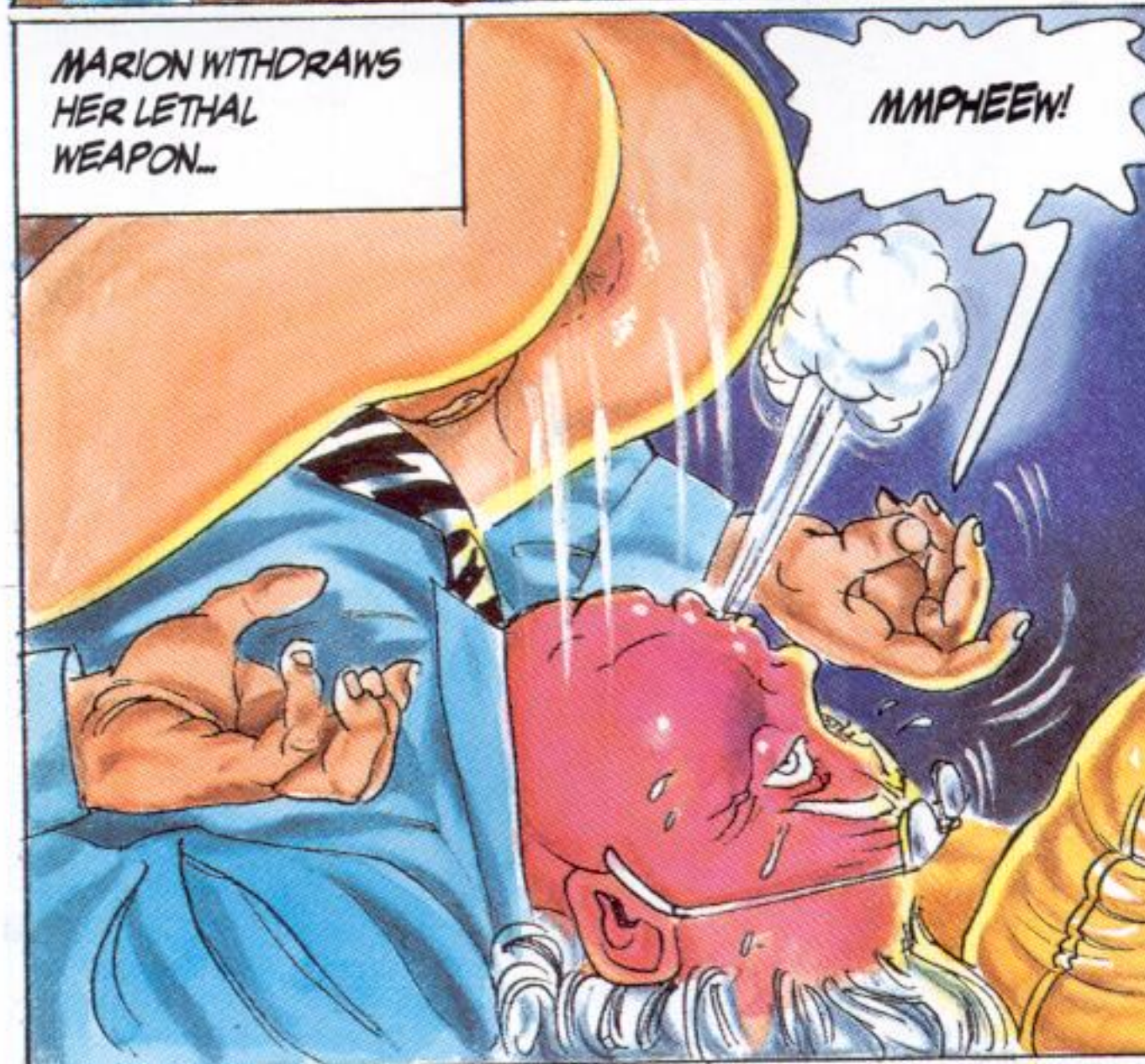


MMM! COME HERE, DARLING! COME TO YOUR SPOILED LITTLE SPIDER.





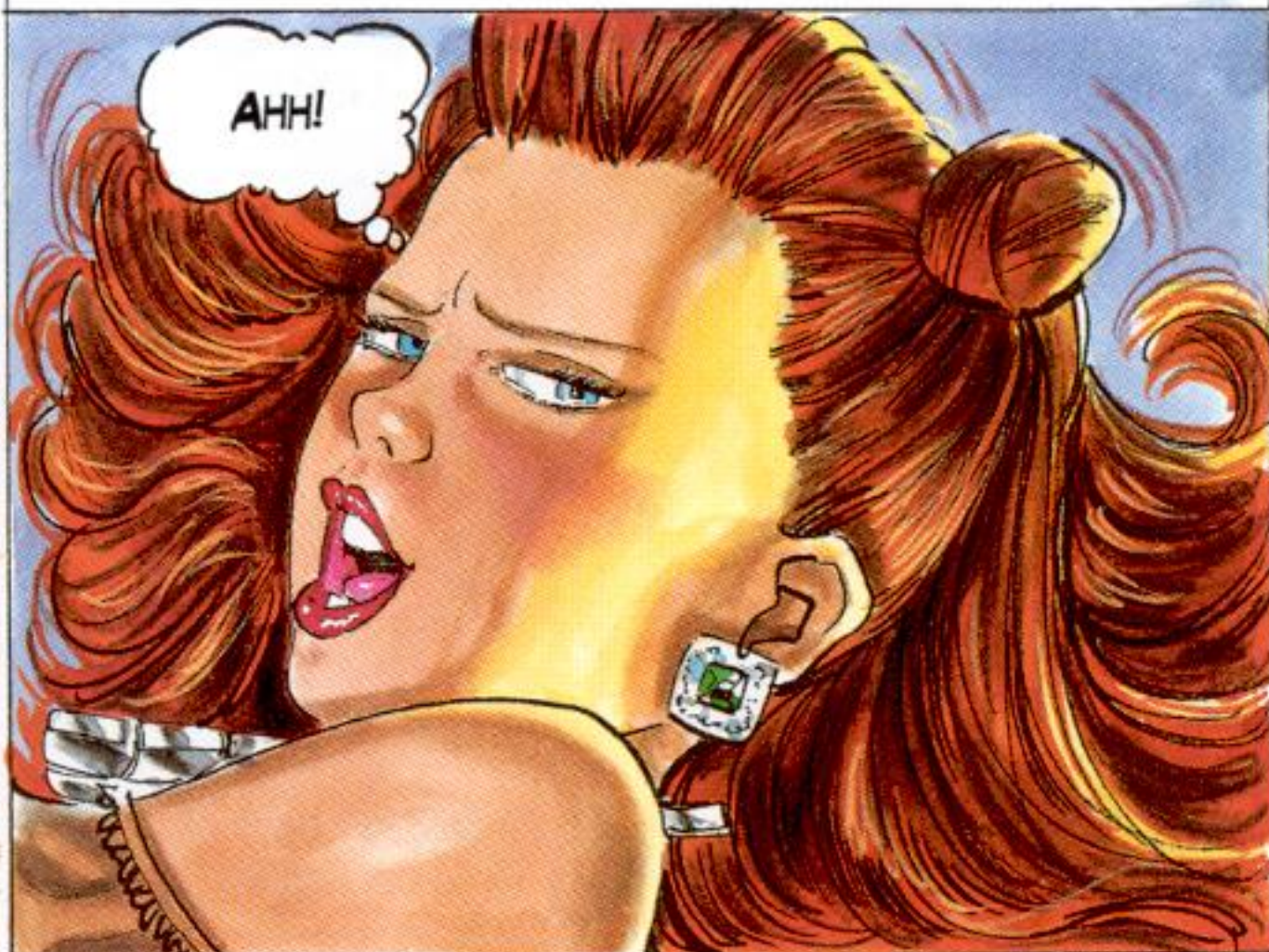




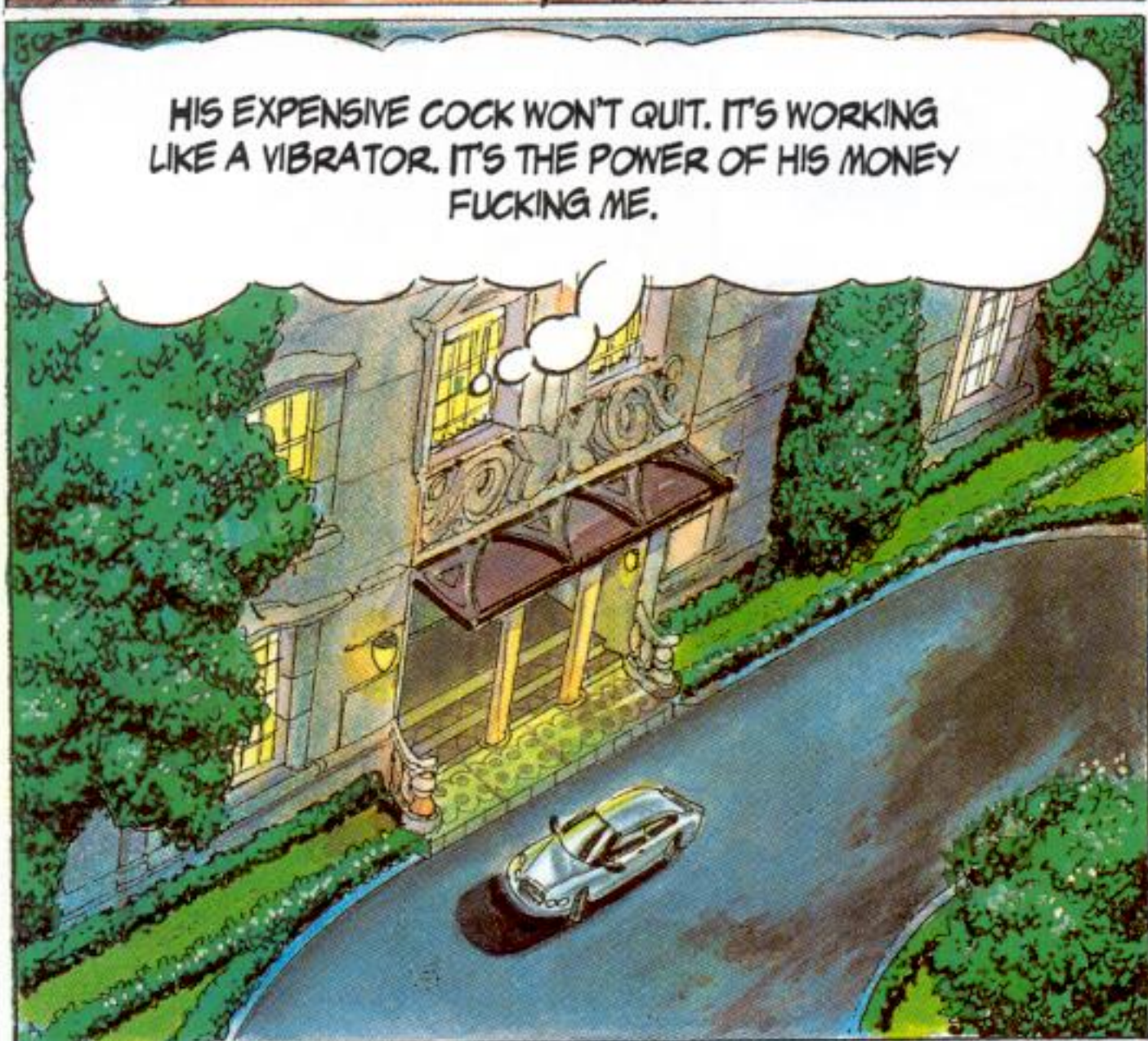
IN MARION, GORDON
FOUND A DANGEROUS
KEY TO HAPPINESS.



MARION, ON THE OTHER HAND, MORE THAN HAPPINESS, FOUND
HOPE. SHE HAS PLANS, FASCINATING PROJECTS... STRICTLY
PERSONAL!



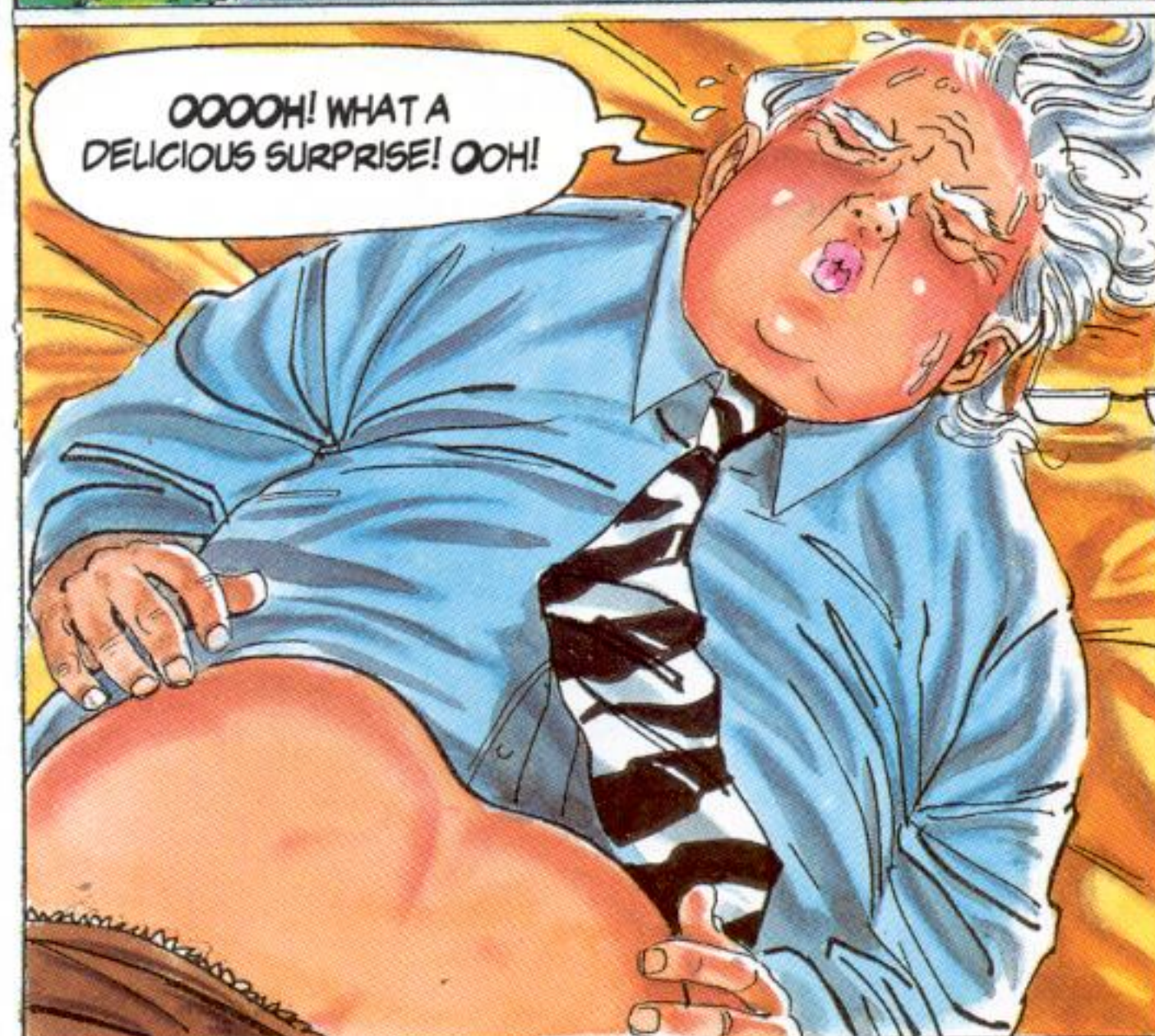
HIS EXPENSIVE COCK WON'T QUIT. IT'S WORKING
LIKE A VIBRATOR. IT'S THE POWER OF HIS MONEY
FUCKING ME.



CODDLED MEATBALLS,
YOUR FAVORITE DISH,
PREPARED BY YOUR
LOVING WIFE.



OOOOH! WHAT A
DELICIOUS SURPRISE! OOH!



AAAAH!

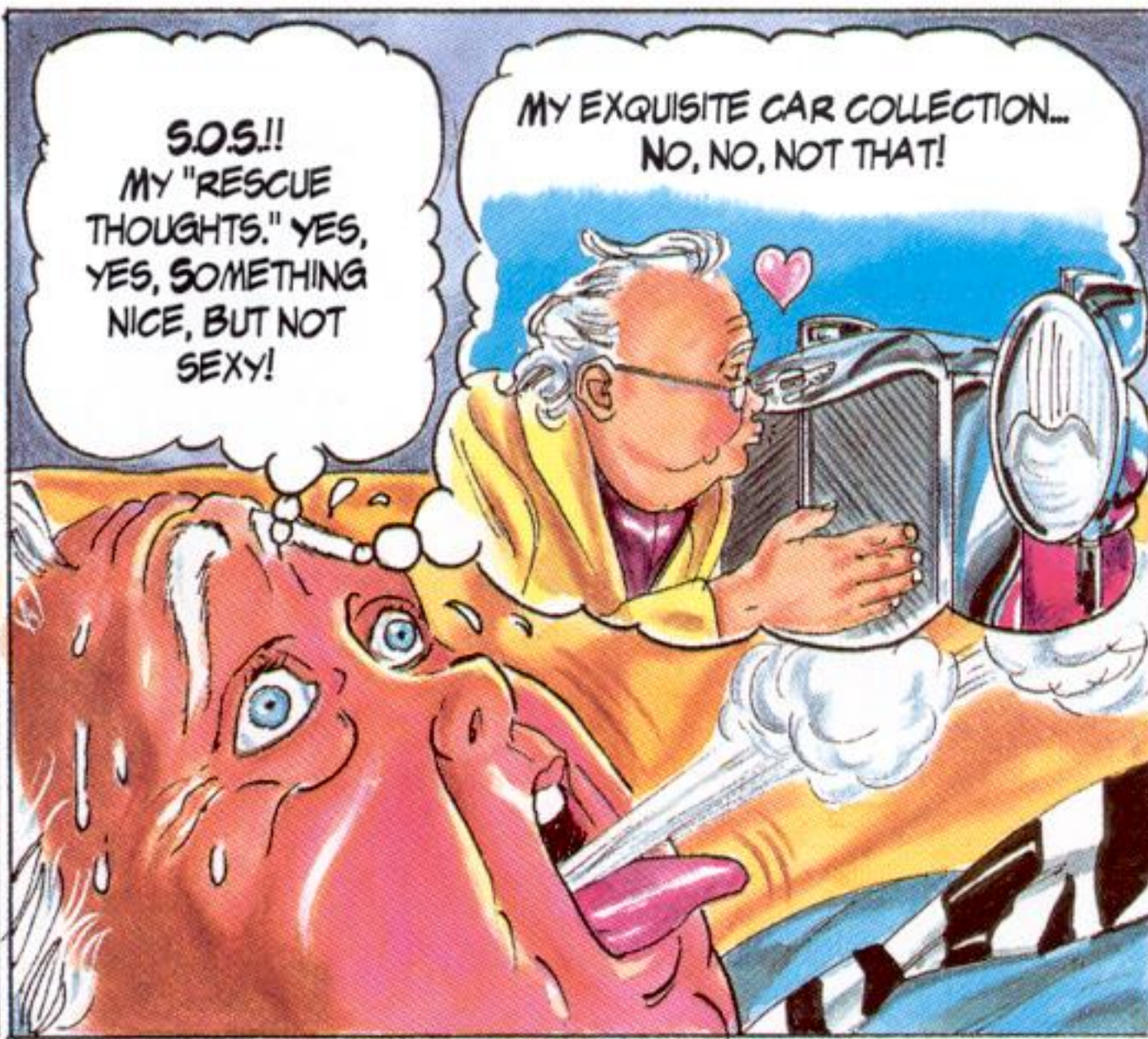




AHH!

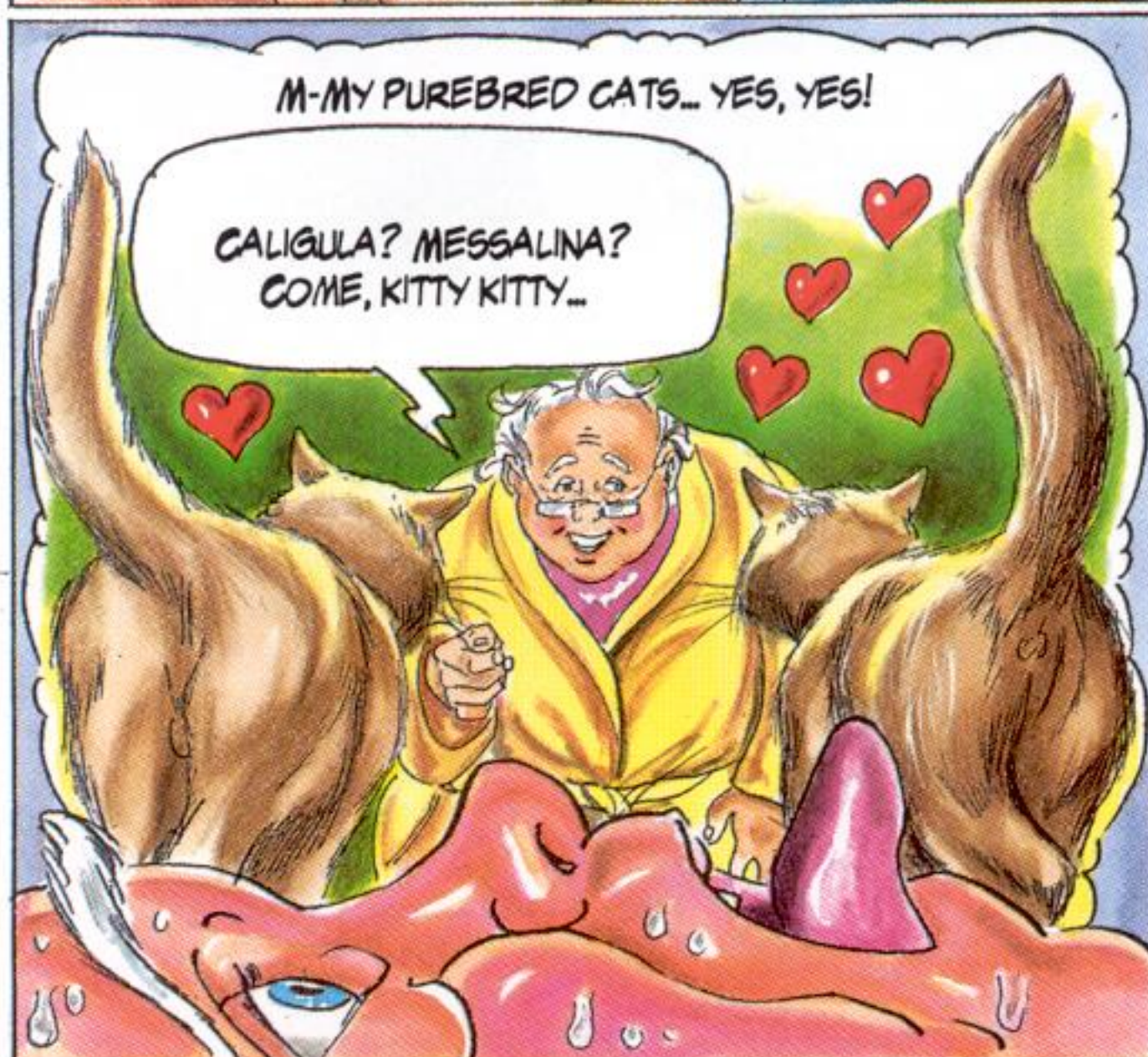
AHH!

I-I'M COMING!!
CAN'T HOLD BACK!
GONNA EXPLODE!
AARRG!



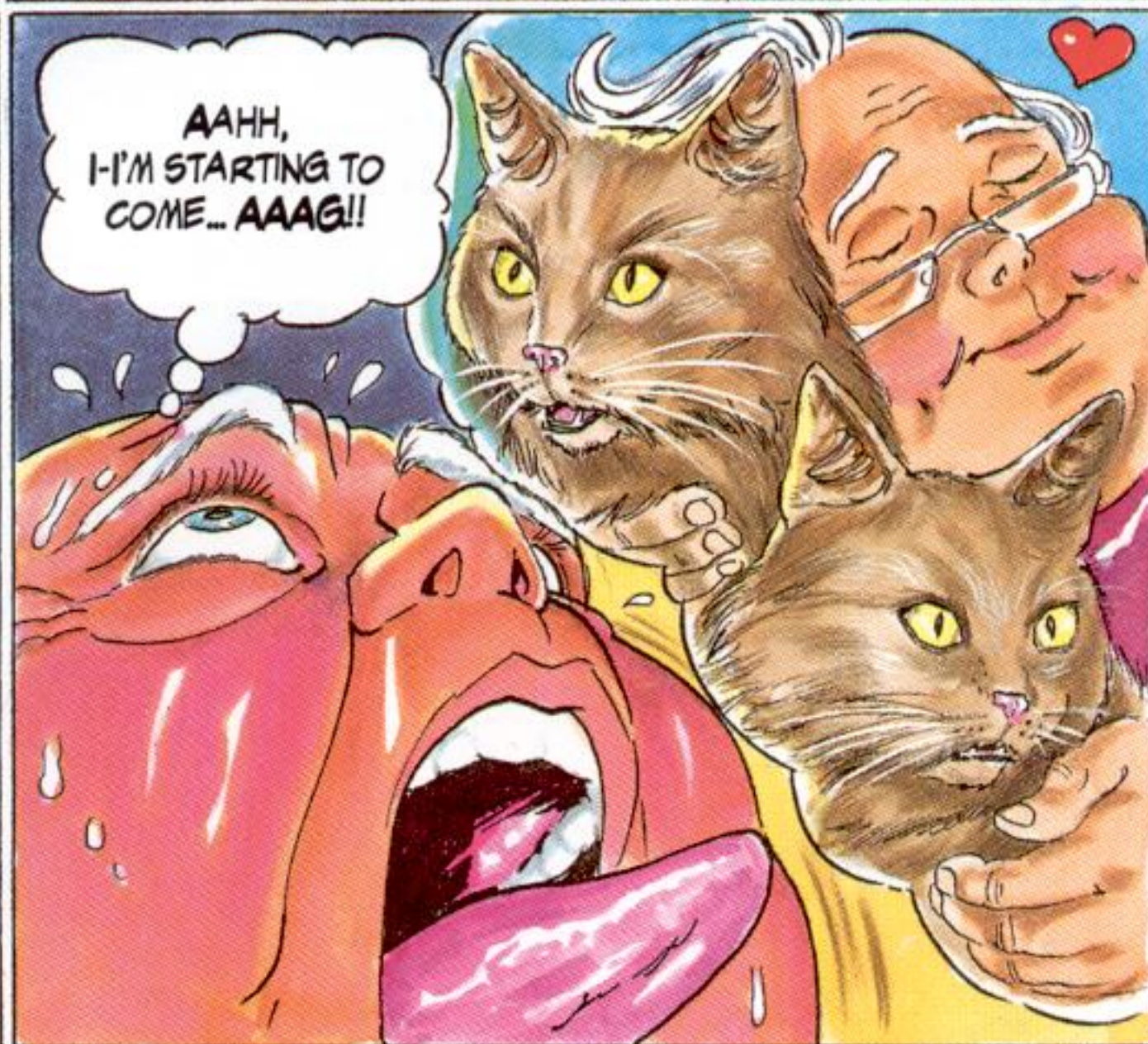
S.O.S!!
MY "RESCUE
THOUGHTS." YES,
YES, SOMETHING
NICE, BUT NOT
SEXY!

MY EXQUISITE CAR COLLECTION...
NO, NO, NOT THAT!



M-MY PUREBRED CATS... YES, YES!

CALIGULA? MESSALINA?
COME, KITTY KITTY...



AAHH,
I-I'M STARTING TO
COME... AAAG!!



FUCK! WITH ALL THE
EXCITEMENT, I'M GOING TO
COME!

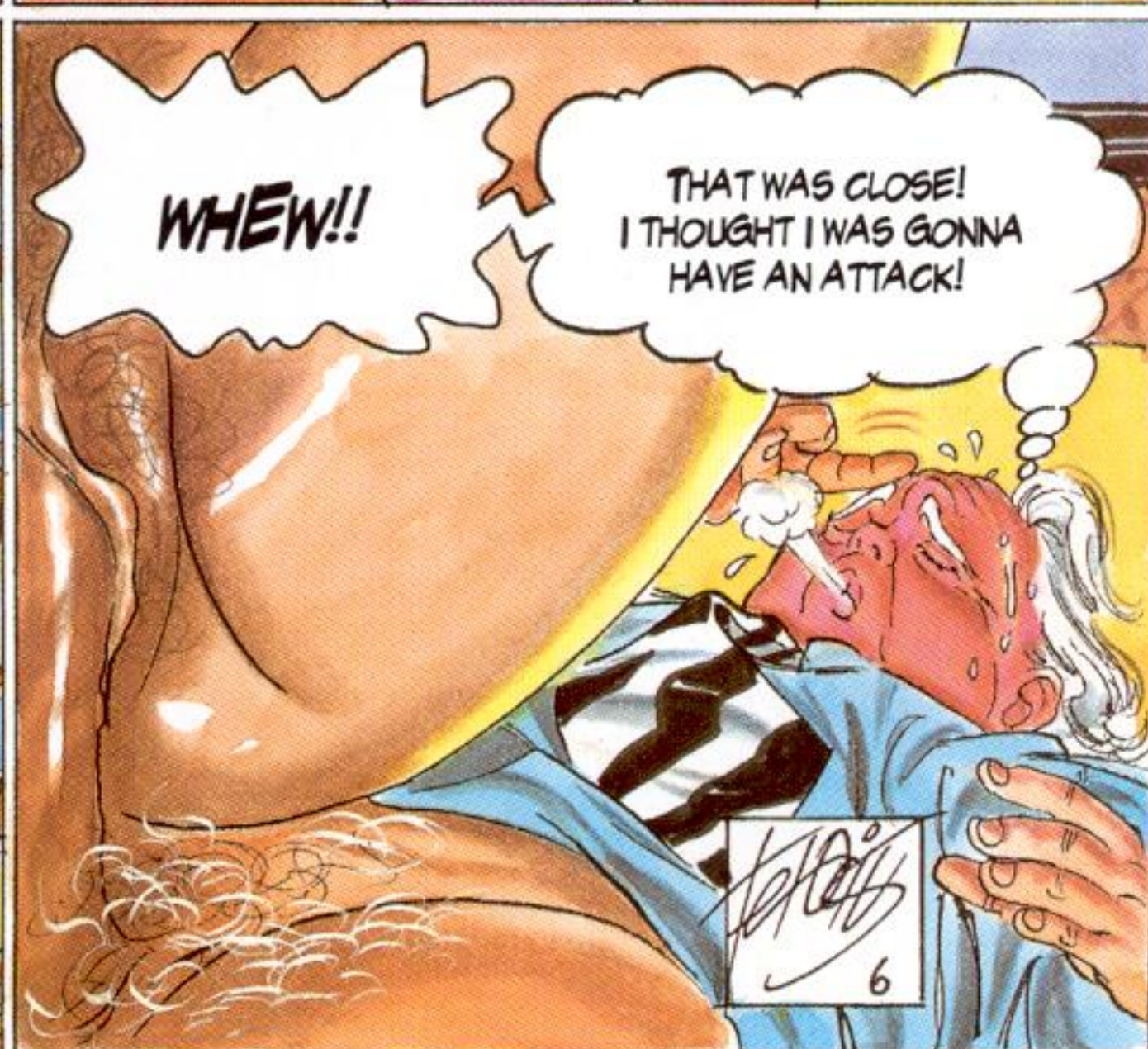
OH, OH, OH,
AAAAHH!!

AAAGH!

AAAGH!

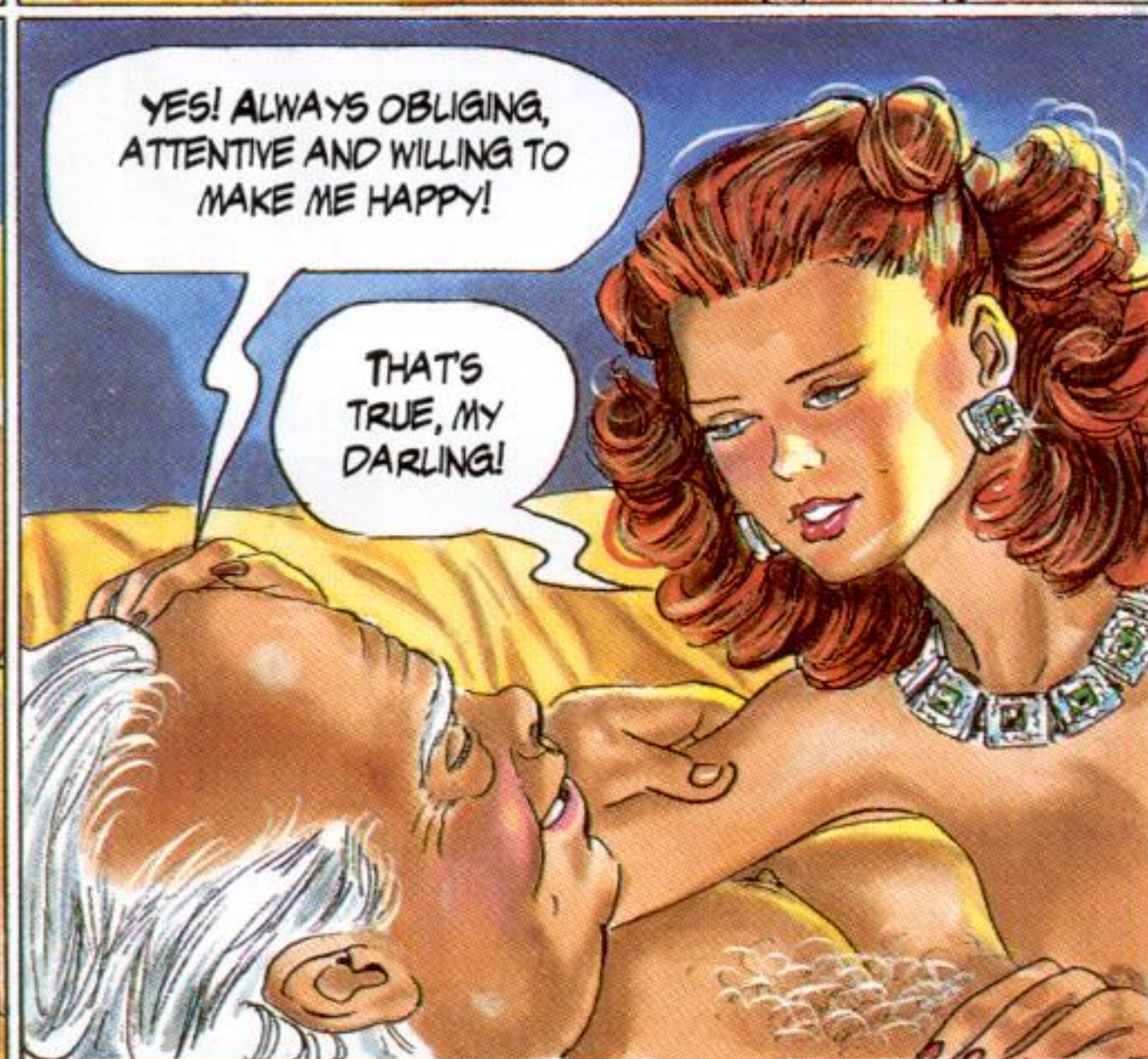
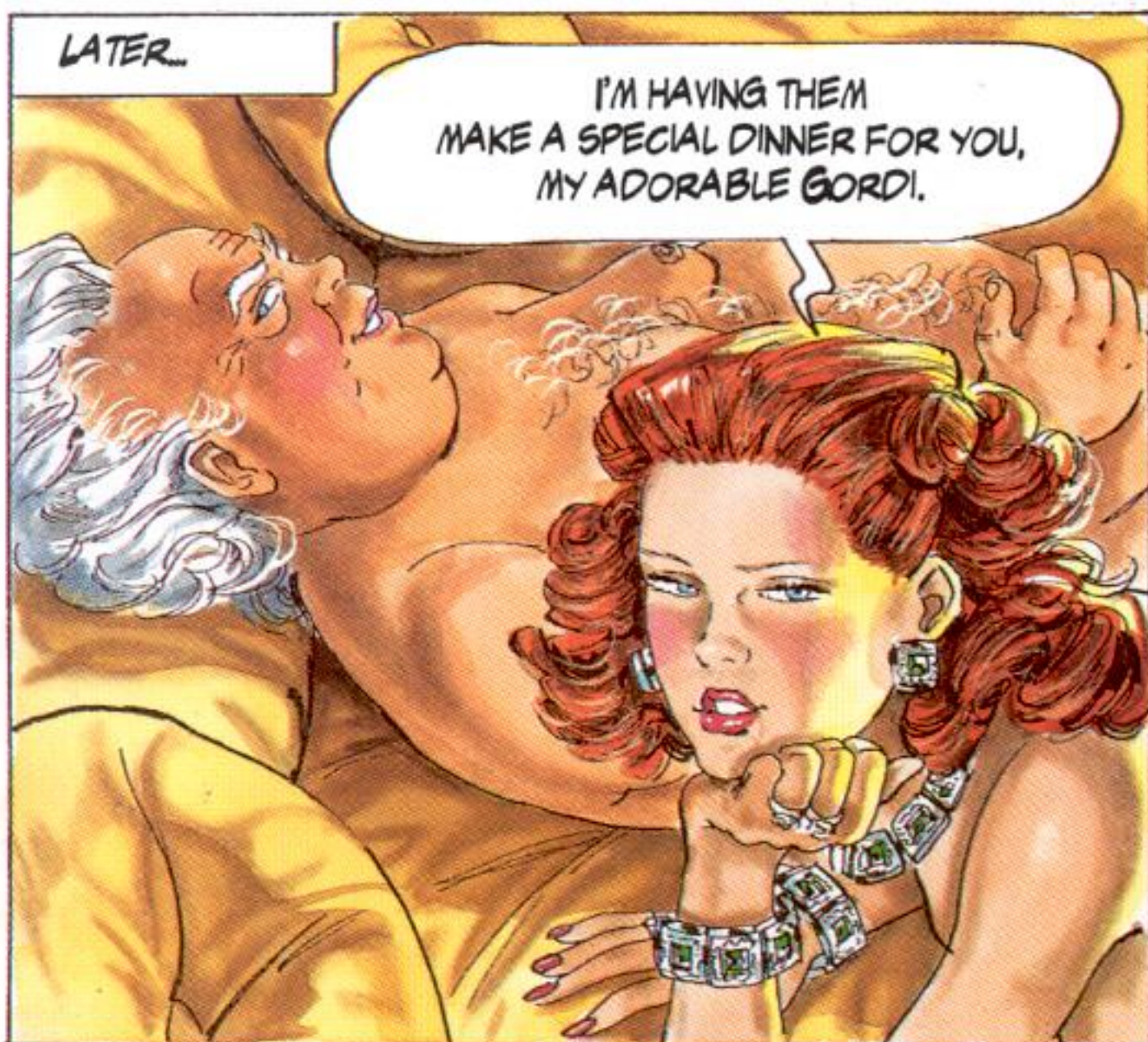
AAAGH!

OOF!



WHEW!!

THAT WAS CLOSE!
I THOUGHT I WAS GONNA
HAVE AN ATTACK!



Mondo Porno

(Continued from page 11)

to act incognito. At the beginning of her career, she showed off a punk look. Years later, she went under the knife and resorted to silicone to bolster her (now) powerful tits. She's been in more than four hundred X films, some of which were made in Europe by grand masters such as Michel Ricaud and Mario Salieri. Nevertheless, her greatest movie was shot in the United States: *Latex* (1995), the futuristic odyssey by Michael Ninn.

MUST-SEE MOVIES: *House of Dreams* (1990), *Oral Madness*, (1991), *Catwalk* (1995), *Erotic Visions* (1995), *Cafe Flesh 2* (1998)...

ASHLYN GERE

The 90's actress par excellence: the more she sweated in each scene, the more professional and

the more eager she was during filmmaking. She was one of the few who took her work seriously; her degree in Radio Communication Techniques and Drama from the University of Las Vegas wasn't for nothing. Her story isn't anything new. She was born in North Carolina in 1965. She lived in Miami until the age of seven, when she and her family

moved to Nevada. Later she moved definitively to Las Vegas. She lost her virginity with a boyfriend at 17, was a high school cheerleader, and later posed for *Penthouse*. When she was around 30, John Leslie hired her to fill out the cast of three films (*Bad, Tease* and *The Last Resort*) shot during six intense days. From that moment on, she became a genuine star in porn. She currently resides in a mansion in the San Fernando Valley, with her husband and son.

MUST-SEE MOVIES: *Secrets* (1990), *Betrayal* (1992), *Bonnie and Clyde* (1992), *Ice Woman* (1993), *Masseuse 2* (1994), *Decadence* (1997)...

SUNSET THOMAS

A chipper cheerleader who *Misty Rain* and *Tabitha Stevens* don't have a thing over. Born in February 1972 in Missouri, she debuted in porn at the behest of her husband *Zack Thomas*, in 1991. She acted in porn even while pregnant and was always game for



anal and multiple penetrations. *Sunset* is still in the game and lives with *Zack* on a cozy Texas ranch.

MUST-SEE MOVIES: *Chameleons, Not the Sequel* (1991), *Sex* (1994), *Latex* (1995), *Shock: Latex 2* (1996), *New Wave Hookers 5* (1997)...

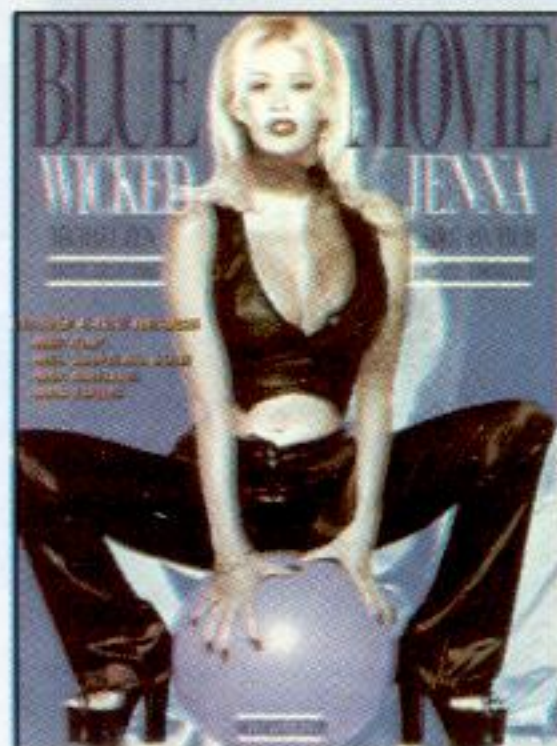


JENNA JAMESON



The most beautiful, the sexiest and the most fun. She was born in Las Vegas in 1974 and debuted in porn in 1993. Her relationship with *Brad Armstrong* led to her shooting stupendous, high-budget films like *Conquest* (1997). Her blow-jobs, always capped off with incredible deep-throats, are ones that won't be forgotten...ever.

MUST-SEE MOVIES: *Fantasy Woman* (1993), *The Dinner Party* (1994), *Jenna Loves Rocco* (1995), *Wicked Weapon* (1996), *Satyr* (1998)...



BRIANNA BANKS

The ultimate XXX goddess. Huge-breasted, daring, popular...She was born in Germany in 1978 but became a major star working tirelessly in the U.S. Before getting into X cinema, she worked in a pizzeria and at an insurance company. The salary didn't support her lifestyle and she decided to attend a porn casting in 1999. In the beginning, she acted in amateur films and also with the savage *Max Hardcore*. Today, she's inarguably #1 in the business.

MUST-SEE MOVIES: *More Dirty Debutantes 108* (1999), *Video Virgins 47* (1999), *Gangbang Auditions 5* (2000), *Taxi Dancer* (2001), *Brianna Loves Jenna* (2002)...



And here we've come to the end of our selection of superstars. Yes, we know some great actresses have been left out, such as *Christy Canyon*, *Tracey Adams*, *Victoria Paris*, *Racquel Darrian*, *Nina Hartley*, *Madison*, *Janine*, *Samantha Strong*, *Asia Carrera*, *Shayla LaVeaux*, *Misty Rain*, *Stacey Valentine*, *Felecia*, *Jill Kelly*, *Tera Patrick*, *Chloe Jones* and many more, but we don't have any more space. But we'll take your complaints!





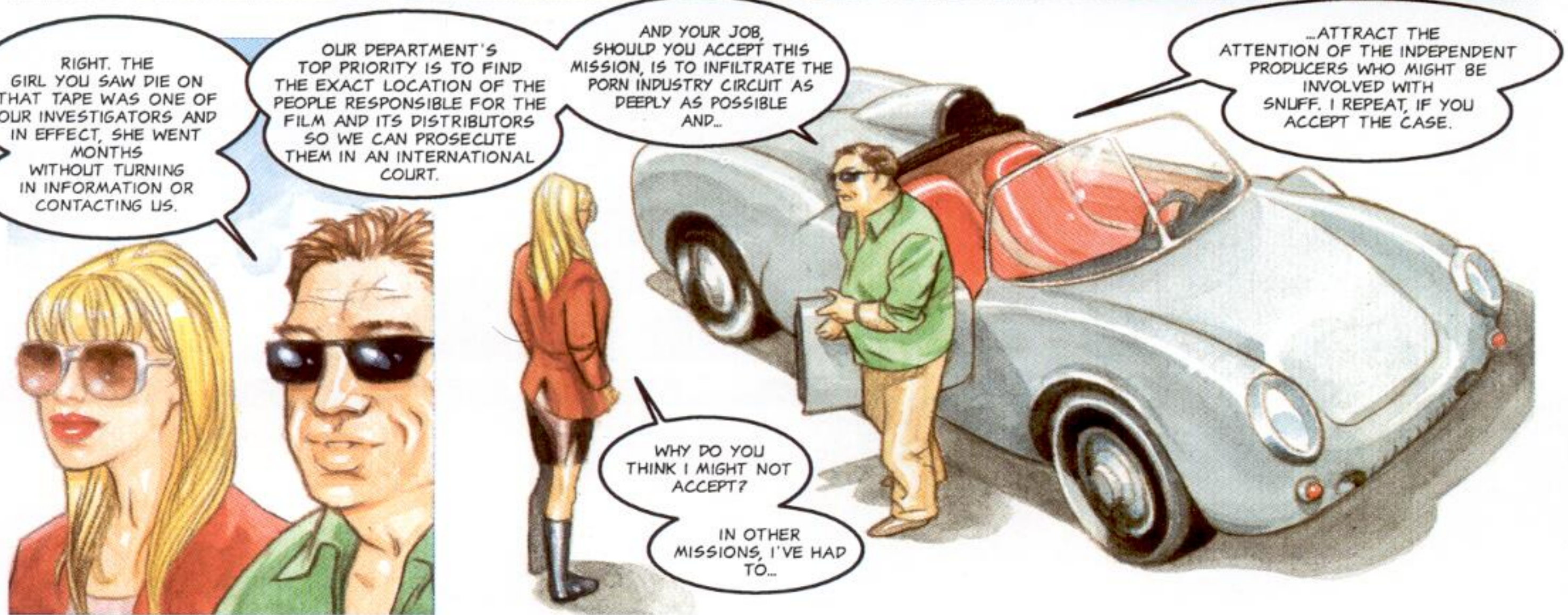
WHAT YOU JUST SAW WAS WHAT THEY CALL A SNUFF FILM.

A PORN MOVIE WHERE THE ACTRESS IS MUTILATED AND DIES IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA.

IT'S A GENRE THAT'S BEEN CLANDESTINELY TRAFFICKED FOR YEARS ACROSS WESTERN EUROPE AND SOME THIRD WORLD COUNTRIES, ONE THAT WE'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FIND OUT ENOUGH ABOUT.

WE DON'T EVEN KNOW FOR SURE IF THE MATERIAL'S THE REAL THING OR SOME KIND OF TRICK.

UNTIL TODAY.



RIGHT. THE GIRL YOU SAW DIE ON THAT TAPE WAS ONE OF OUR INVESTIGATORS AND IN EFFECT, SHE WENT MONTHS WITHOUT TURNING IN INFORMATION OR CONTACTING US.

OUR DEPARTMENT'S TOP PRIORITY IS TO FIND THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE PEOPLE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FILM AND ITS DISTRIBUTORS SO WE CAN PROSECUTE THEM IN AN INTERNATIONAL COURT.

AND YOUR JOB, SHOULD YOU ACCEPT THIS MISSION, IS TO INFILTRATE THE PORN INDUSTRY CIRCUIT AS DEEPLY AS POSSIBLE AND...

...ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THE INDEPENDENT PRODUCERS WHO MIGHT BE INVOLVED WITH SNUFF. I REPEAT, IF YOU ACCEPT THE CASE.

WHY DO YOU THINK I MIGHT NOT ACCEPT?

IN OTHER MISSIONS, I'VE HAD TO...



WE KNOW, AND THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE. BUT THIS CASE IS DIFFERENT. THAT'S WHY WE'RE ONLY RECRUITING AGENTS READY FOR ANYTHING.

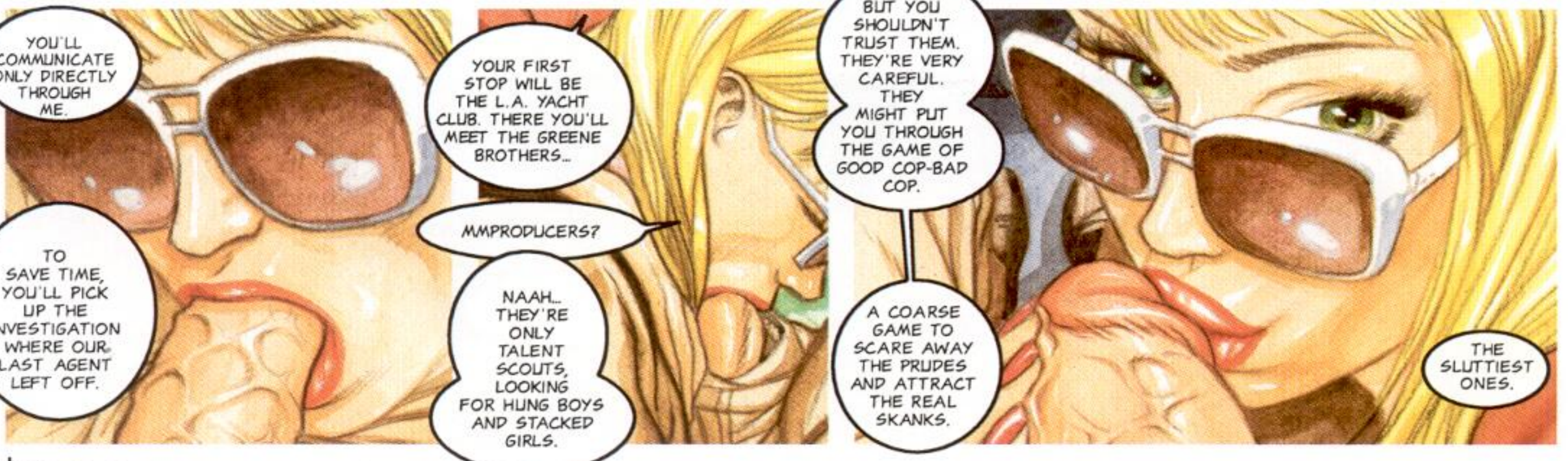
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF A BIG FISH ASKED YOU FOR A BLOW JOB?



WHAT WOULD YOU DO?



THE OPERATION IS HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL. YOU'LL HAVE TO CUT OFF CONTACT WITH THE REST OF THE DEPARTMENT.



YOU'LL COMMUNICATE ONLY DIRECTLY THROUGH ME.

TO SAVE TIME, YOU'LL PICK UP THE INVESTIGATION WHERE OUR LAST AGENT LEFT OFF.

YOUR FIRST STOP WILL BE THE L.A. YACHT CLUB. THERE YOU'LL MEET THE GREENE BROTHERS...

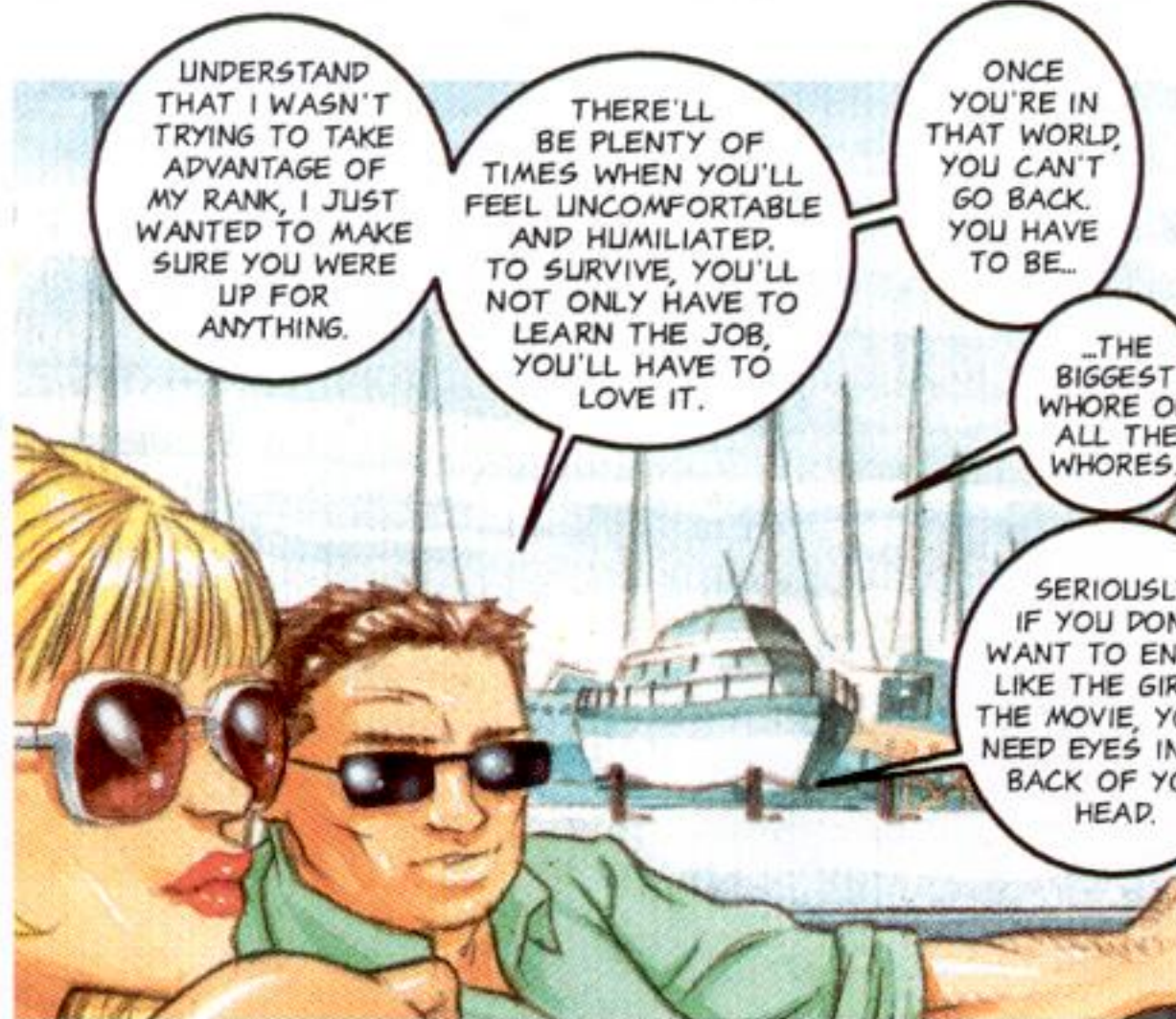
MMPRODUCERS?

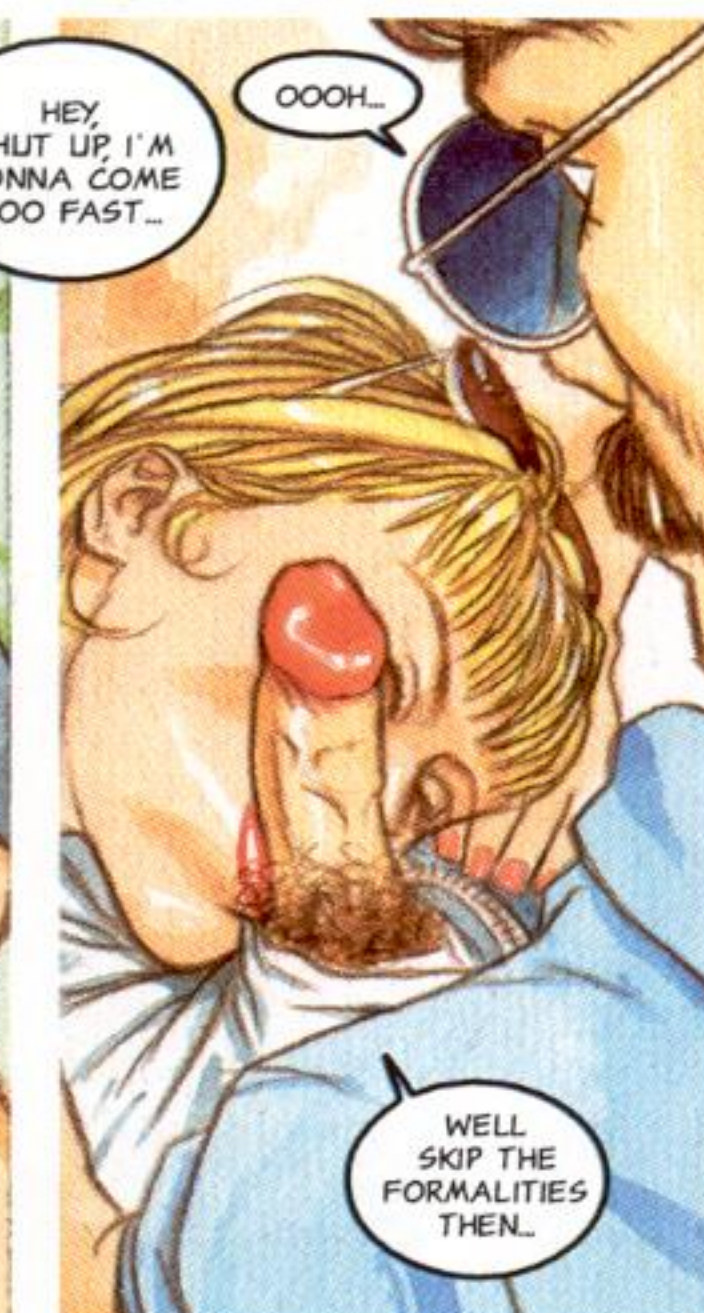
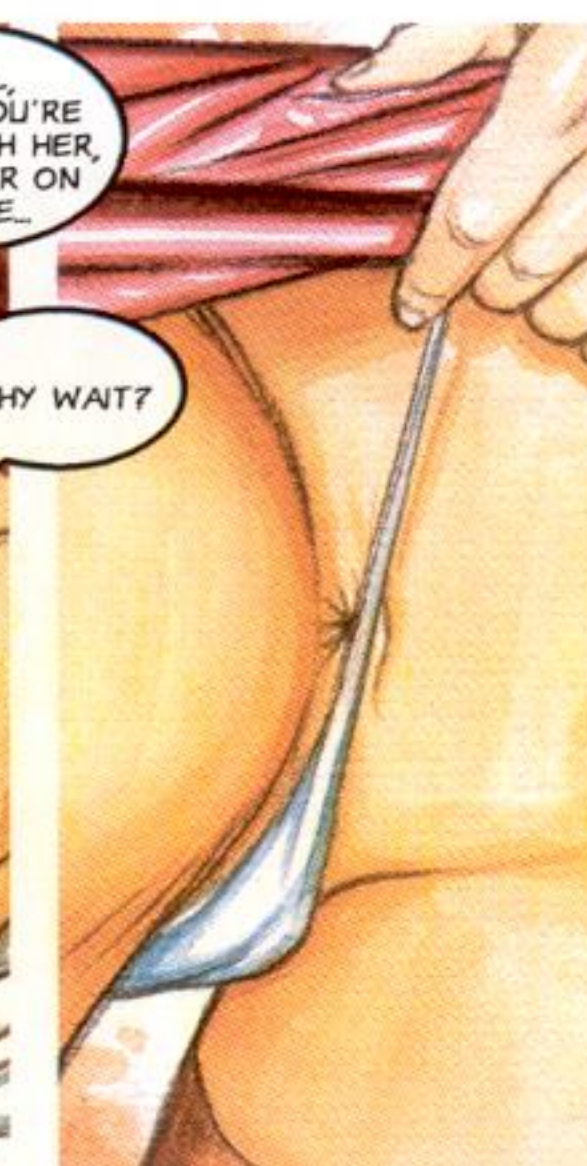
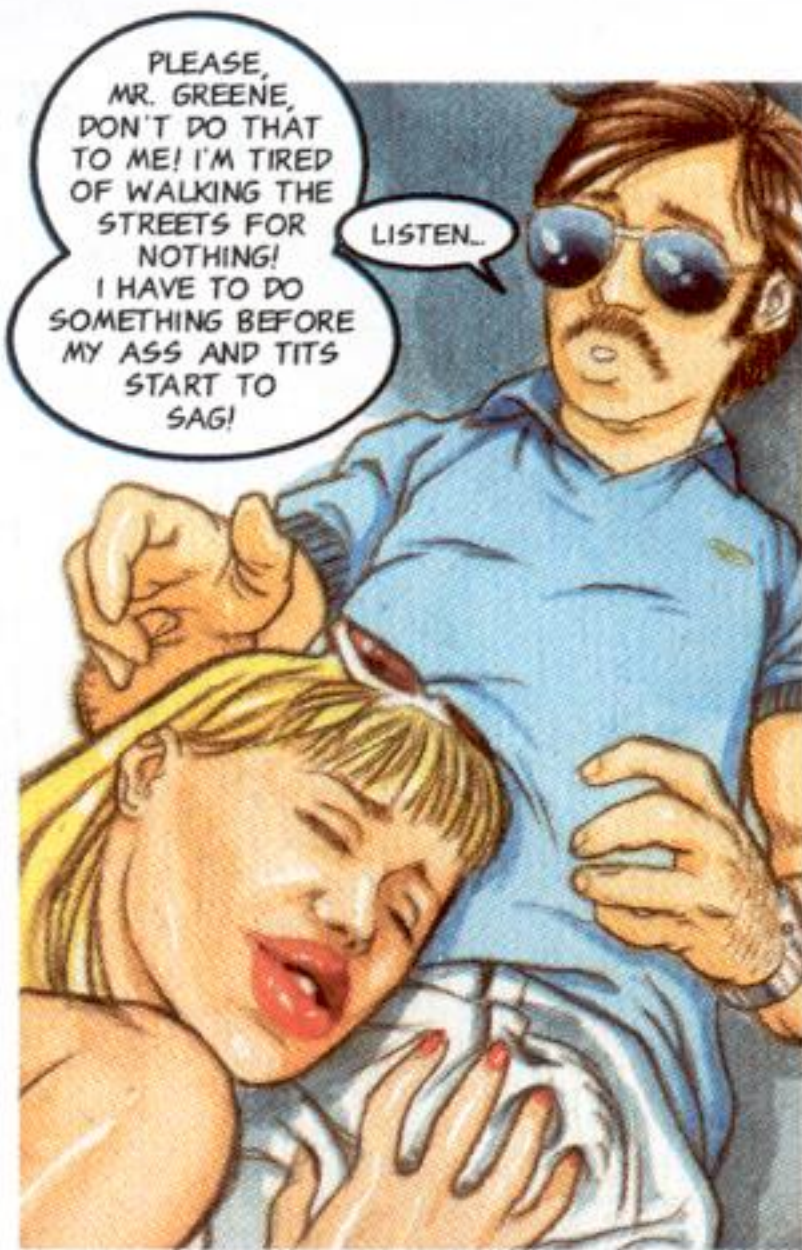
NAAH... THEY'RE ONLY TALENT SCOUTS, LOOKING FOR HUNG BOYS AND STACKED GIRLS.

BUT YOU SHOULDN'T TRUST THEM. THEY'RE VERY CAREFUL. THEY MIGHT PUT YOU THROUGH THE GAME OF GOOD COP-BAD COP.

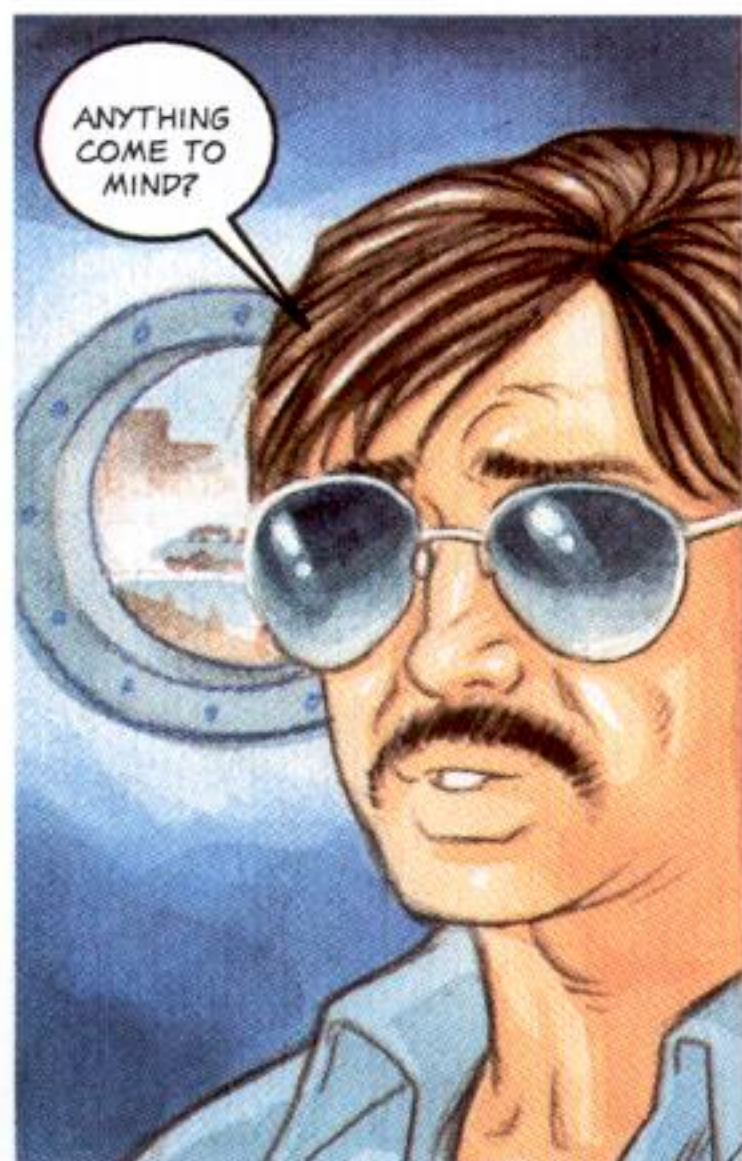
A COARSE GAME TO SCARE AWAY THE PRUDES AND ATTRACT THE REAL SKANKS.

THE SLUTTIEST ONES.









THE END



FRIDAY,
JUNE 14, 2002



AS SOON AS
THEY WALKED OUT THE
DOOR, I STARTED THE
PARTY. I CALLED OLGA.
I'D PLANNED ON MAKING
HER CUT LOOSE, MAYBE
GET HER DRUNK...

NO CLEANING,
NO PICKING UP
AFTER MYSELF...

ONLY PARTYING,
LIKE TONIGHT
WITH OLGA...



WE HAD EVERYTHING: BOOZE, WEED, FOOD, AND I'D EVEN NABBED A PORNO TO GET MY FRIEND GOING.

HA! THAT GIRL'S A TOTAL HO.

ANYONE WOULD BE ONE WITH A GUY LIKE THAT.

DIDN'T KNOW HOW IT'D ALL TURN OUT. BUT I HAD A WEIRD FEELING, AND WHEN I HAVE A WEIRD FEELING...

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF.

I CAN'T HOLD BACK! I'M GONNA COME!

OF COURSE, HE'S SHOWING ALL HE'S GOT!

SO, YOU DON'T LIKE THE GUY?

HAVE YOU REALLY LOOKED?

AND NOW... LOOK, ANOTHER ONE.

HOLY SHIT!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

NO!

NO MORE, SISTER, I'VE DRUNK ENOUGH.

WHAT A HO!!! EEK!

I'M COMMMING! I'M COMMMING!

I'M SURE LOTS OF WOMEN ENVY HER.

HO?

YOU'RE A HO TOO.

HA! WE'LL SEE IN 20 YEARS, WHEN NO ONE LOVES US...



SHIT!

ARE MY FOLKS HERE?
SHIT! TAKE THIS,
I'LL GET THE
DOOR.



AAAAH!

AND
TURN THAT
OFF!

B-BUT
IT'S ALL A
MESS.

A-AND I D-DON'T
FEEL SO GOOD.

IT'S THE HEAT.



SHIIIT!



...AND HERE'S WHEN
EVERYTHING GOT
REAL INTERESTING...

WHO
IS IT?

GOOOD
EVENING! HAVE
Y'ALL FOUND THE
LORD IN Y'ALLS
HEART?

THE
VIOLENCE IN
Y'ALLS HEART CAN
DISAPPEAR IF
Y'ALL FOLLOW
THE PATH.

VERY
INTERESTING...



WE
ONLY WANNA
INFORM Y'ALL OF
THE LABOR OF
EVANGELIZATION...

THAT'S EXACTLY
WHAT ME AND MY
FRIEND NEED:
INFORMATION.

FOLLOW ME.

OOH, AH...
MISS...

WE DON'T
WANNA
BOTHR
Y'ALL.



GOOOD GAWD!

OLGA, THESE
GENTLEMEN HAVE
COME TO SHOW
US THE PATH.

MISS,
THE PATHS TO
GOD ARE LONG AND
SOMETIMES TOUGH,
BUT THEY LEAD TO
PLEASURE.

AMEN! THE
LORD IS WITH
Y'ALL, MISS.

OKAY, SO
SIT DOWN. MAKE
YOURSELVES
COMFY. WANNA
DRINK?

HUH-HULLO!



THANK Y'ALL VERY MUCH FOR OPENING THE DOOR FOR THE LORD...



HALLELUJAH!



AND NOW, WE'D LIKE YOU TO INFORM US ABOUT...

ZAP

...THIS STRANGE VIDEO WE WERE WATCHING.

THEN I THOUGHT ABOUT PUTTING SOMETHING IN THEIR DRINKS, BUT...

I ALREADY KNEW THOSE TWO WERE HORNIER THAN MONKEYS.



AH! AH! AH!

DON'T STOP! DON'T STOP! POUND ME, BASTARD! OOOH!



MISS! I'M AFRAID BUT I'VE GOT...

BUT NOTHIN!

SIT DOWN AN' SHUT UP. I'M IN CHARGE HERE AN' I'M MORE LEARNED IN THE WAYS OF FAITH AN'...

HIP!



COME HERE, BLONDIE.

HIP!

BU-BU-BUT MISS, I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT...



...AN' BESIDES, THESE LADIES REAAAAALLY NEED GUIDANCE AND FAITH.

MMM... YES, WHY DON'T WE HONOR GOD AND MULTIPLY?



THE BROWN-HAIRED GUY WAS NERVOUS, BUT I COULD TELL HE HAD SOME EXPERIENCE. BUT THE BLOND GUY WITH OLGA...

MMMM!

YESS, AN' THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO THAT.



DON'T FEEL SO LIBERATED EVERY DAY...

ARPFH!

COME ON, BOY! DON'T SAY IT! AND...



YOU LIKE WHAT I GOT FOR YOU, "BROTHER"?

OH, YES, YES!



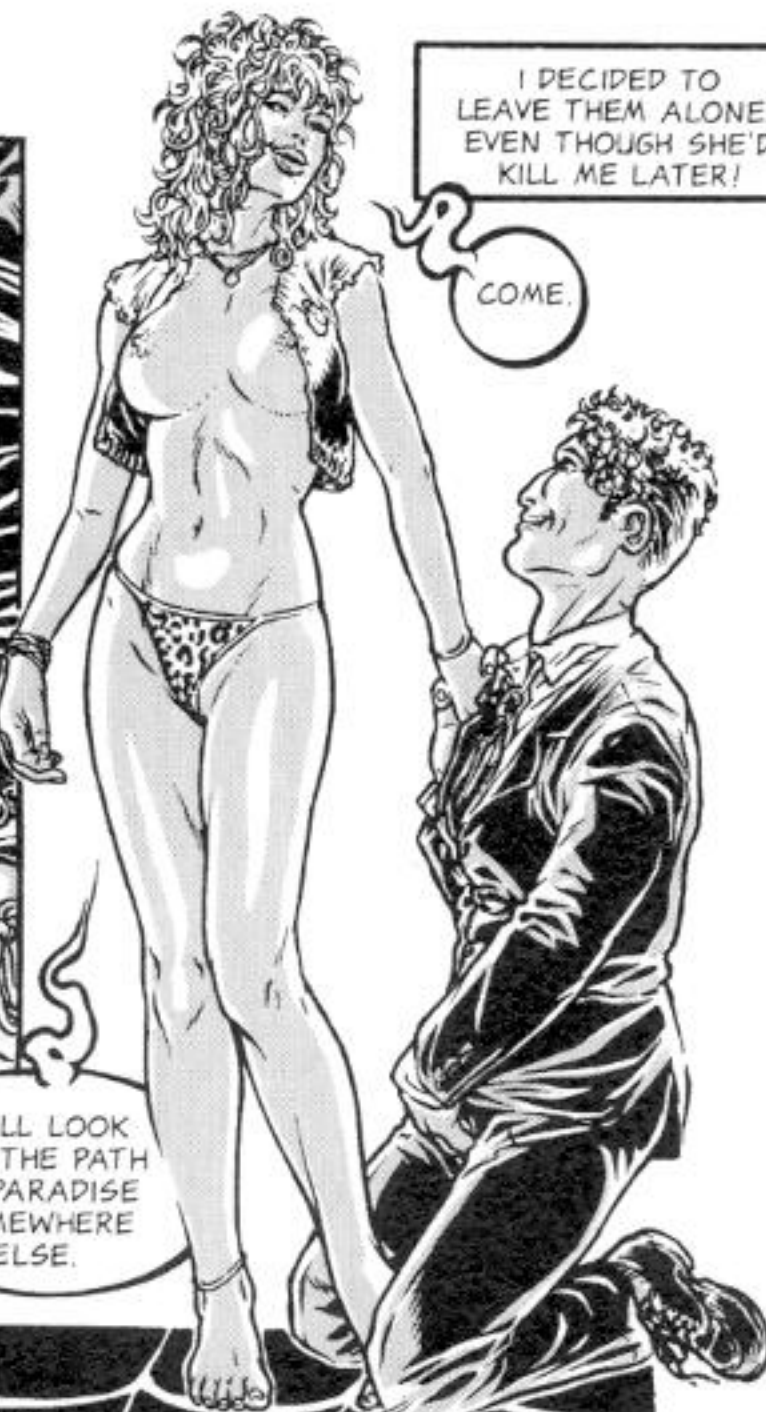
AT LAST! IT LOOKED LIKE OLGA, FOR ALL THE FUMBLING, WAS GONNA GET FUCKED.

ALTHOUGH SHE MIGHT NOT NOTICE MUCH.

OH, I DON'T...

YES, YOU KEEP ON, I DON'T FEEL GOOD...

WE'LL LOOK FOR THE PATH TO PARADISE SOMEWHERE ELSE.



I DECIDED TO LEAVE THEM ALONE... EVEN THOUGH SHE'D KILL ME LATER!

COME.

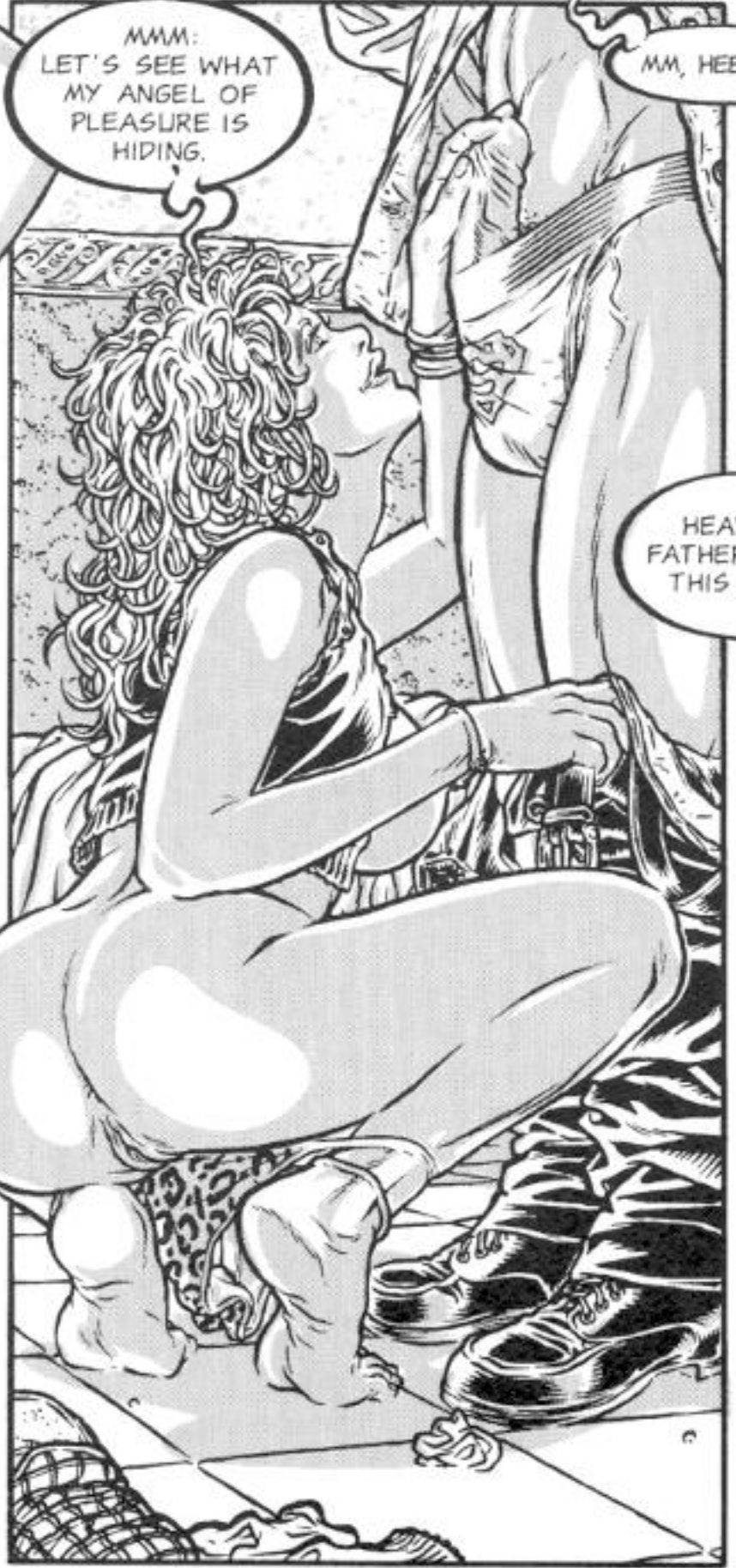


OH, NO! SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!!

WITH YOU I'LL STILL BURN.



MNNNNH... L... NNN... ZZZ...

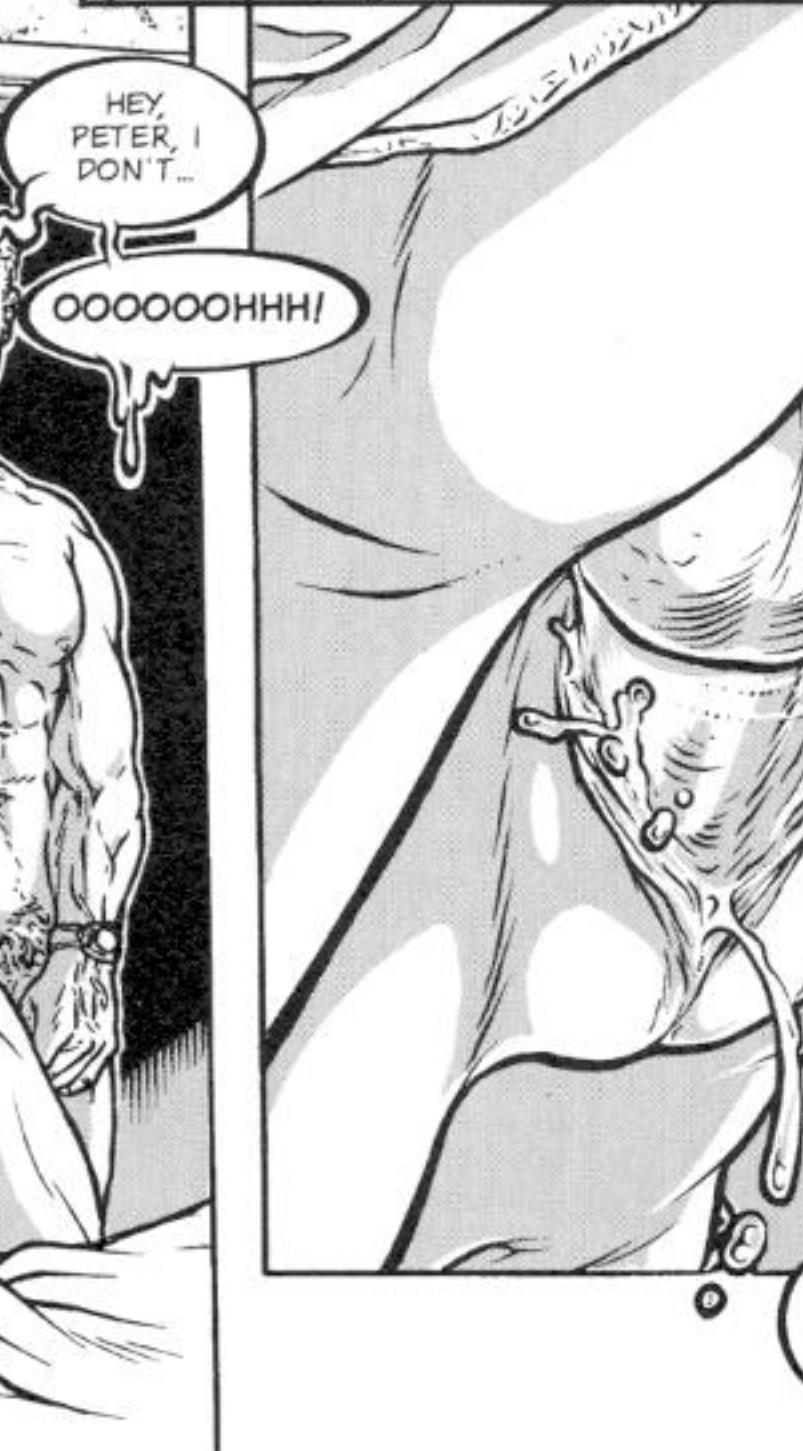


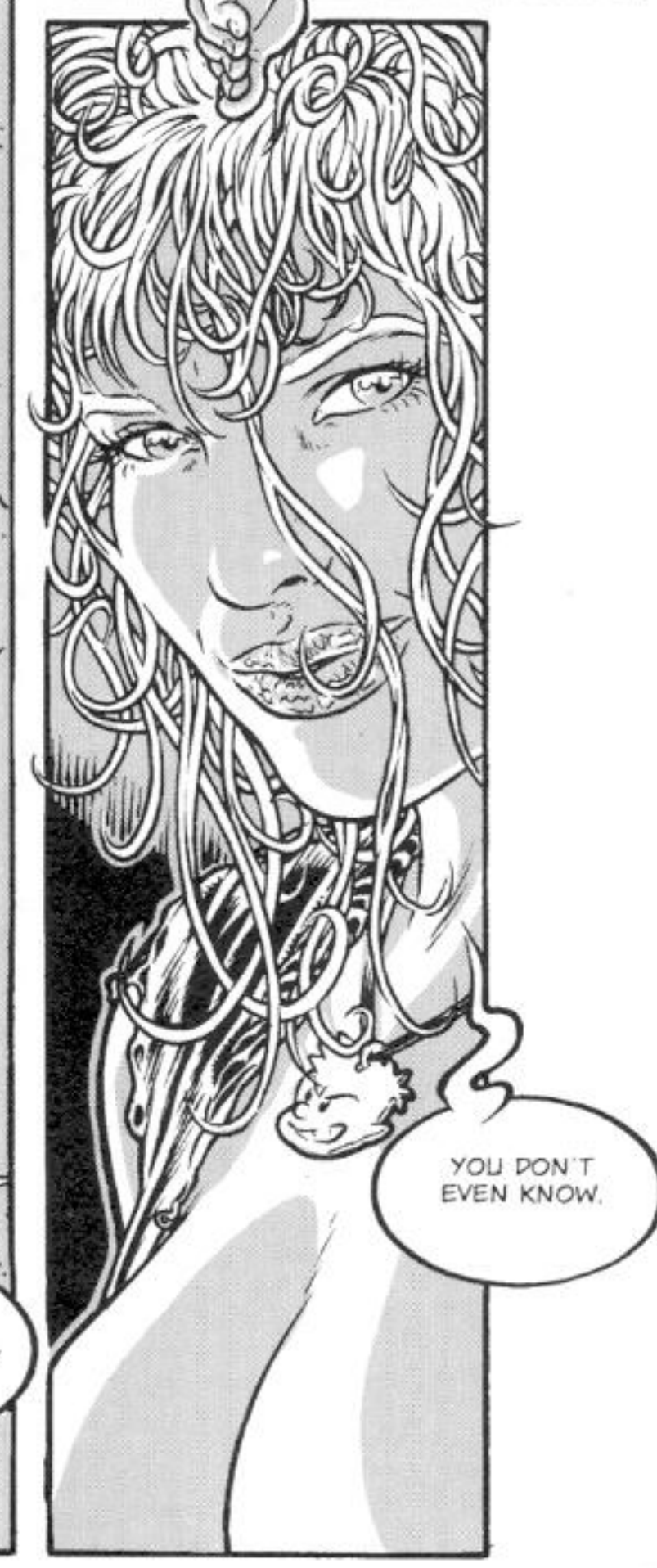
MMM: LET'S SEE WHAT MY ANGEL OF PLEASURE IS HIDING.

MM, HEE HEE.

HEAVENLY FATHER, BLESS THIS FOOD...









COME IN.
SIT DOWN.

FUCK!

I'M
GONNA BEAT
YOU LIKE A
DAWG!

I'LL
ALWAYS
LOVE YOU,
BABY!



SHOULD I
SHUT THE DOOR
OR ARE THERE
MORE NAKED
GUYS?

SHUT
THE DOOR,
THAT'S IT!



UUUUHHH!

SHIT!

BLAM
BIP
BIP
BIP



YES?
HELLO?

A-AH YES,
DEAR, YES,
YES, FINE.



MAN, YOU
WERE GETTING
IT ON! DON'T
KEEP ME IN
SUSPENSE!

TELL ME!



FUCK, MAN!

WHAT
HAPPENED? WHAT
WAS THAT
NOISE?

MY ASS
IS BURNING.

SHIT!
HER TOO?



YES,
YES DEAR... OUR
GIRL? JUST
FINE.

N-NO,
I DON'T THINK
SHE MISSES
US.



TELL ME
ALREADY,
GIRL!

THE END

Under the counter

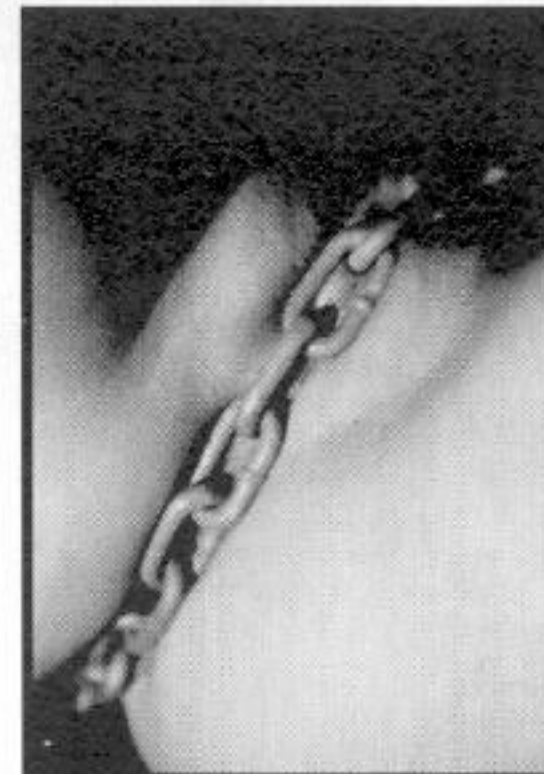
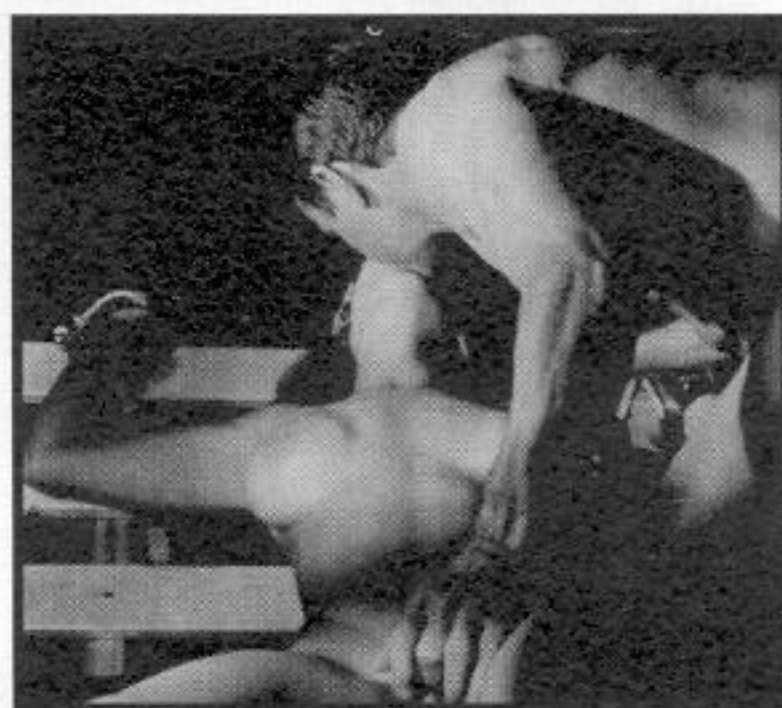
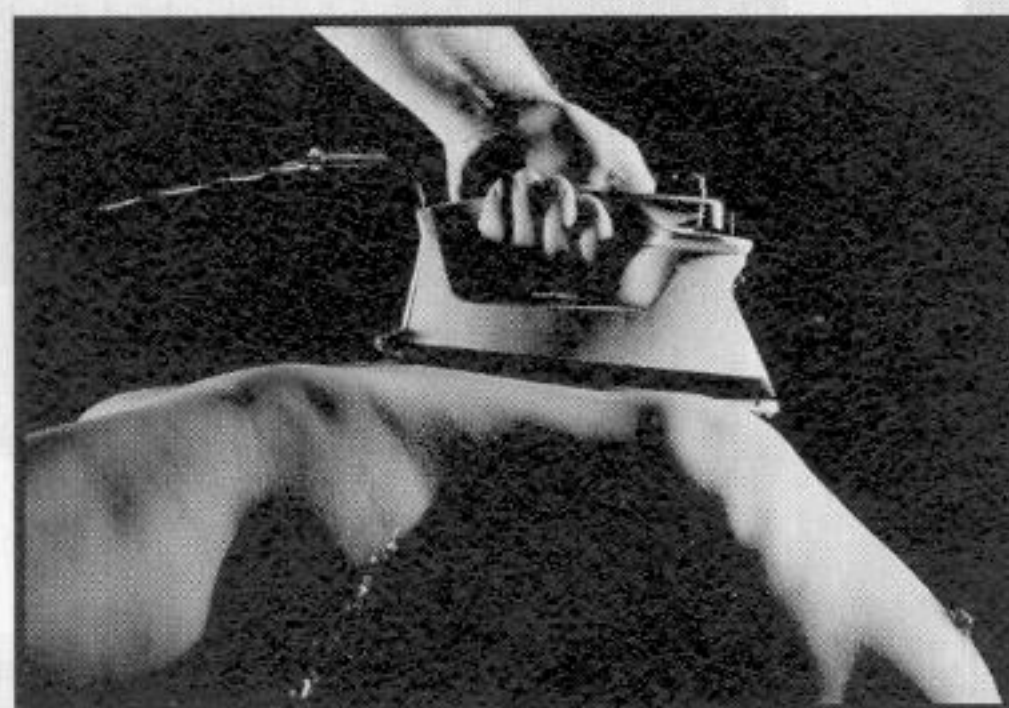
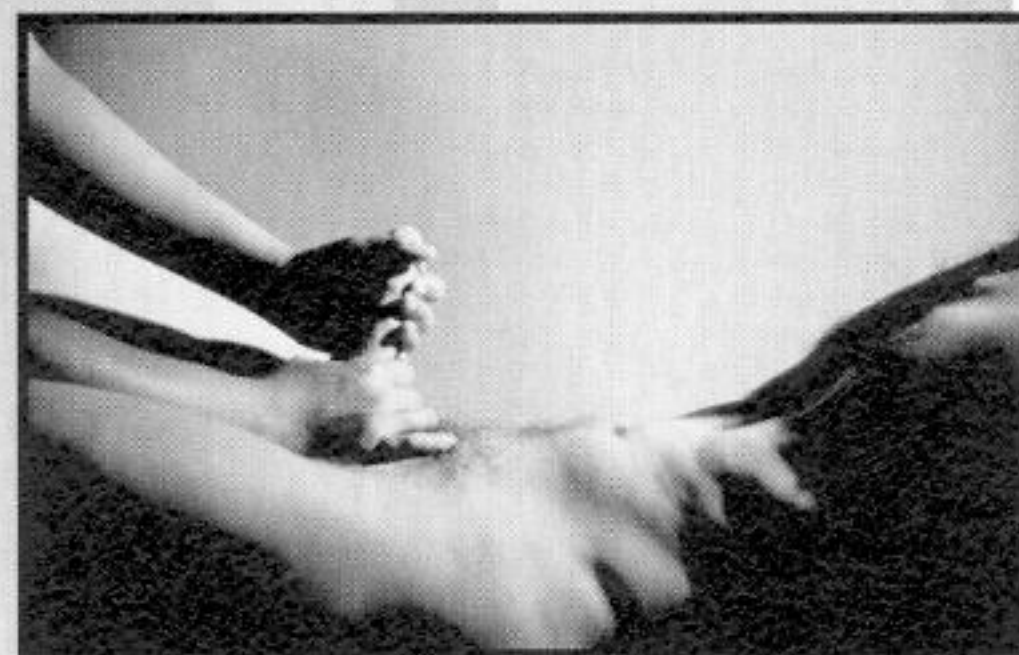
(Continued from page 25)

by Ruben Lardin

SENSO

I like Lee Stranahan. In addition to describing his work as a pornographic photographer, he writes with a vehement tone, writes a diary, gives advice on visiting his photo galleries (by candlelight, with company, and so on) and with a laudable amount of interest, insists on knowing what visitors to his website think about it. A friend says that the mania for antagonizing artists and photographers is the same as Republicans confronting Democrats: senseless stupidity to confuse the masses. His photos are irregular, but have a sort of defined style that makes them more interesting than ones taken with extensive experience. Some photos are composed around a topic, or are cloudy with an ingenious effect and cropped strangely, cutting off gestures and actions with great results. I don't know exactly why, but I think that his photos, although maybe coarser pornographers don't like them, could get one girl or another going. Stranahan wants to get civilized e-mail with comments and opinions on his work. Give it a look and tell him what you think, as today e-mail makes it a luxury to do so.

www.lustneversleeps.com



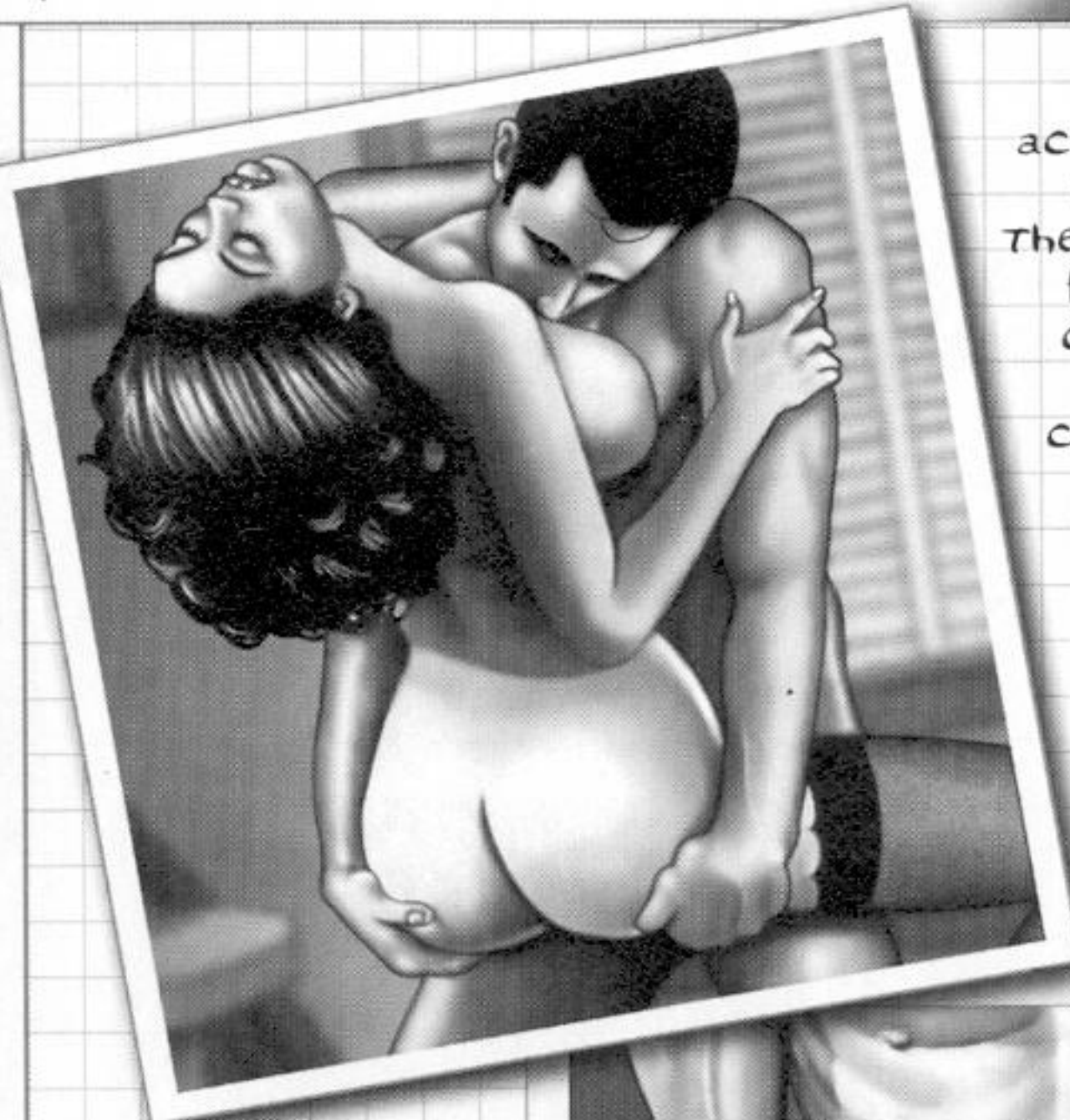
ALEX TURBIN'S
SECRET PHOTOS

His friends used to say he'd seen more asses than the back seat of a rental car. They called him "Sex Machine". He was like a modern version of Casanova, maybe better, with a special gift, a paranormal power that led him to fuck hundreds of women, all of whom he loved and respected his whole life. He considered himself a feminist womanizer, if that's possible, and on top of it, everyone liked him.



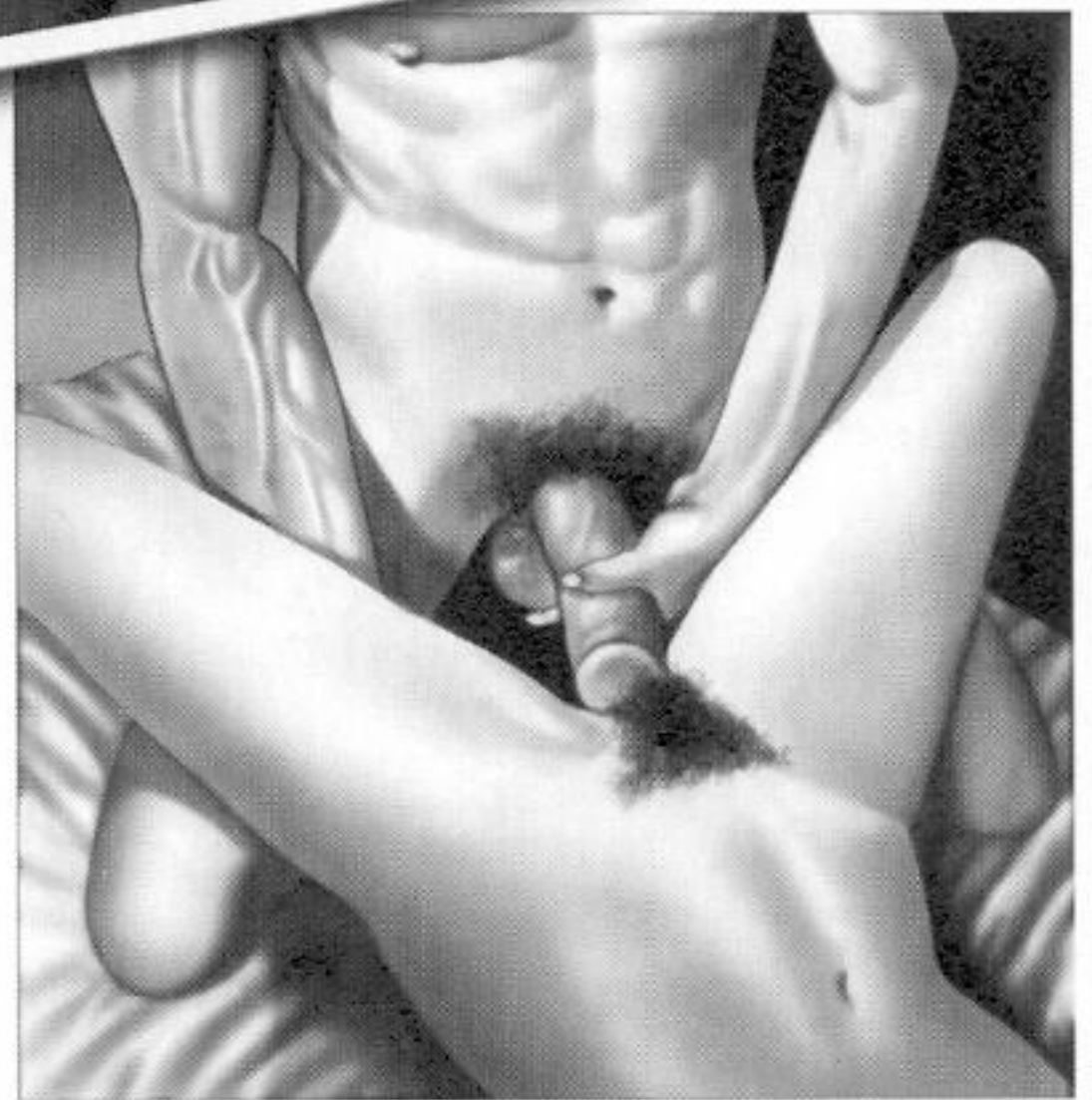


Her name was Corinne, and she was one of the most beautiful women I had ever been with. After a long night of sex and sweat, she accepted to pose for me and I immortalized her magnificent body. Never saw her again, but every time I see the photo I remember the perfume of her skin.



This shot was accidentally taken in the heat of battle. The camera fell on the floor and went off, capturing me in full body-to-body combat with Raquel, a formidable opponent. We fucked like crazy and some days later I discovered this snapshot. Of course, I called her again.

Andrew and Monica fucking in the sleeping car of a nighttime express train. They forgot to close the door, so I stuck my hand in with the camera and caught them. Too bad I couldn't center it and show their surprised expressions.



This incredible woman is Amanda, my assistant. She worked and fucked with me for quite a long time. Never wanted more. In the end she married an executive from I don't know what multinational. Hope she doesn't mind my publishing her photo.



Rosy and a friend fucking in my living room. They didn't realize I took the snapshot. Actually they didn't even realize I was there. I watched them for some time and ended up fucking my landlady.



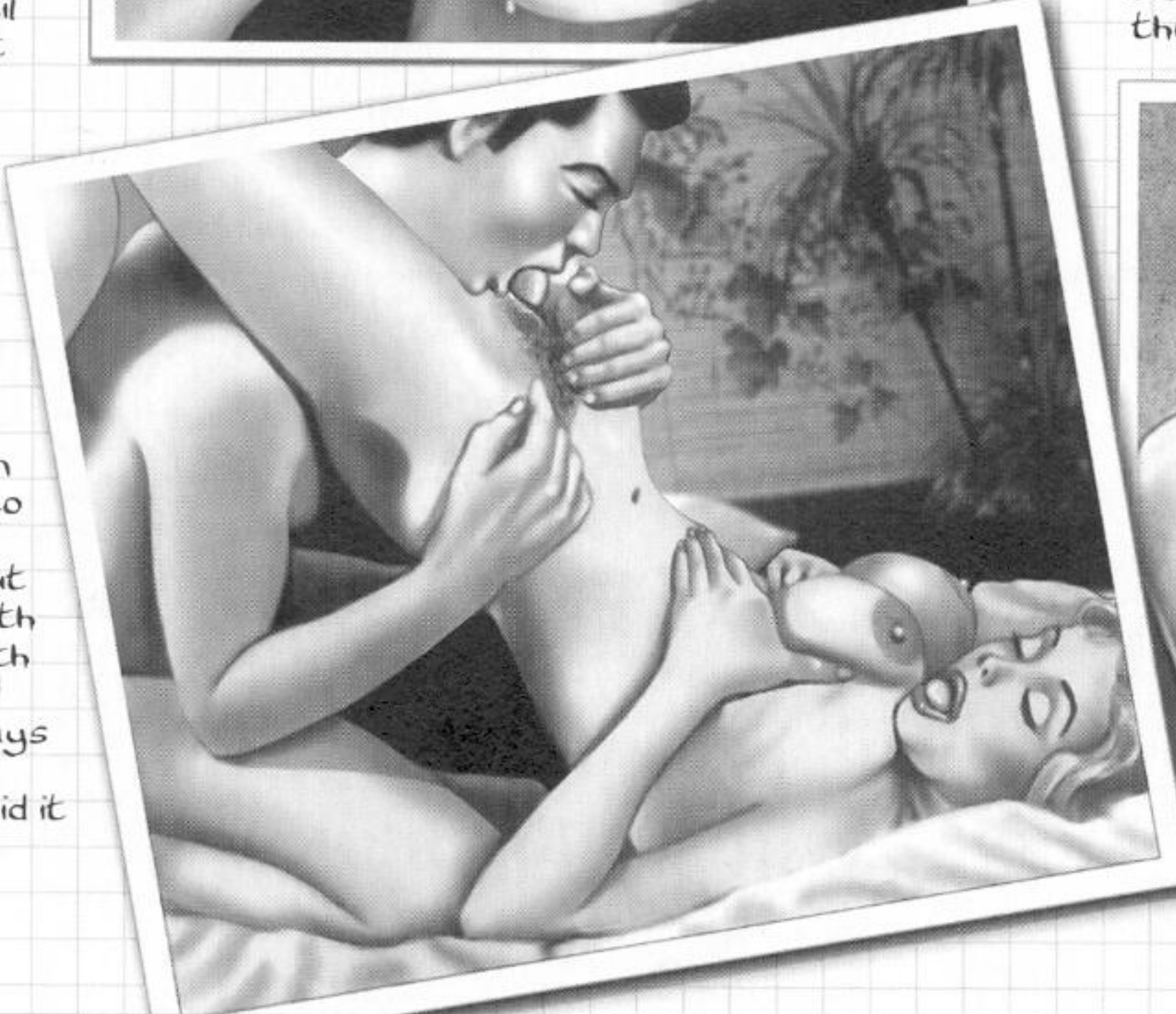
This happened in an alley in the city. Clara, arrogant and defiant, pulled down her panties and showed me her pussy. Just like that. And I took the photo. She was too proud to ask me for it. I've jerked off many a time with this photo. She never mentioned it again.

A priceless photo. I came all over her face. She was playing with my cock and I told her to look at the camera, as if it were a joke, and flash, I took it. She got pretty pissed off later. She asked for the photo and I hemmed and hawed until she forgot about it.



A beautiful shot of Laura being ass-fucked. The cock isn't mine. Hell, it was in the dressing room of a shop. She bet me she could fuck the salesguy. He was into it.

Ivy was a pretty blond. Small, with big tits. very easy to handle, as you can see. I had to hide the camera, but it was worth it. I was with her several times. Always sweet and sexy. We did it a lot.



Another one who opened the back door, Irene. This time it's my cock. God, was she hot and juicy. She loved it!

Carl and Bert got on Irene one afternoon when she was in the mood. And I was beginning to think those guys were gay.... Since they were at my place, I could take the picture on the sly. No big deal.



Get this, she goes into the bathroom and comes out with a shaved pussy. Took my breath away. On top of it she stands there smiling while I take the photo. Her name was Ann; she was a stewardess.



Carla ate them in pairs. She was a prostitute Tony called, a real professional. Nothing serious, really. It was a wild bachelor's party, hot and furious. She brought two others and we had an orgy. Kisses for Carla.



Patty was a girl from work. She told me later she only fucked me to check my reputation. What did I care? She was beautiful and had fascinating blue eyes.



Sharon was a friend from out of town, staying at my apartment. One day I came out of the shower and found her revving up in my bed. Couldn't resist taking a photo. Then, as you can imagine, I helped her to come. As horny as she was, it was sensational.





Christine fucked some stranger in the back room of a disco. The guy was a little shy, but she's a lusty yuppie who doesn't turn away from a challenge when it comes to sex. She got him to do all sorts of nasty things. She set up my hidden camera and promised me a photo of the event.

Here's a close up Christine managed to get, god knows how. I never expected it. Her hand around that enormous cock is a real turn-on.

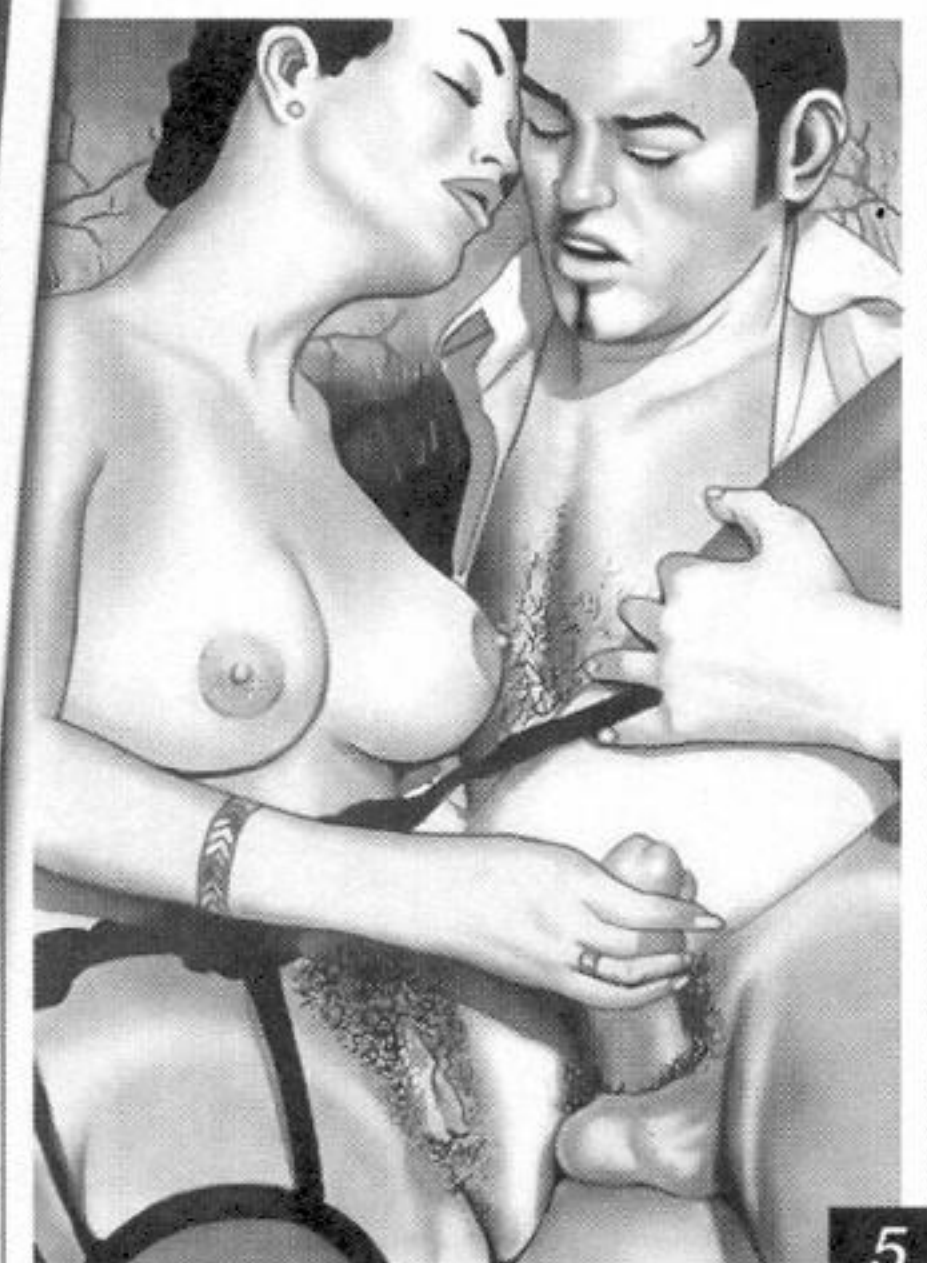


I don't like to share my women, but this was one of those strange occasions where you give in for a good time. The other guy was Danny and she was Martha, a really hot sales representative. I had the camera in my pocket.

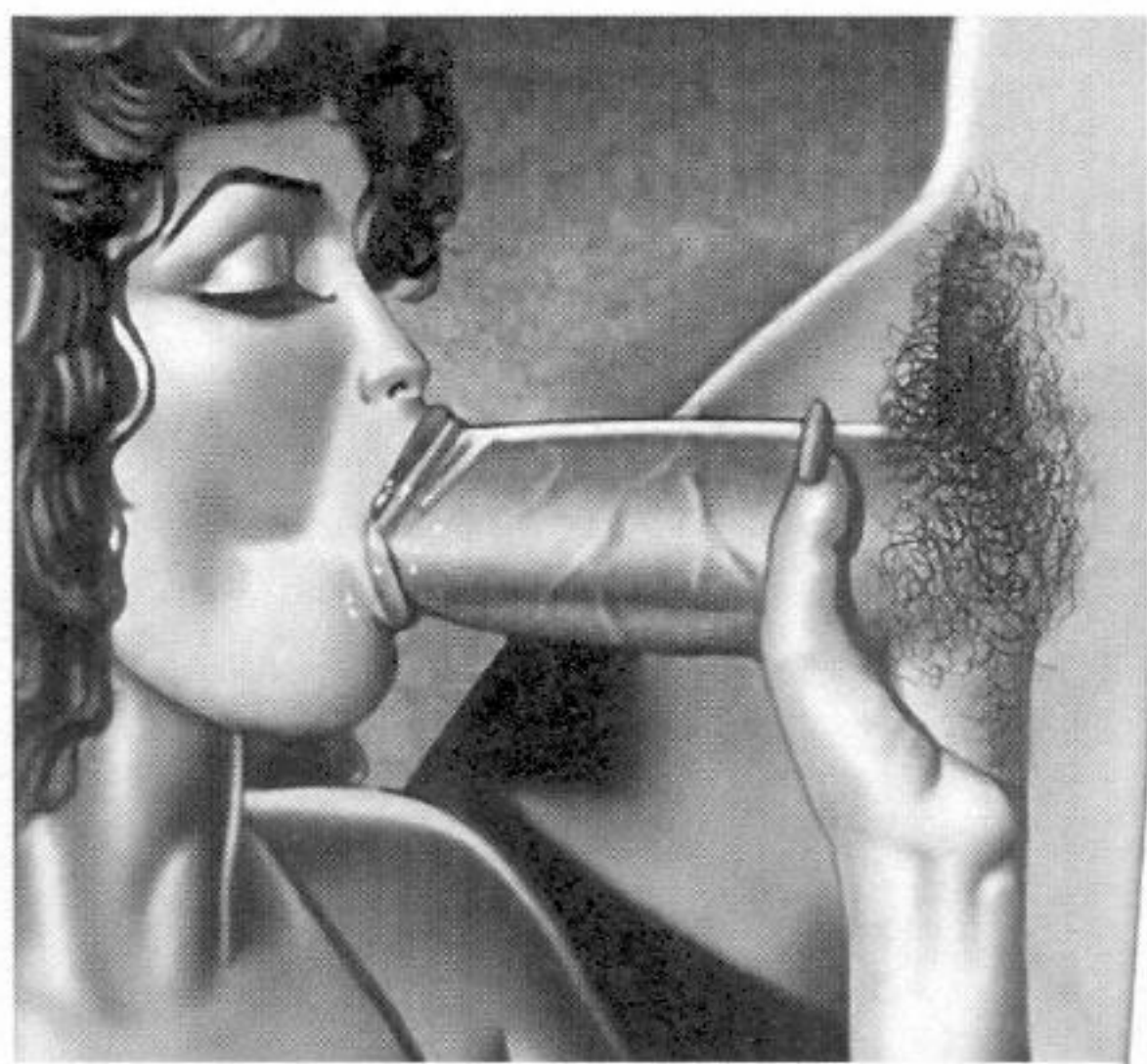


Danny doin' the dirty with the wife of a known banker behind some bushes in the park. I swear I ran into them by chance.

Sandra showing her stuff. She was always very aggressive. I got her going to get the shot. She went overboard and ended up raping me. The nasty things she did to me, the slut. She knows I love her.



Savage blow job. Diandra, the redhead, all fire and sensuality. I swear she could swallow my cock to the root. I used to flirt with her at the check-out in the supermarket. It was a relief to get her out of her uniform.



Rick giving Claudia what she likes. I didn't take the photo. Actually, I don't know which of us took it. But it ended up in my hands and I still have it. After that they seemed different to me.

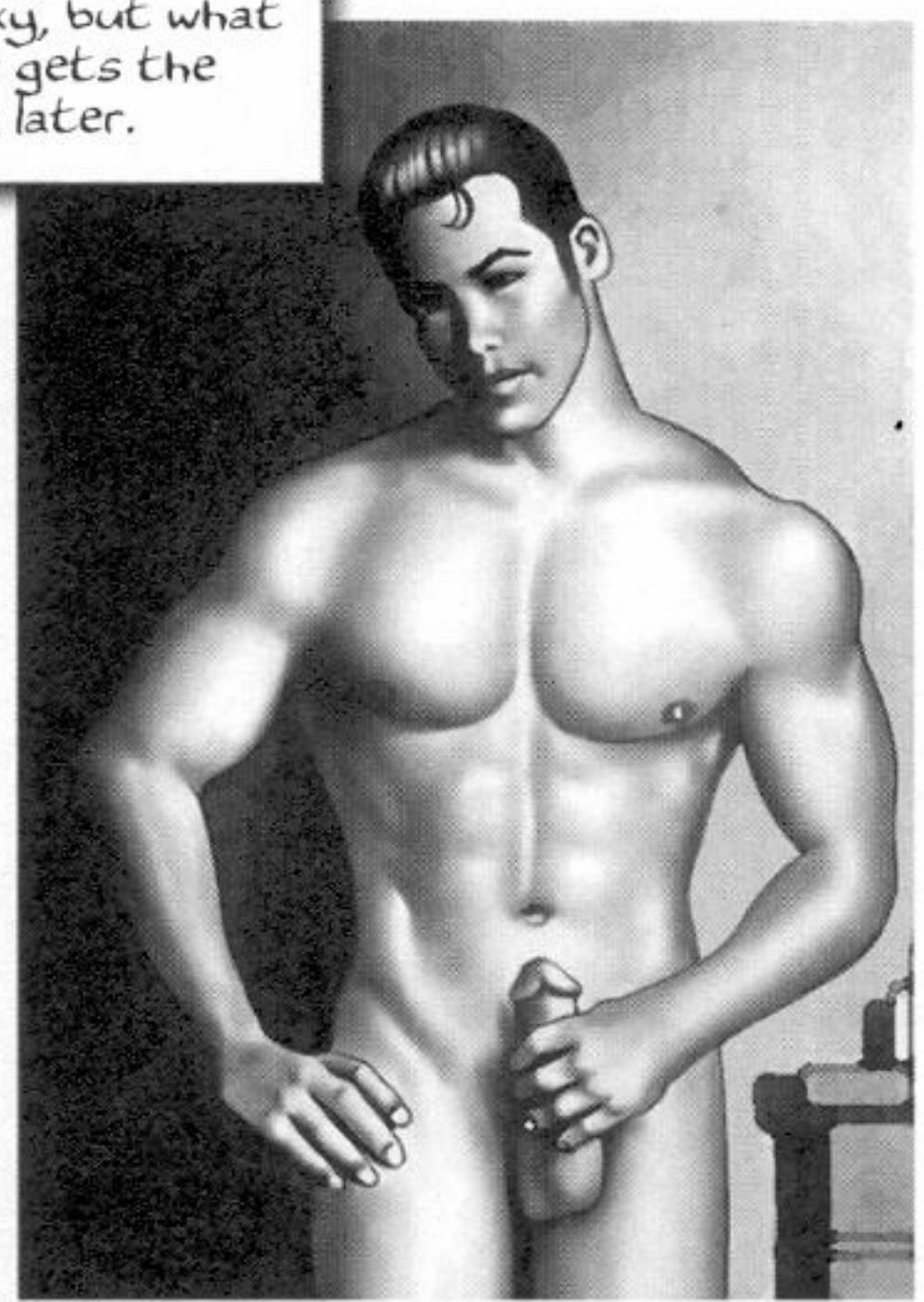


Here I am doin' it with a delicious college student. She kept trying to seduce me until she finally got it! What had me worried was that she was the daughter of one of my bosses. But she never opened her mouth (except to suck on my cock).



Here I am in a dumb pose. A friend of mine took the picture trying to be funny. Not that it's sexy, but what can I say, vanity always gets the best of us. Well, see you later.

close up of a memorable fuck with Marie, a really great friend from Paris. I put on the automatic timer without her realizing it. Too bad you can't see her face. You would've loved it.



Girls just want to have furs

"Give me head, honey"
—Frankie Nitti

"I'm so alone I have to cram in me the first thing I can find."

And the first thing she could find was a bunch of leeks, because that's exactly what the Headless Chick had stuck in her ass. In my mind, I substituted the leeks with my cock, and I came all over my hand, spattering my pants and even the computer keyboard.

I swore and cleaned the mess up with a handful of sales flyers I hadn't read yet. Truth is, I wasn't doing much those days. Ever since I opened the real estate office, I basically devoted myself to flirting with my secretary Susan and logging onto SuperVoyeur.com.

SuperVoyeur.com was a site full of erotic photos taken by the site's users: what us beginners commonly called amateur or homemade porn. More than twenty different people from all over the world sent a series of four to eight raunchy photos every day, usually of their wives, but also of their girlfriends, lovers, sporadic one-night stands or even ex-girlfriends and ex-wives. I myself contributed photos of former lovers on various occasions. Most of the time, the person sending in the photo erased the model's face—the girl was probably photographed involuntarily, in that case—or the girl was wearing a veil, or her face was blurred in the photo, or someone, in a show of bad taste, cut out the girl's face, which made me queasy while I masturbated, because it reminded me of similar sexual situations I'd been in before.

But in the case of the Headless Chick (I called her that because her face never appeared in the shot: the edge of the photos always cleanly cropped her head out at the neck to keep her absolutely anonymous), the absence of a face got me even hotter because her body was absolutely stunning (slender, white-skinned, visible ribs, sweet cream-puff breasts with raspberry red nipples, finely trimmed bush against a pale belly, pink little slit, thin shapely legs, big bunioned feet), and it excited the hell out of me to assign her the first identity that came to mind. Every two or three days she appeared in a new series of photos, almost always in a certain living room or bedroom, with her naked in a range of different poses: sprawled out with her legs spread, standing up with her ass pointed at the lens, squatting and pissing, etc. Her other photos were fairly mediocre, and looked like they'd all been taken from the same angle, with results so boring it was clear that she had rushed to find a place to put the camera and hit the auto-timer shutter button. Good or bad, I

always kept an eye out for her photos to beat off to. —Sir?—Susan called to me from the doorway of the office—Have you looked over the report?

Faced with my silence, she peeked in. She was a girl with very particular features, which really turned me on: blue eyes, long brown hair with highlights down the center, a sharp nose, fat red cheeks and bunny teeth. She really reminded me of Shelley Long, if you know who I'm talking about: the clumsy yet efficient goofball on *Cheers* (as a kid, I always wound up watching reruns of *Caveman*) who always makes you wonder what she looks like with a dick in her mouth.

—Of course, Susan—already, she wasn't surprised when I didn't answer her questions —Would you like to have dinner with me tomorrow?

—Oh, tomorrow I can't. It's my birthday, Sir.

—Oh.

The next day I gave her a rabbit fur coat.

The days passed and the everyday routine continued. I straddled the fence between putting the moves on her or just firing her. As a matter of fact, I was also thinking about closing the office, because, although it was going well—that sort of business always went well—I was terribly bored.

Then the following week I found the rabbit coat. No, Susan wasn't wearing it at the office; she wasn't so dorky or stupid that she'd do something like that. She wasn't wearing the rabbit fur coat. The Headless Chick was wearing it in the latest set of photos she'd put up on SuperVoyeur.com, entitled: "Who wants to eat my fat rabbit?"

I almost came in my pants just thinking about the possibility that the Headless Chick's and Susan's facial features, which I thought about many times to fill the empty spaces in the photos, were of the same person. Susan always hid her body beneath long skirts and dark sweaters, but she definitely could have been the solo girl on the Internet. At a glance, the coat in the photos was identical to the one I'd given her: I got it from one of my cousins, who'd stolen it from the wholesaler.

Despite the fact that I'd already come so many times, I decided that night I could come two or

three times more if it was inside Susan: and if she was really the Headless Chick, she urgently needed to be filled up with some cock. That's what was always posted at the bottom of her photos.

And so I invited her to dinner that night. Susan was just fairly receptive—but only fairly—because of the present I'd given her the week before, and she accepted. During the dinner—in my uncle Paolo's restaurant—I tried to cajole information out of her about her sex life. But she answered me evasively or told me that she was used to a certain amount of emotional self-sufficiency. I knew that she lived in an apartment in Van Nuys that could be the same apartment in the photos on the web. I thought about inventing whatever excuse I had to in order to visit her house and take a casual look at her living room and bedroom.

I drove her back home. At the last minute I said I didn't feel well and asked if she had any Alka Seltzer in her apartment. At no time did she suspect what my true intentions were.

Each step toward her home was twenty times slower than I wanted it to be. Finally, she opened the door confidently and let me in.

I already knew what her house was like.

—Susan— I grabbed her shoulder, pressed her against the wall and put a hand under her long skirt: just as I thought, she wasn't wearing panties —I'm on the same page you are.

—Oh, you've found me out!— she started to shy away like a cat. —What are we going to do now?

I dropped my pants and pulled my cock out to let her know I had an idea. Right then, the front door opened, and a man with the face of a stupid construction worker (sorry for the redundancy) appeared.

—Adrian!—yelled Susan, and ran to hug him— Now we can get that three-way on!

The man looked at me and did the last thing I expected: he smiled at me.

—We've been waiting for so long.

They showed me into the bedroom and Susan dropped down on the bed with her legs spread. Her pussy was already glistening wet. When I was about to get on her for a little bit of a twosome before the threesome, Adrian took his clothes off and handed me a camera.

—We've finally got a photographer. I was really bad at it. I didn't know where to position myself. And he climbed on top of his girlfriend.

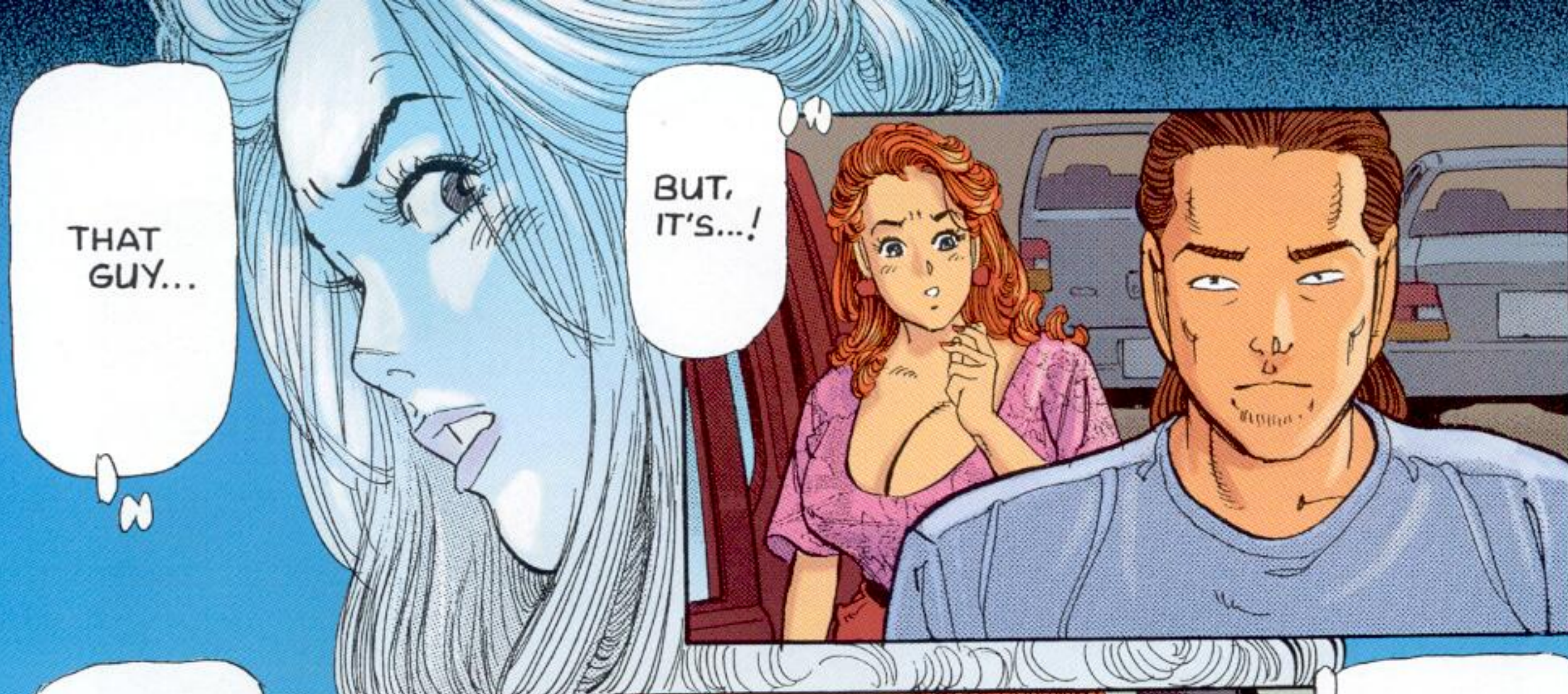
A week later I came beating off to the same photos I took. The Headless Chick finally found herself a dick.



M I S S D D

To the Rescue

CHIYOJI TOMO



THAT GUY...

BUT, IT'S...!

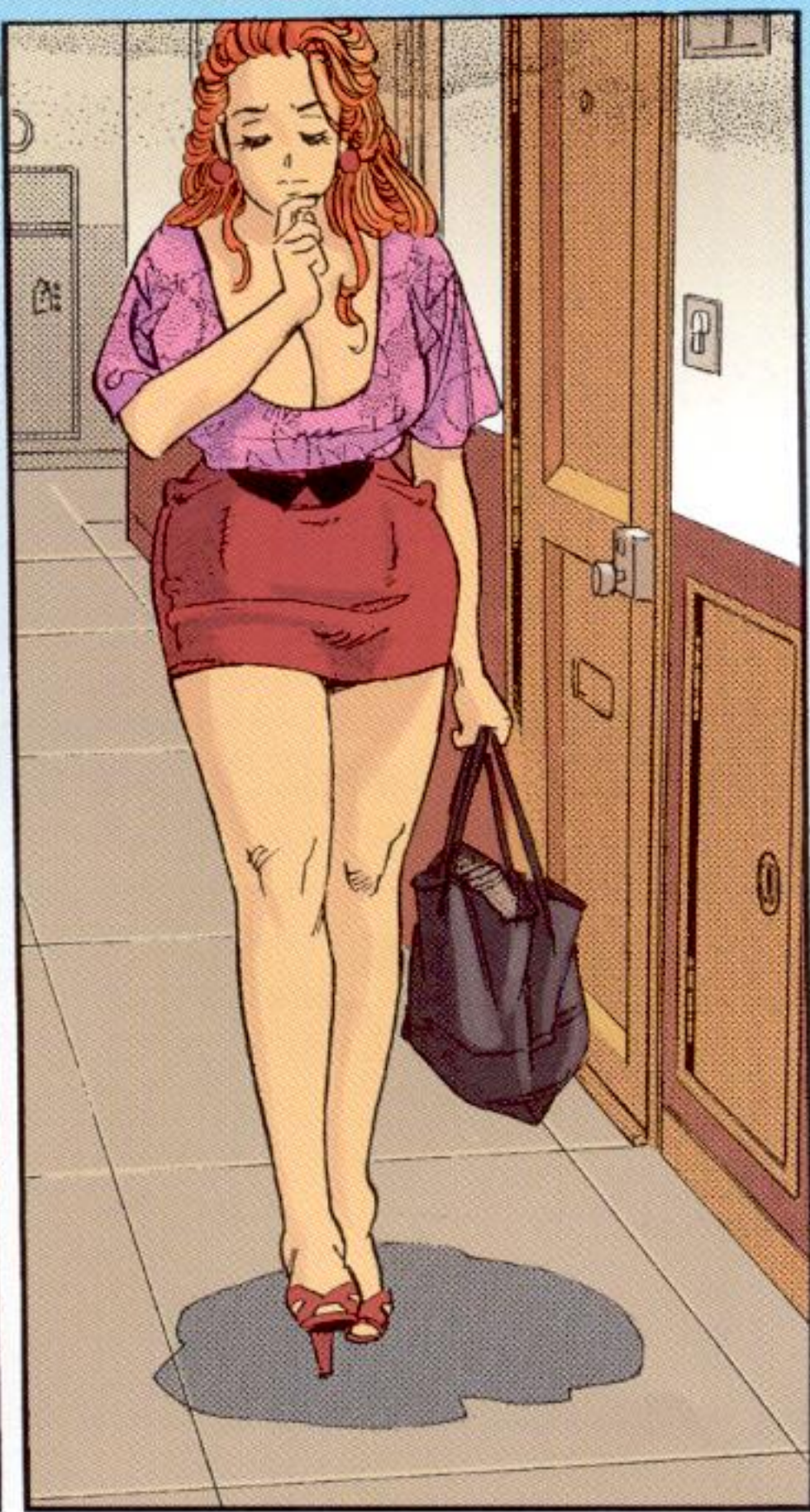


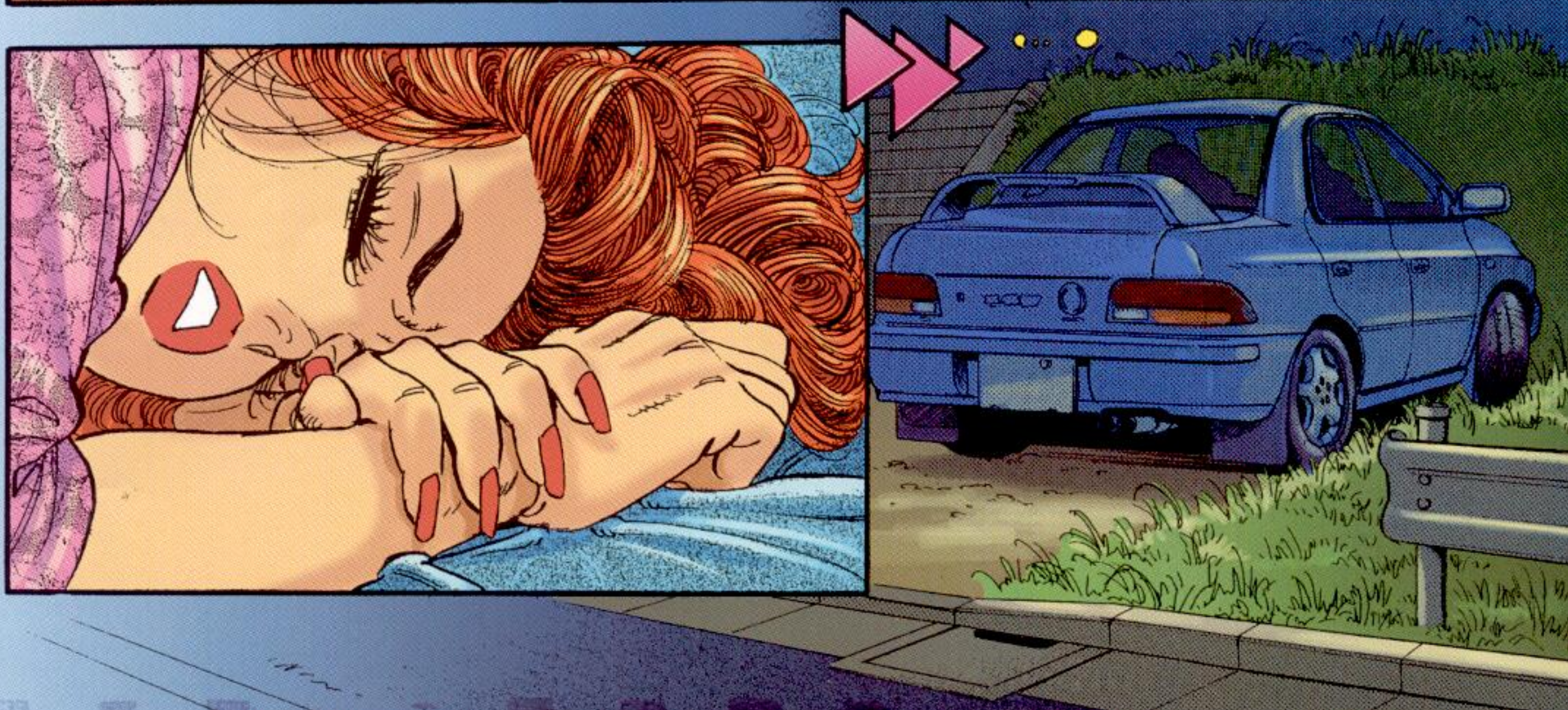
...LOOKS JUST LIKE...!!
HE'S IDENTICAL !!

CAN YOU IMAGINE, SEEING HIM HERE...



I THOUGHT I'D FORGOTTEN HIM.



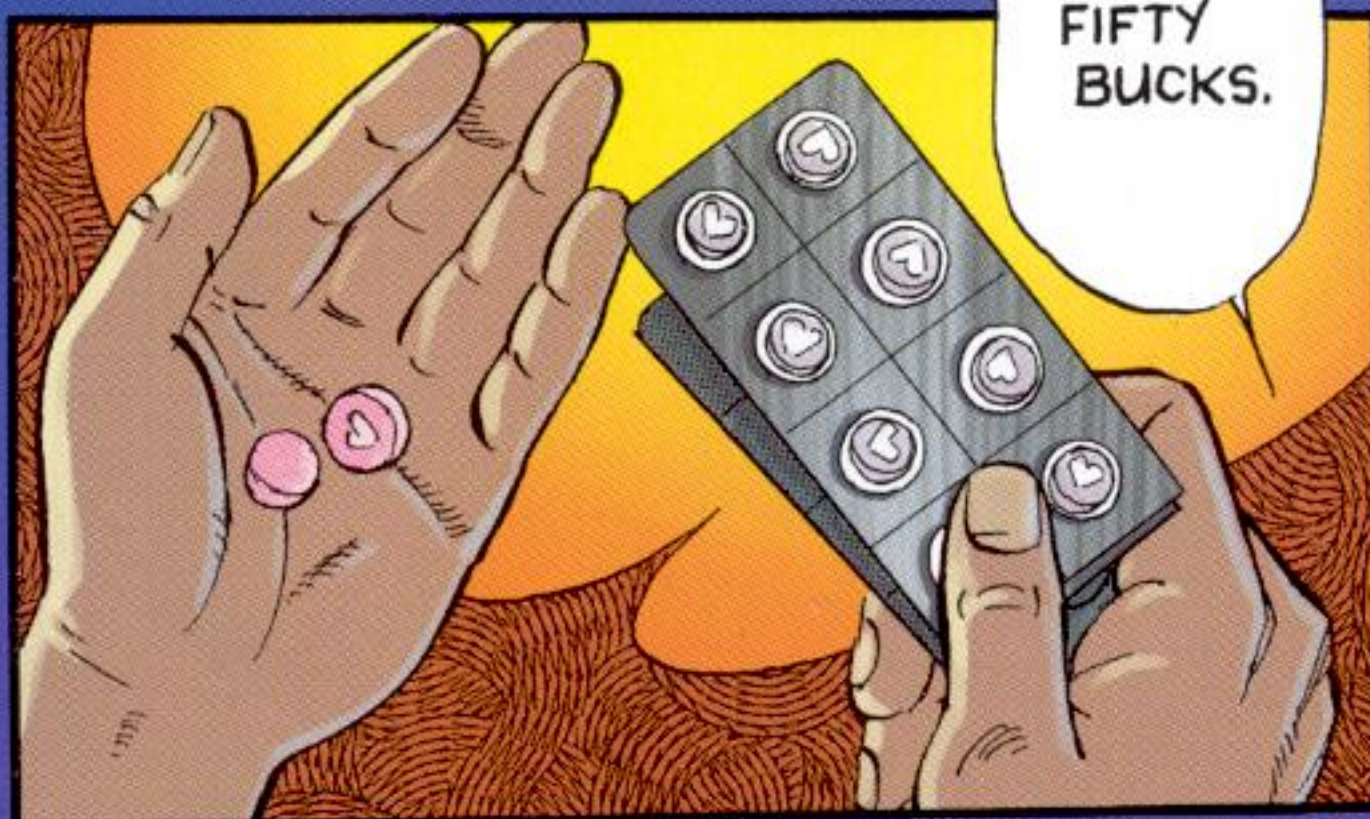




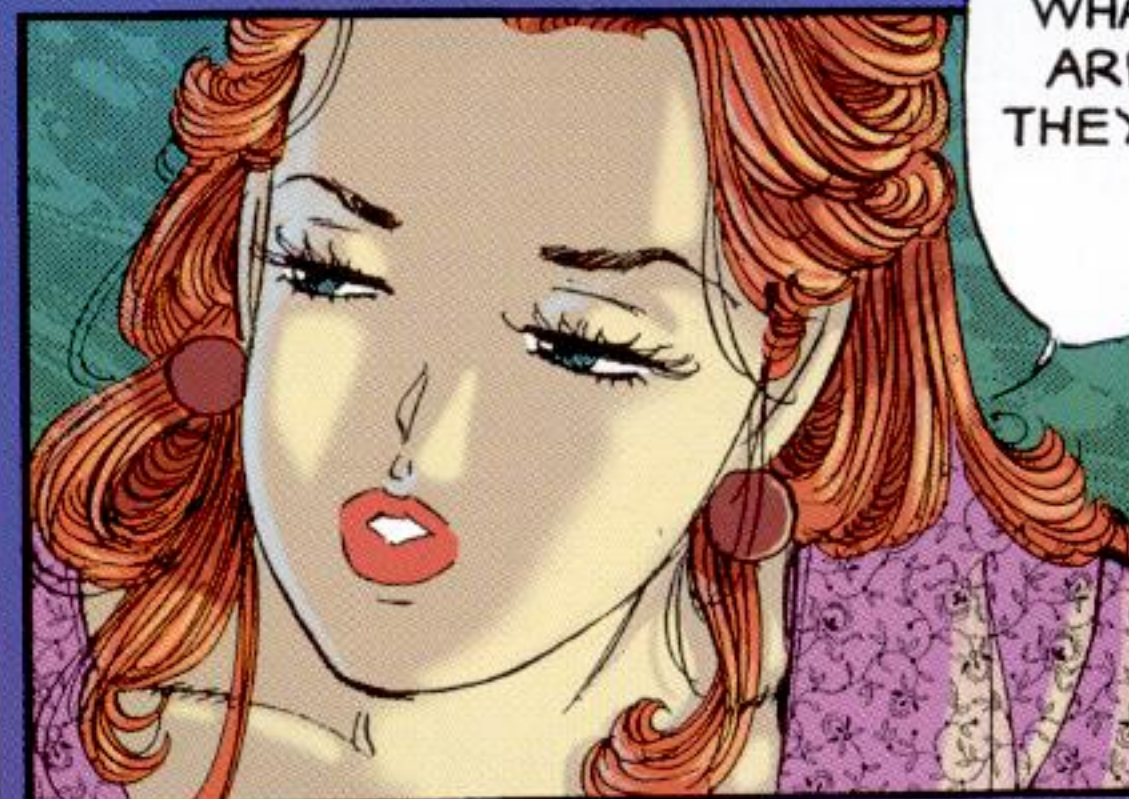
IT'S COOLER HERE THAN IN THE CAR.



I GOT THESE ON THE INTERNET.



TEN PILLS FOR FIFTY BUCKS.



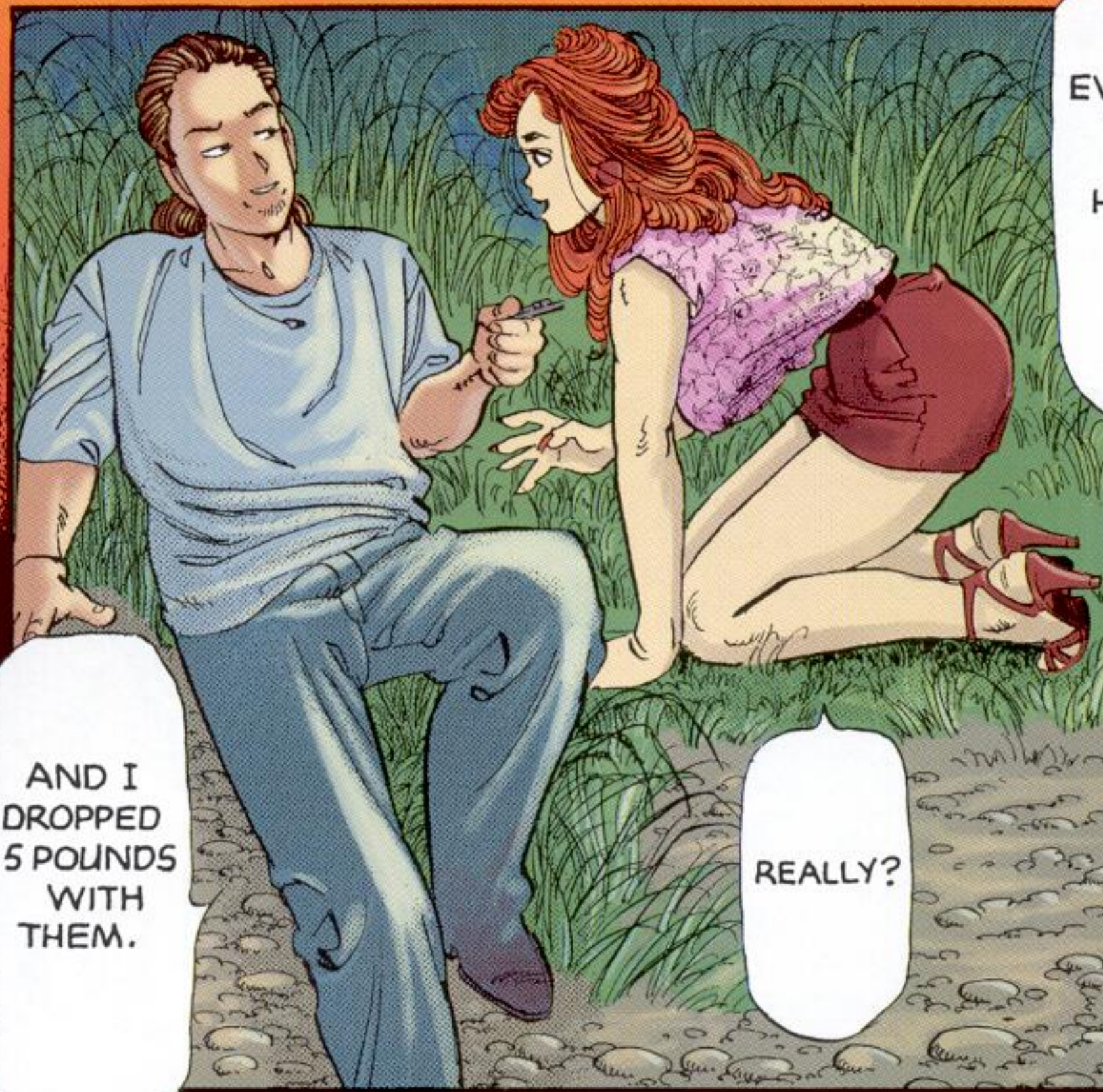
WHAT ARE THEY.



WANT ONE?

.....

THEY'RE UPPERS THAT MAKE YOU FORGET THINGS YOU DON'T LIKE AND PUT YOU IN THE MOOD ...



AND I DROPPED 5 POUNDS WITH THEM.

REALLY?

EVERYONE TAKES THEM. HAVE A TRY?



WELL, OK.



GULP...



THEY'RE POWERFUL SLEEPING PILLS THAT WORK FAST. IN A LITTLE WHILE SHE WON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING.



HA, HA...



...



I CAN DO WHAT I WANT WITH HER !!



HI
HI
HI
HI...
HI

AAH
AAH

AAH
AAH

N-NO..



N-N-N-N-N

LIKE IT?
C'MON
SUCK
ON IT.

gulp...

SWALLOW
IT ALL!

TO THE
BOTTOM!
...





WHERE
DID THIS
FUCKIN'
MUTT
COME
FROM?!

ARF!

ARF!

ARF!

I CAN'T
STAND
DOGS!
SHUT UP...
GET BACK
!

ARF!

ARF!

ARF!

ARF!

ARF! ARF!



HEY,
ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?
WAKE UP!



HAVE YOU
BEEN
TAKING
DRUGS?



HEY!
COME ON!
WAKE UP!
MOVE!

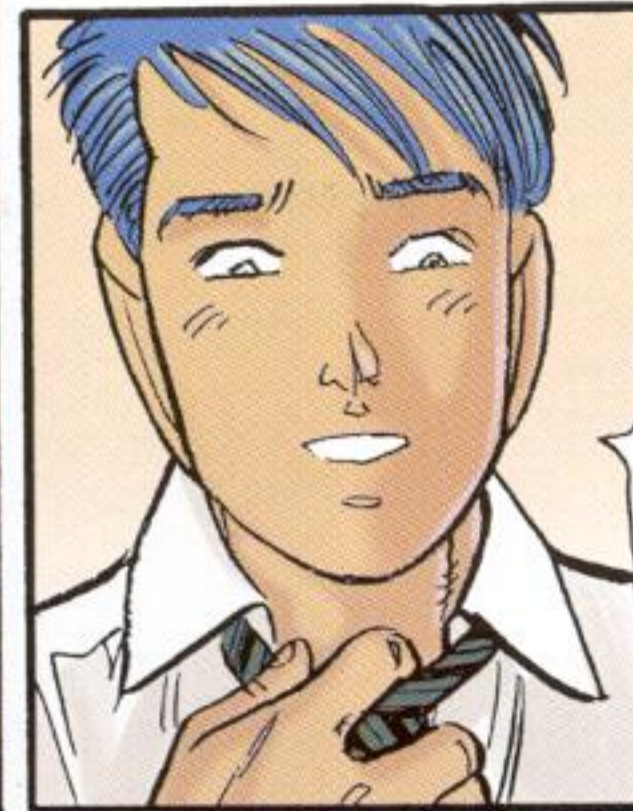


HEY,
ARE YOU
OK?
IS
ANYTHING
WRONG?

HUH...?

OH...
IT'S
YOU...

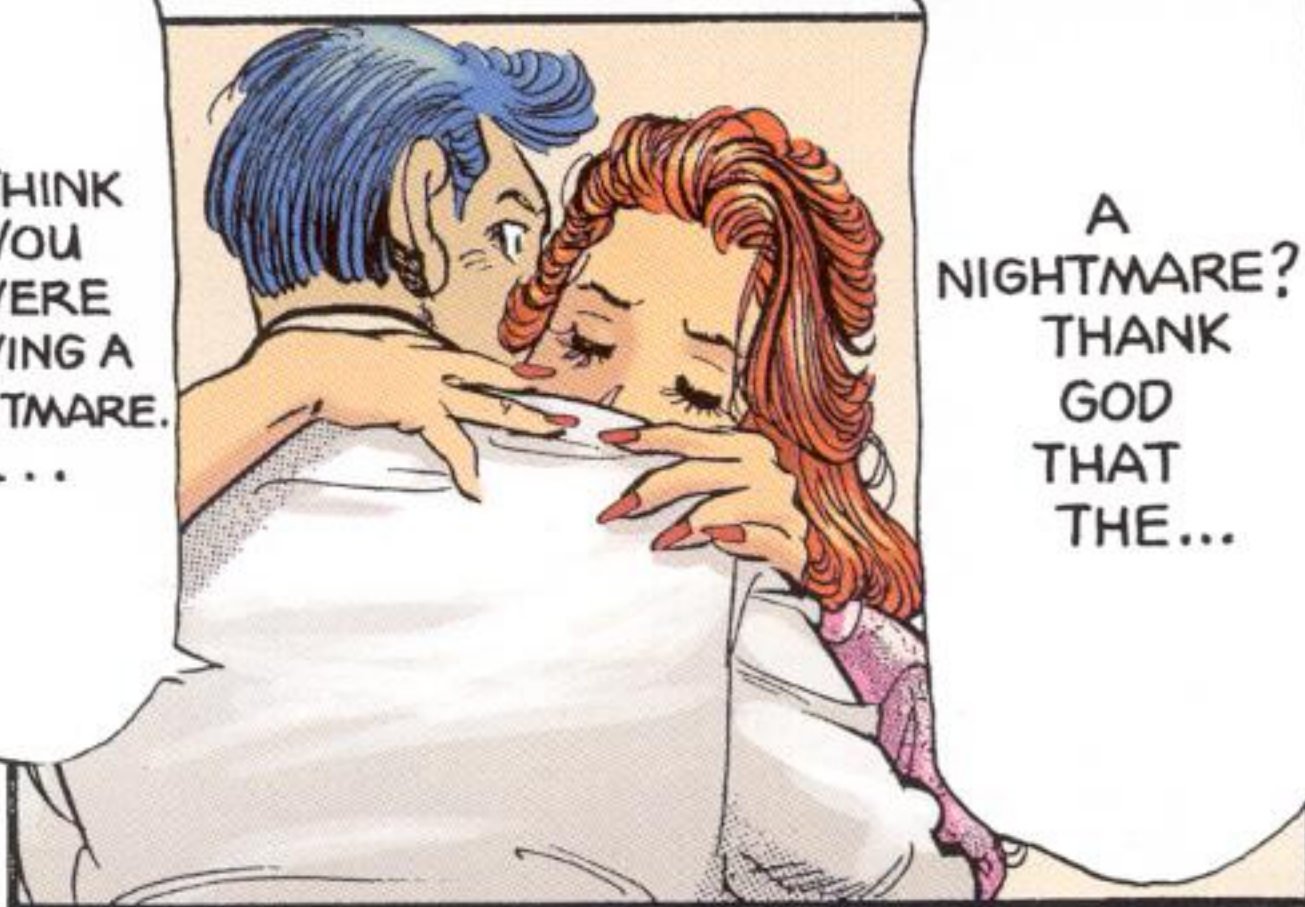
I'M
SO GLAD
YOU'RE
BACK.
...



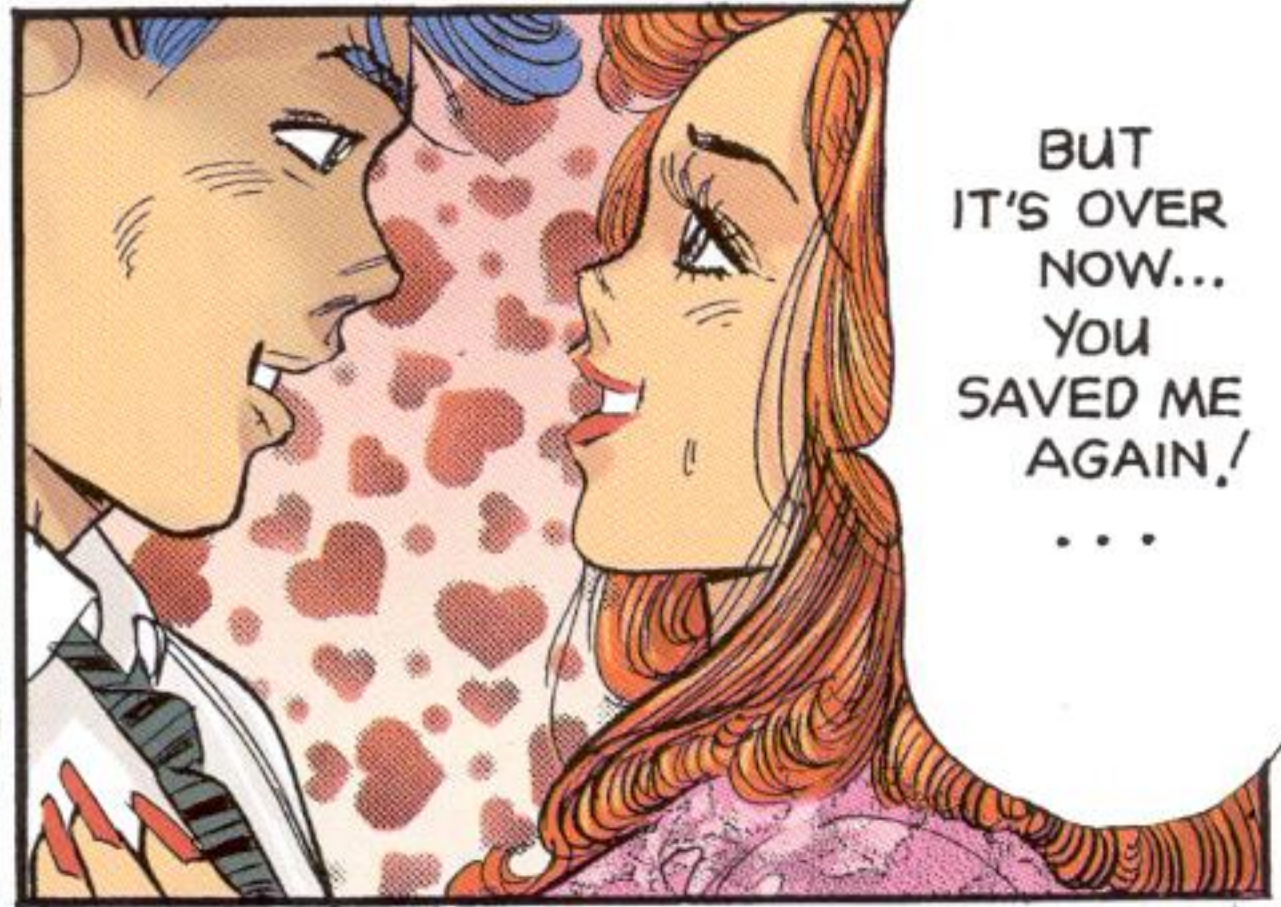
WHAT'S
WRONG
WITH
YOU?

I THINK
YOU
WERE
HAVING A
NIGHTMARE.
...

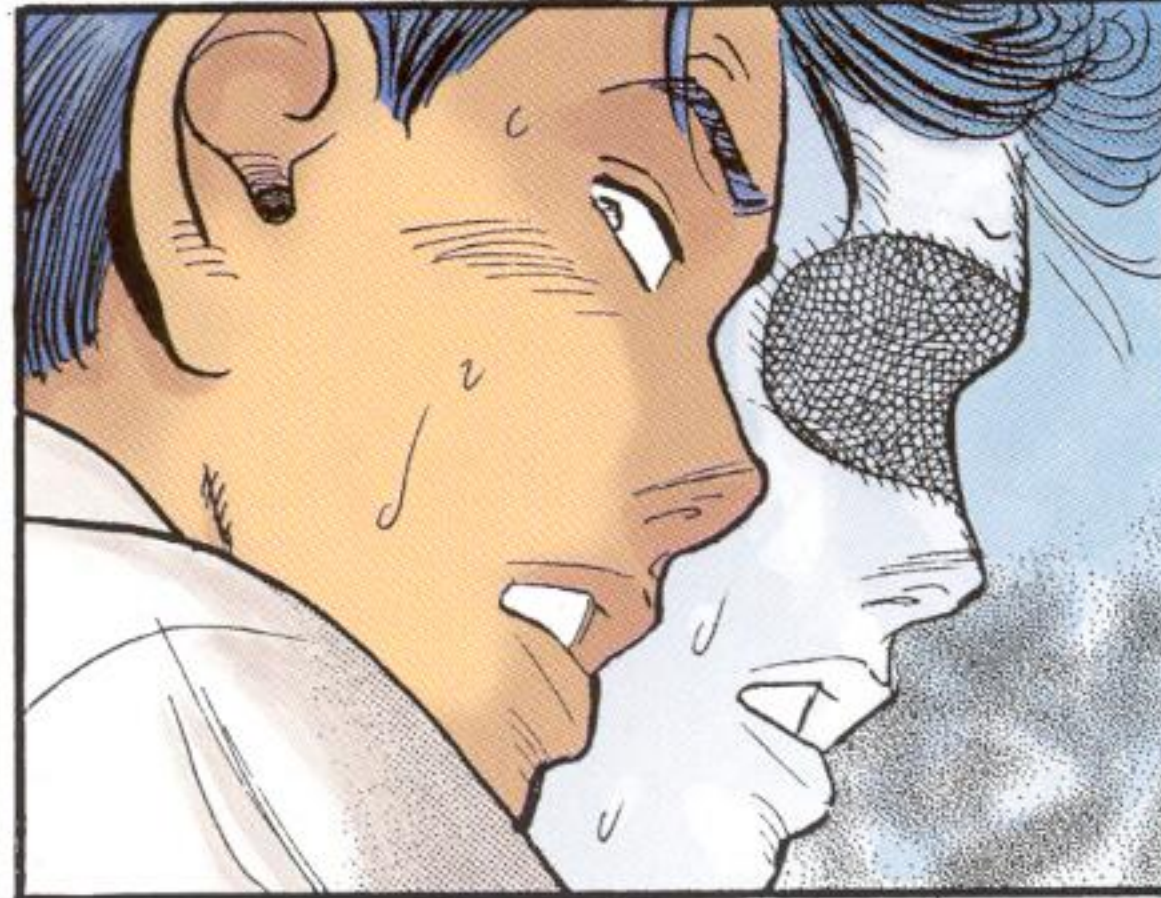
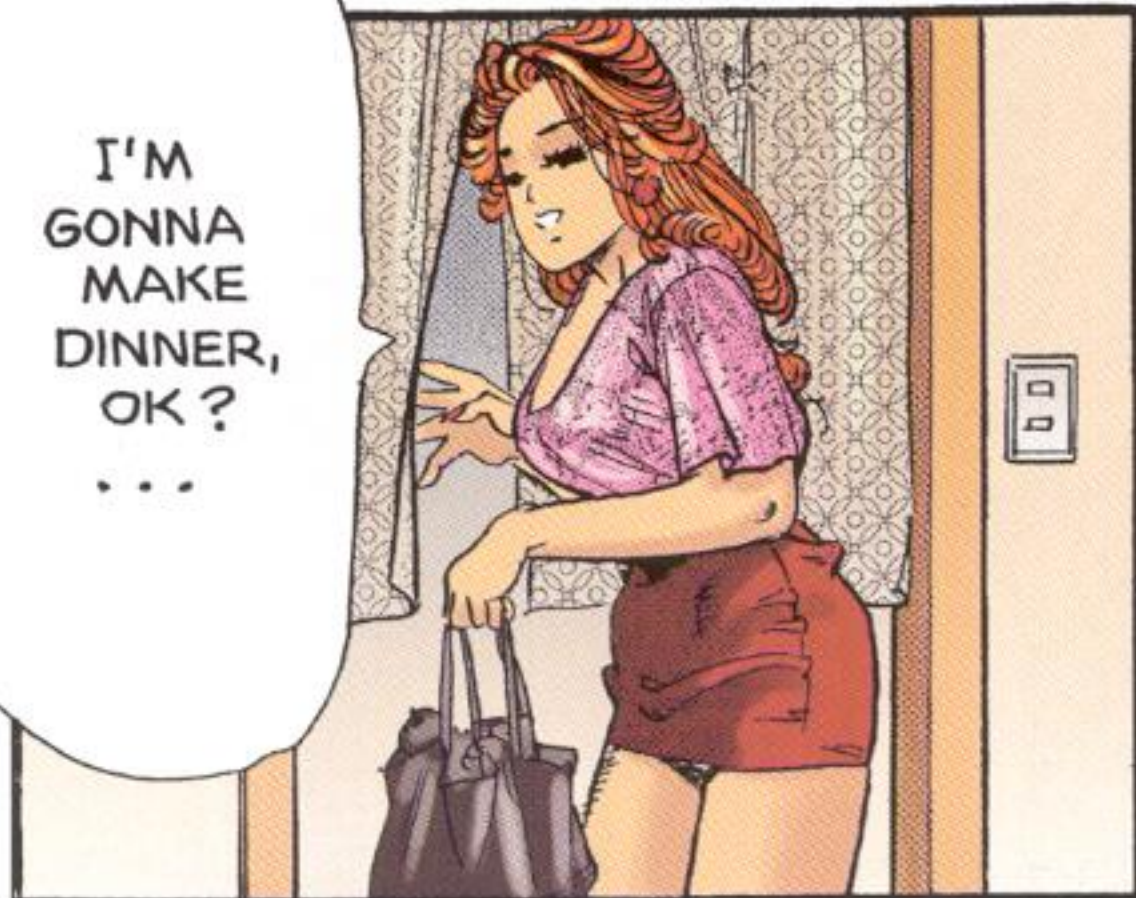
A
NIGHTMARE?
THANK
GOD
THAT
THE...



BUT
IT'S OVER
NOW...
YOU
SAVED ME
AGAIN!
...

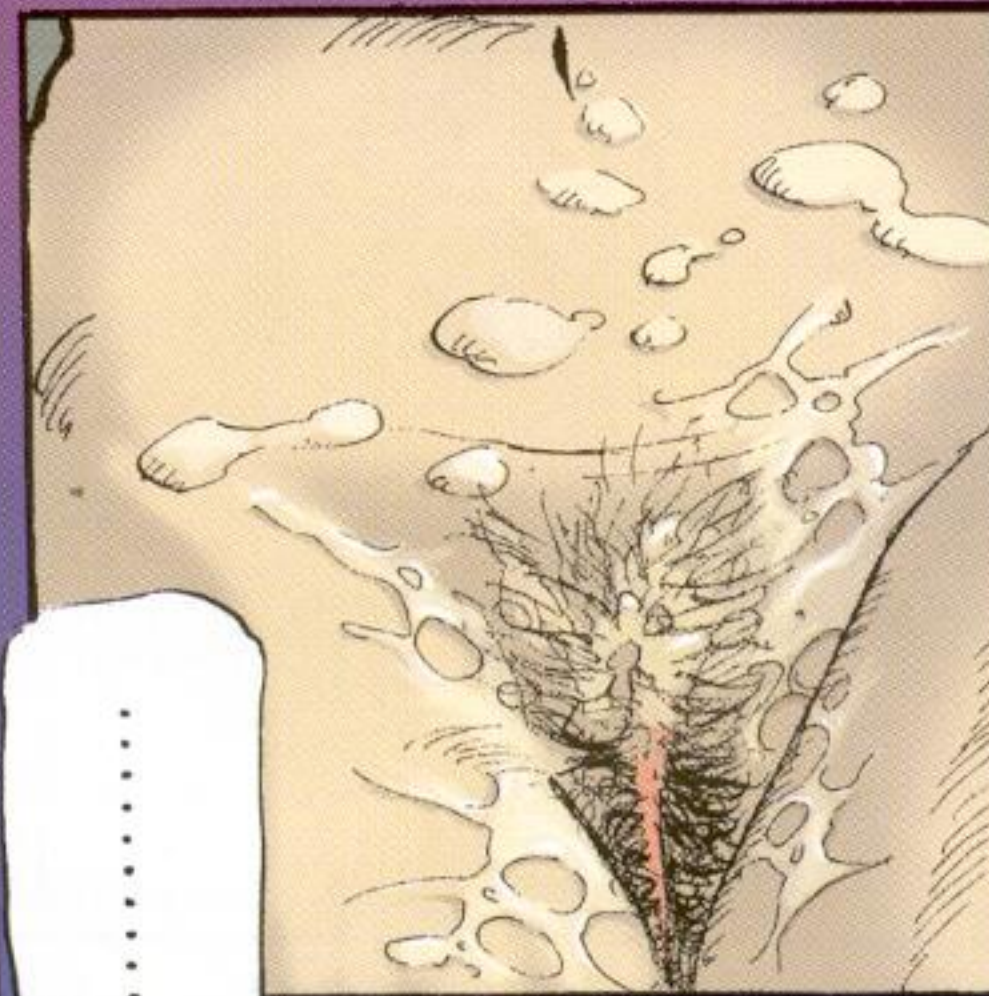


I'M
GONNA
MAKE
DINNER,
OK?
...



...





WHAT A
BEAUTY.
DEFINITELY
MY
TYPE.



JUST...
A
LITTLE...



UH...AH...
AH!

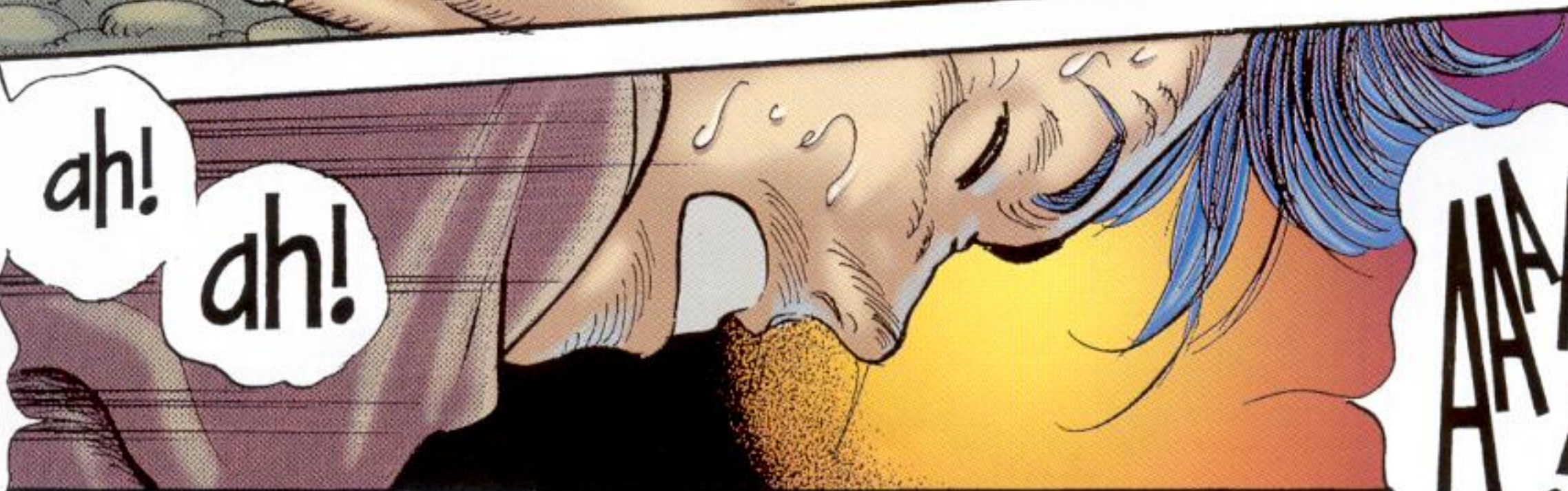


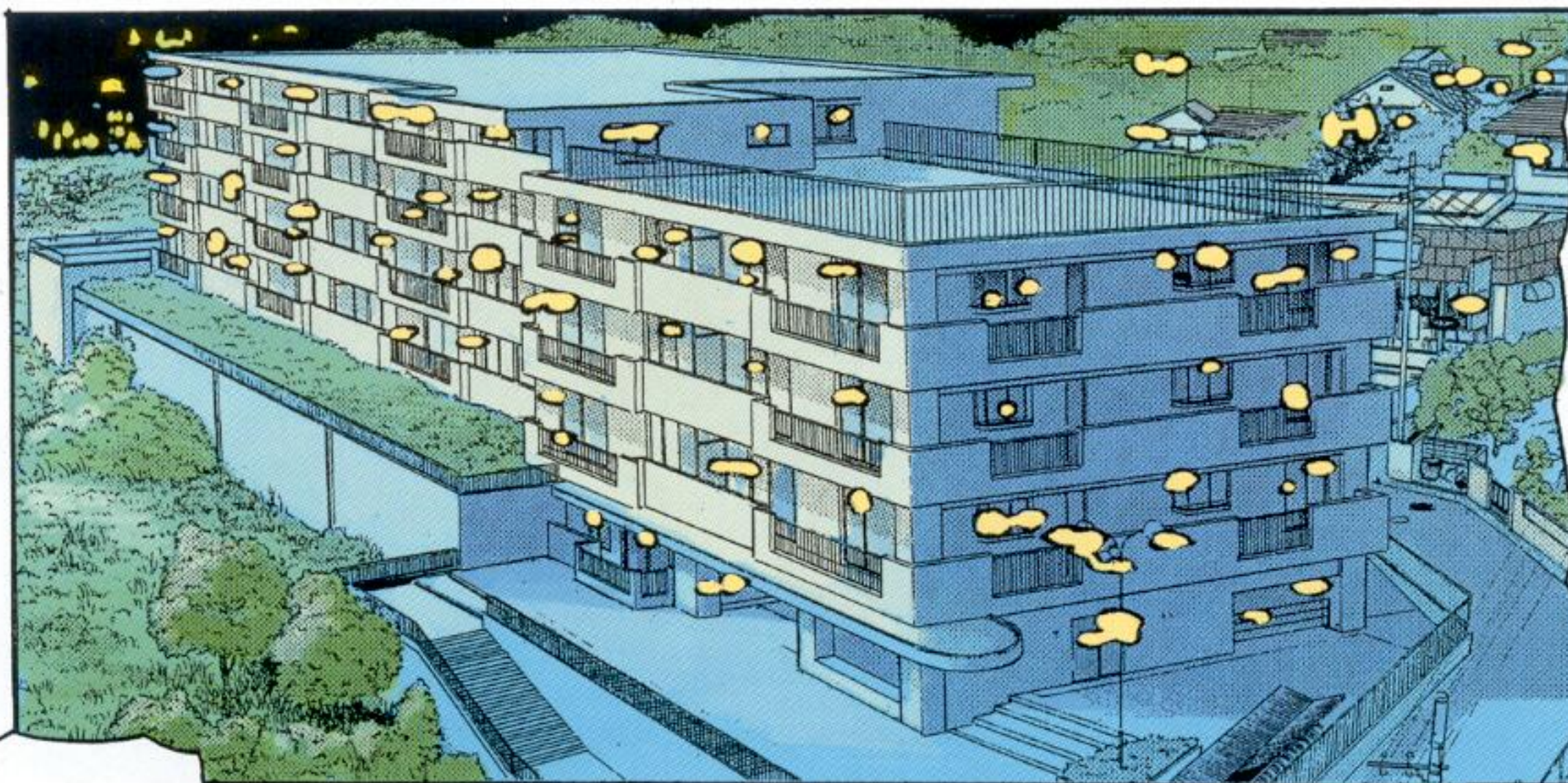
Y/

ah!

ah!

AAH!





OH
DARLING
...!

Oh!

WHAT
IS IT?
OH...!



YOU'RE
FANTASTIC
TONIGHT!
OOOH!

AH!

AH!

THE END

Next issue

**FRENCH
KISS**
COMIX

NOE

BRITO & VAL

BELORE

ANDROS

KARMAIKEL

MAN

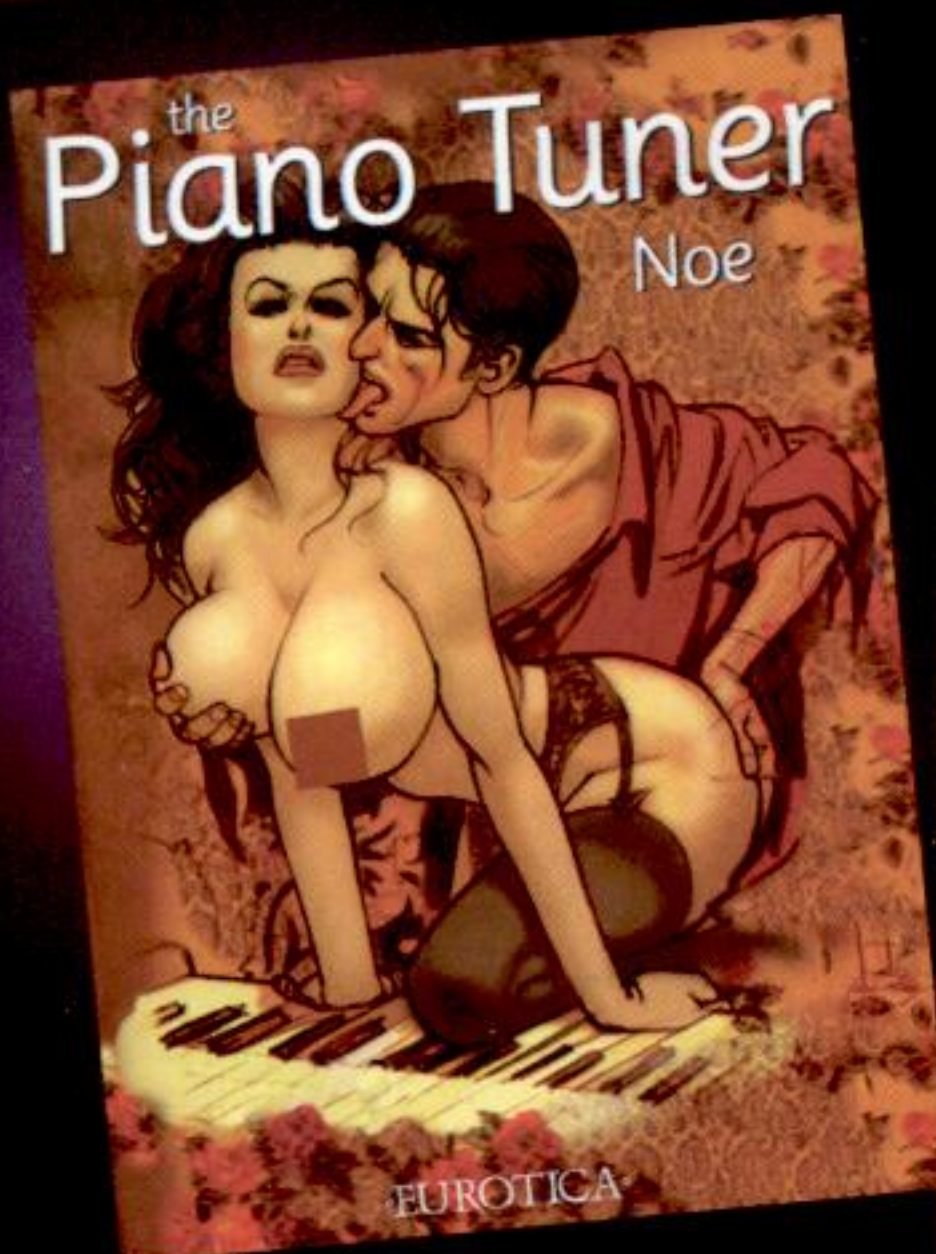
**LEANDRO GAO
& LEROY**



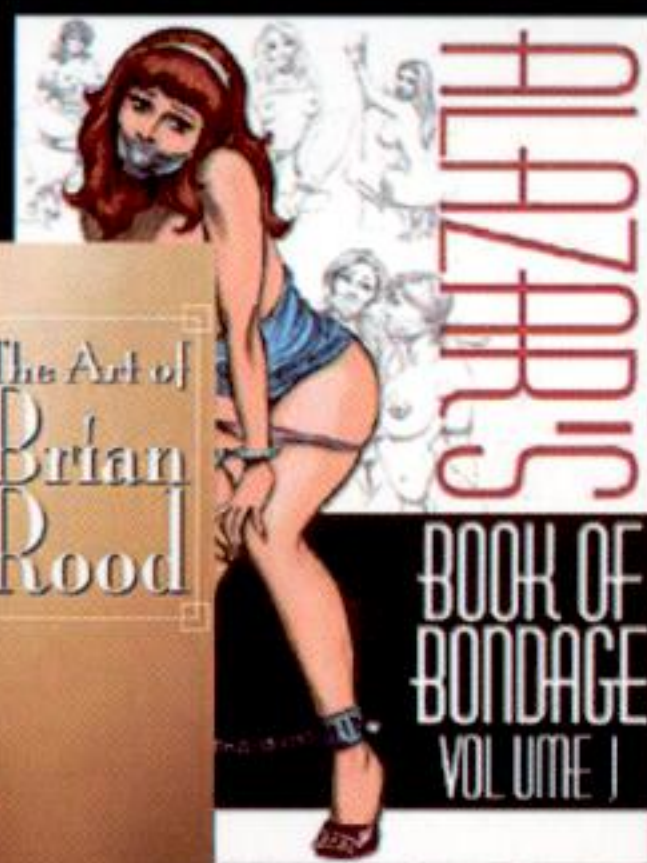
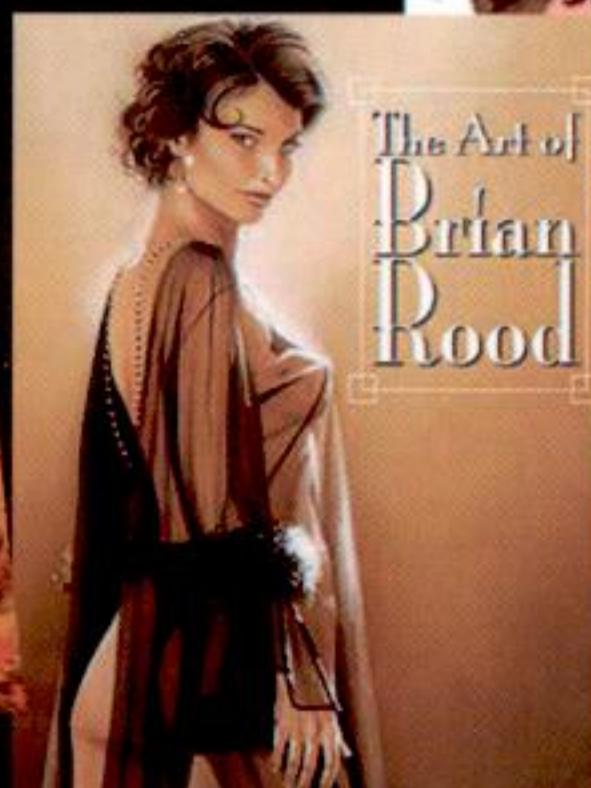
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